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Invisible

Chapter 1

Lord Voldemort's Attack And Nick Sirius Potter A Hero

It was a busy day on October 24 1981 as it was time for Lily Potter nee Evans and her two children and husband to go into hiding. It was a stressful time for them because they didn't like hiding away from the war. However, James and Lily did it for the sake of their children. The children came first to them, it was just a shame it wouldn't always remain that way. Remus, Peter, Sirius and Dumbledore all said goodbye to them before the spell was cast and they disappeared out of view. Sure that Lord Voldemort wouldn't be able to harm their children. A year and almost three months ago she gave birth to twins at Hogwarts.

The first born was named Nick Sirius Potter; Sirius Black was named his godfather. He was born on July 31st at 11.35 twenty five minutes before his twin came into the world.

The second born son was named Harry James Potter; Sirius Black was also named his godfather. He was born as the seventh month dies; his birth time was set at 11.55 an innocent mistake by Poppy Pomfrey because of the interruption of Albus Dumbledore coming into the Hospital wing.

Peter Pettigrew became their secret keeper, not surprising Peter was excited. He could not wait to get the news to his lord; he was going to be so happy with him. So without more ado he left early insisting he was going to see his mother. Peter had been a Death Eater for a year, spying on the almightily powerful Lord Voldemort his 'Master' the 'Dark Lord'.

It was unfortunately a week before he was called.

Lord Voldemort's Current Hide Out

"My Lord I am the secret keeper of the Potter's" said Peter his eyes gleaming with evilness and no small amount of smugness. He was sure to be His Lord's favourite now after handing the Potter's to him

on a silver platter. He hated the fact he wasn't even named one of the children's godfathers, hated the fact his friends pitted him enough to befriend him. His Lord saw his power; saw his usefulness and for once he was noticed on his own. Not as James Potter's almost invisible friend, he was never asked his opinion at Order meetings. He didn't regret his actions at all, and was gladly handing them over.

He even had a plan for whenever the Potter's were killed; no doubt Sirius would come after him. He would ensure Black rotted in Azkaban, before the nights end the only one who knew he was really the secret keeper. Everyone had underestimated him and that would be their downfall.

"Excellent now tell me why you took so long to tell me! They have been under the Fidelus spell for a week!" snarled Voldemort. He knew because his other spy at Hogwarts had told him so. Severus Snape, who didn't realize just who the secret keeper was and his informing him they were safe to annoy him, was for naught.

"I'm sorry Master, I'm sorry" said Peter snivelling towards the powerful wizard. Why wasn't His Lord happy? Why was he being so nasty? This wasn't how he imagined his reaction at all.

"Tell me the address" hissed Voldemort tiring of the snivelling traitor. He was useful he had to give the rat that much credit, and taking the smelly snivelling boy had been a good decision after all.

"The Potter's shall be found at Number 12 Godric's Hollow" stammered Peter quickly. Where was His Lord's praise? About how valuable he was? Rewarding him for his loyalty? He didn't like when his 'Master' was mad at him. Maybe he should have told him straight away, but he had to get plans into motion. Say goodbye to his mother and the like, despite everything he did indeed love his mother. She had always put him first but for a grown boy it just wasn't enough. Seeing his friends get girls have families had taken its toll on the ugly boy.

"Good, stay here and wait for me to return, you shall be rewarded handsomely" said Voldemort.

How could Voldemort not be happy, he had just received the Potter's on a silver platter? They only real threat to his power, he

could not let the brats get older. Putting his cloak on he was gone before anything or anyone could stop him. Leaving Peter Pettigrew glowing at the small measure of praise he had received. He had been wrong his 'Master' was happy with him; he just didn't want to show it till they were dead. Then he would become his right hand man, Snivellus would be kicked aside. He may spy on Dumbledore but he had brought the Potter's to him, he would be his number one. Everyone would be envious of him, even Lucius Malfoy the strutting peacock would be moved down to number four instead of three.

Godric's Hollow Halloween October 31st 1981

'The Potter's shall be found at number 12 Godric's Hollow' said Voldemort as the house materialized out of no where. Smirking he blasted the door open with his wand, and smirking more when he heard the panic in James Potter's voice. He was going to enjoy this like no other, deciding what he wanted to do he cast Stupefy at James Potter. He wanted him kept alive, it was only the brats he was after anyway. He would relish seeing Potter utterly defeated because his silly little boys were dead.

James ducked the spell and spells started going back and fourth as Lily went running up the stairs. James' foot unexpectedly got caught in one of his children's toys, falling to the ground was the last thing he remembered. As Voldemort took that opportunity to cast a stupefy spell again. This time it hit its mark and James Potter went limp on the floor defenceless. The supposed best Auror in the division brought down by Voldemort, who wasn't even trying his hardest. Voldemort decided to award Peter for his loyalties and let the rat kill him when he was through. Evan's though unfortunately had to remain alive as he had promised Snape. Snape was too valuable to alienate if he wanted the red head he could have her. Perhaps he had a potion for her, who knew but he would take them with him. He cast yet another spell, body bind so he couldn't get away if the stunner didn't hold.

"James" yelled Lily in a wail fearing he was dead. When she heard a body hit the ground.

He yelled out the blasting curse half hoping she was behind the door. The door smashed into tiny pieces showing him the huddled figure of Lily Potter. Trying, in a vain attempt to protect her children, from the evil in their house.

"Hand over the brats and you will live" said Voldemort. He loved playing mind games with his victims. She didn't need to know she would survive and be given to her ex best friend as a play thing.

"Never! Not my children take me instead, please take me. Not my sons! Please, have mercy" screamed Lily in the face of Lord Voldemort in hopes he would leave her children alone. Using herself as a human shield, not letting Voldemort see her children, and better yet not letting her children see the evil wizard.

"Stand aside you silly Mudblood" snarled Voldemort his patience waning.

"No! Not my babies, please no take me! Kill me instead" she begged.

"Stupefy" yelled Voldemort. He did after all keep his promises to his Death Eaters it kept them in his control.

Lily fell unconscious unable to hear or see anything, lost to the world.

"Avada Kedavra" was yelled and the green light of the killing curse lit up the entire room.

He was too surprised to even think about moving, when the curse rebound upon him. His soul was ripped from his burnt to ash body, pain unlike anything he had ever experienced coursed through him. Unable to do anything without a corporal body he fled screaming in agony.

Hogwarts School Of Witchcraft and Wizardry

Death Eaters everywhere fell clutching their forearms in pain. They knew that something had happened to their Lord. Peter seeing his Dark Mark almost gone, apparated to Godric's Hollow immediately. He saw James lying there motionless probably dead and hearing children crying. He fled the scene when he heard a bike roar in the distance. He assumed it was Sirius Black's bike already coming, turning into a rat he went down to the sewers wondering how things had gone so wrong. The prophecy had come true; a one year and three month of child had defeated Voldemort.

Their spy of course clutched his arm in agony too, Severus Snape. It was night and he had obviously been asleep. As soon as he saw the mark disappearing, he ran as fast as he could to Albus Dumbledore. He had to tell him what had happened; somehow Voldemort had been hurt or possibly dead. The Dark Mark was now a faint outline like someone had taken a pencil and drew it on him. Barging into the office, he was thankful the old fool was still awake as he without more ado told him. Not even winded by his run from the Dungeons and up to Dumbledore's office he might only be a Potions Master but he was no means unfit.

"He is gone Albus, The Mark is not completely gone it's still there just a little bit" said Severus his eyes wide in shock. He never expected to survive the war it was a sticky business after all spying. He was showing his left forearm to Dumbledore who could only stare in shock he knew the prophecy as well. Fearing something had happened to the Potter's he quickly spoke.

"I have to go see if they are alright; don't worry Severus its over. Tell McGonagall and get everyone in the Great Hall there is much to celebrate. They deserve it, even your Slytherins" said Albus smiling softly.

"Yes, Albus right away" said Severus coolly as if he hadn't just been given the information he had wanted for years. He was a tad bit worried about Lily though but until anything was said he refused to let it show.

Albus created a Portkey out of one of the many dark detectors on his shelves. He couldn't apparate so he had no choice but to Portkey he had to get there as soon as possible. Unfortunately it didn't take him right to the house but down the road. With speed which shouldn't have been possible for a man one hundred and forty years old he got to Godric's Hollow. The door was blown off its hinges but he breathed a sigh of relief when he saw James and Lily were fine. One of the twins was in their arms and they looked greatly relieved.

"Lily! James! Is everything alright?" asked Dumbledore stepping in looking powerful and concerned.

"Nick defeated Voldemort" said Lily still shaking. The relief in her green eyes was unmistakable.

She had been so close to losing her children, she felt as though it was all a dream and she would wake up to find that her children were really dead. Seeing Dumbledore there she realized it had happened, but they had all survived.

"Are you sure?" asked Albus frowning. Nick had been the first born; if anything he had expected it to be Harry. He was born last and closer to the Seventh month dies. However, he would of course trust Lily's judgement she had been there and seen the whole thing. Perhaps Nick had been close enough to the seventh month dies.

"Yes Albus" replied Lily adamantly.

"It seems he is the child of the Prophecy then my dears. The coming years are not going to be very good for the little one" said Albus softly. He tried to stop himself thinking about training Nick but it couldn't be help. Voldemort wasn't gone or the Dark Mark would have been gone completely.

"What about Harry?" asked Albus after a few minutes silence.

"He's sleeping I finally got him back down, Nick's too scared to sleep" whispered Lily looking worried and a failure all at once.

"Do not worry yourself, I'm sure he will be fine just floo me if you cannot get him to sleep. I shall get Severus to brew a potion for him if that is the case so fear not" said Dumbledore soothingly.

"Would you? Thank you Albus" sighed Lily still clutching her shuddering son close. He had finally stopped crying, even if they had closed the scar and healed it as much as possible. Harry's too had been healed as much as possible, she was too proud of her son to get rid of the marks the twins bore. He had after all got rid of the Dark Lord at just one year and three months old.

If only she knew that Nick had gotten his scar when the door had been blown from its hinges by Lord Voldemort. If only she knew that Harry had been the one to defeat Lord Voldemort things might have been different for the family. Or maybe Harry might have lived the life of a prince instead of a pauper by his family. It seemed it wasn't meant to be as they ignored the crying of their second born son.

If only Dumbledore had inquired more instead of just accepting that Lily had seen it. They would in time come to regret what they had done, and by then they would never be able to reverse it.

Does it look better now? I hope so! R&R

Chapter 2

READ CHAPTER 1 - IT HAS ALSO BEEN EDITED TOO JUST SO YOU KNOW!

Sirius Black Arrested Crouch Senior Goes To Far - Never Ever Piss Of Albus Dumbledore

Sirius Black rode his motor bike to Godric's Hollow. He was concerned since he had not seen one of his three best friends as he was supposed to. He thought perhaps Peter had been taken at first, until he saw that there were no signs of a struggle. Getting more and more suspicious by the second he drove off on his bike. He knew someone close to them had been betraying them, passing on information for the past year. He had suspected Remus but now... why now he feared the worst and it was about the one who held his best friend, wife and godsons life's in his hands. Peter Pettigrew.

He had just reached within viewing distance of James and Lily's home. He paled drastically when he saw the door blown of its hinged and James lying dead. With a snarl of rage he turned around. That done he spent the rest of the night tracking down Peter Pettigrew he wasn't the second best Auror in his division for nothing. It wasn't a problem tracking a rat down and going to exterminate it.

Finally cornering Peter in Muggle London like the scared coward he was. Sirius got within spell casting distance when Peter started crying and screaming at Sirius.

"Why Sirius why? Why did you betray your friends like this why? I thought you liked us better than that! James was your friend! Why Sirius?" cried Peter hiding his malicious smirk behind his hands.

"You know I did not betray them you did," snarled Sirius pulling out his wand.

"You did Sirius, you killed them!" screamed Peter hysterically.

"Why you....." snarled Sirius raising his wand. Unfortunately Peter had his wand behind his back. Before Sirius could react a blast surrounded Peter. Killing endless Muggles and he saw through the red haze Pettigrew cutting of his finger and disappearing into rat (after waving at him slyly) form and into the sewers again.

The only thing Sirius did then was laugh. That weak wizard had fooled for him so long. What kind of Auror was he if he could not even find dark wizards? He did not care for the thirteen or so Muggles that were around him or when the Auror's came for him. He just continued to laugh, as if he had gone insane. They put him in a cell at the Ministry of magic. He was still under the impression the Potter's had died that night.

"What will we do with them?" asked one of the Auror's.

They had captured a good amount of Death Eaters tonight. However none of the inner circle was caught. They were better at hiding than the others, Karkaroff was one of them.

"Send them all to Azkaban," said Crouch his undersecretary Mr. Fudge agreeing with him immediately.

"Are you sure sir?" asked another Auror coming in.

"Yes," said Crouch looking like he would not be moved.

"When sir?" asked the Auror.

"Tonight. Get it done tonight. I give you permission" said Crouch.

"Yes Sir" said the Auror nodding he was gone.

"Leave" barked Crouch at the other Auror that had asked if he were sure.

"Yes Sir" said the Auror jumping slightly before leaving.

"What can I do for you sir? Perhaps some coffee?" asked Fudge.

Fudge was like Peter power hungry and snivelling to the biggest bully in the playground. They would go to any lengths to be the best in the man's eyes.

"Yes and some biscuits too before I go to the meeting" said Crouch distractedly.

"I will be right back with them" snivelled Fudge.

"Cant wait till I take over" was all Fudge muttered as he poured the coffee and put the biscuits on a plate, all via magic of course. He didn't approve of how the man was dealing with the Death Eaters. He personally thought they deserved the kiss but they would when he ruled all of them. He would become the Minister of Magic he didn't realize just how soon that would happen.

"Cornelius!" yelled Crouch impatiently.

"Yes sir?" asked Fudge coming in with the coffee and biscuits.

"Get me the form so I can sign the Auror's permission to take the Death Eaters to Azkaban," asked the man.

"Right away sir" said Fudge.

"Be quick I don't have all night" said Crouch.

Cornelius Fudge went to the file cabinet where all the papers were. The bold letter A stood out making Fudge feel stupid, as if he did not know where they are. Opening it, he found the forms he needed and quickly got them to Mr. Crouch fast as he could.

"Get me a decent quill" demanded Crouch, the other one was just an ordinary one, and he wanted a big special one.

"And ink too" said Crouch as an after thought.

Fudge rolled his eyes when he could not be seen getting the black ink that had a red swirl to it. Getting the best quill, he could see he put them on his boss's desk. Fudge slumped on a chair he was knackered after doing everything the man asked, just like always. He was usually home by now but the man had stayed extra long.

"I'm sorry to interrupt you Sir, but your son Barty is here to see you" said a woman coming in looking extremely nervous.

"Tell him he can come up, only for a minute" said Crouch getting back to work.

"Yes sir" she said closing her eyes as she left the office thanking the god she still had her job. The last person who had done that had been fired.

"Your father will see you for five minutes sir, just go right up" she said kindly. It was her boss's son after all, and he was nothing like his father at all, since he was nice, kind, and good looking.

"Thank you ma'am" said Barty with an award-winning smile.

"Your welcome" said the woman blushing beautifully as she walked back behind the reception area.

"Father what's going on, Mother is going frantic with worry you know she is ill and her last wish is for you to spend some time with her" asked Barty his face consorted in anger.

"I will be home soon," said the Minister of Magic.

"What's happened?" he demanded again.

"Voldemort is gone thanks to the Potter's. Their son got rid of him" said Crouch.

"What gone for good?" asked Barty paling drastically thankful the Minister of Magic never paid attention to his son so he didn't realize anything was wrong.

"No he took measures to stop himself from dying," said the Minister believing what Dumbledore told him. He did not even hear the horror in his own son's voice. It was no wonder he had joined Lord Voldemort, for he never got even a seconds attention from his own father.

"Well let everyone deal with it please go home to mum," asked the boy sounding like an impossibly young child right there and then. Not the fully grown adult wizard and Death Eater to boot. It was easy for all to see that Barty Crouch Junior really loved his mother.

"No I'm busy," said the Minister of Magic. As if he was denying his errant child a sweet not saying no to his son - who was begging for his father to see his dying mother.

"She won't last long with worrying about you!" yelled Barty angrily.

"Go home and I will deal with you then," snapped the Minister of magic.

"I am no longer the twelve years old you controlled Father," snapped Barty furiously.

"Go home before I have you arrested" snapped the Minister getting impatient.

"Fine, I wish I was not your son," said Barty walking out of the office. He couldn't be arrested if they would no doubt see the mark. As faded as it was it was still obvious what it was.

The Minister of Magic signed the forms before sending them off. A Portkey spell had been added to them, he knew the Death Eaters would be gone by morning. With a satisfied sigh he sat, back simply enjoying his coffee. He did not want to go home just to see his wife wasting away before his eyes. She was ill and probably did not have much longer to go, a couple of weeks if she is lucky. He did not think he could stand it, his wife had been with him through it all; she was very supportive.

"Would you like me to get your coat for you sir?" asked Fudge.

"No we will be staying late tonight I want to make sure the Death Eaters are gone before I leave," said Crouch.

"Yes Sir" said Fudge the part when Crouch said 'we' was not lost on him.

Fudge fell asleep in a corner of the room beside the fire. Crouch did not even realize that his Undersecretary had fallen asleep. He was far too deep in his own horrible thoughts to realize what he was doing.

"Sir" yelled an Auror.

Fudge woke up in an instant, seeing his boss was just turning his head he made it look like he was awake and aware of everything. The Auror in question who shouted came in.

"Yes?" asked Crouch annoyed at being brought out of his thoughts.

"The transfers to Azkaban have already started. Five of them are being shipped off as we speak. We will need to do overtime if you want them all gone by night. There are not enough Aurors on duty right now. James has not come in since he went under Fidelus and Frank nor Sirius Black came in because of everything that has happened tonight" said the Auror.

"Fine you will get paid just do it and go home after you are done" said the Minister of Magic.

"Yes sir! We will get it done right away" said the Auror.

"Good you can go now" said Crouch dismissing the man.

Just then, the fire blazed and a man in a different colour robes came out. His blue eyes were like two sharp crystals as he looked at Crouch with disappointment in his eyes. He had just been told by Minerva McGonagall of all people that his spy - Severus Snape had been arrested. If anyone could actually intimidate Crouch Senior it was Albus Dumbledore.

Oooo Albus Dumbledore is pissed off what's he gonna do? Read Chapter one it has also been edited, what do you think of the chapter? did you like it? R&R Please

Chapter 3

Rescued Informed and Mistakes

Minister Of Magic's Office - The Ministry Of Magic

The man known as Albus Dumbledore came through the floo his face grim with disappointment. He had always given the Minister of Magic advice on what to do. It wasn't ego or because the Minister hadn't done what he asked that was bothering Dumbledore. No it was the fact he had imprisoned them all without a trial. Karkaroff had illegally been given Veritaserum and spilled all the Death Eaters he knew. Which was why they had found out about Severus Snape and arrested him at Hogwarts.

They all wanted advice from the great and powerful Albus Dumbledore, since Albus had the most amount of respect from the wizards and witches in the wizarding world. It was well known Albus had been offered a position but he had turned it down. He became Headmaster instead, with all the trials of being Headmaster he still had to deal with wayward Ministers who think they are above the law. He was furious with the Minister of magic how dare he imprison people without trial. Even if they were Death Eaters, there might be a few who could get a second chance at life.

"Bartemius what have you done?" asked Albus his anger held in check. The only thing that gave away the fact he was furious was his eyes. They were ice cold blocks that didn't have their normal twinkle in them.

"Done what I should have done a long time ago, have all Death Eaters shipped off to Azkaban without trial?" said Minister Crouch still angry from his son's words or he wouldn't have used that tone with Dumbledore. He was after all the head of the appointed body who had named him Minister of Magic in the first place. He could be as easily removed as he was appointed.

"Two people I know are innocent down in those holding cells" snapped Albus.

He knew Sirius Black was innocent he liked the man, but the man he was most worried about was Severus Snape. The man he loved like a son, who had been arrested just some twenty minutes ago. He

knew Severus felt guilty about everything he done and knew the Dementors would tear him apart. Dementors would feed on that guilt and eventually it would drive Severus mad.

"Who?" scoffed Minister Crouch.

"Severus Snape and Sirius Black" said Albus.

"Severus Snape is a Death Eater and Sirius Black sold out the Potters," said Mr. Crouch adamantly his chest puffed out importantly.

"He did not it was Peter Pettigrew" said Albus angrily and showing it.

"Albus they are going to Azkaban they are guilty of the crimes they are accused of" snapped Minister Crouch right back.

He did not care whether they were innocent or not he just wanted rid of them for good. The less he let out the less chance of getting his job taken from him; he had no idea that soon he would lose it anyway. The Death Eaters all deserved Azkaban they were the worst sort of Wizards in the world. He couldn't believe the great and light Albus Dumbledore was defending them. He might be able to discredit Dumbledore now, in front of the Wizengamont. He shook his head slightly at his thoughts as if that would ever happen. He would be laughed at, they would coo sickeningly at Dumbledore's display of light and goodness.

"Do not make me drag this to the Wizengamont," threatened Albus.

He would go to any length to help Severus even if that meant threaten the Minister. He would not let anyone hurt the man he loved as if he were his own son. He had regretted telling Severus he could spy everyday, because no matter how much Albus asked him to stop he never did. He regretted telling Severus he was disgusted with him too. He had of course over the years heard Severus' side of things. How bad the bullying was, it made him realize perhaps at the age Severus was he would have been the same. He shuddered silently at the mistake HE had made at that age. A beautiful auburn haired girl flew into his mind, Ariana oh how he missed his baby sister. It never helped, as the years went by people had it wrong it time didn't heal all wounds.

"You can drag it up all you like," said Crouch thinking it was a bluff.

"Fine do not say I did not warn you," said Albus stalking out.

Bartemius Crouch watched in horror along with Fudge as Albus sent out Wizengamont meetings for tonight. Through the Patronus message charm. He obviously meant every word he said earlier, Albus then left the room making his way down to the meeting room. He was determined to help all those who could be innocent.

Meeting Room Adjoining Court Room 10 Wizengamont Meeting

It was not long before the Wizengamont came in tired and sleepy. It had happened before, being called at this time of night. They obviously did not know of the downfall of You-Know-Who. Otherwise, they would be up and drinking celebrating like everyone else. The Muggle department was strangely busy Obliviating Muggles that saw strange things happen.

"Everyone thank you for coming please take a seat," said Albus gracefully.

Behind him, Crouch and Fudge entered angry with the man for doing this. Sitting in their seats, they waited for everyone else. Crouch just hoped that the rest of the Wizengamont would listen to him and agree with him on this one. Perhaps they could get rid of Albus Dumbledore and he could do things his own way.

"What is going on?" asked one of the Wizengamont members.

"Well we have some great news and bad news to tell you," said Albus.

"And what's that?" asked Mrs. Bones.

"Voldemort is dead," said Albus softly.

Most of them flinched when Albus mentioned the name, Albus refused to stop calling him that name because they were all scared. He found it stupid that they were all afraid of the name. He always insisted fear of the name will cause fear of the thing itself.

"How did it happen?" asked Madam Bones after the cheering and clapping had died down. They all listened curious about what

Dumbledore was going to say, they thought perhaps it was Dumbledore himself that did it. They were wrong of course as proved by his next words.

"Nick Potter defeated him" said Albus soothingly.

"Well that's the best news I have heard in months, perhaps years" said Madam. Bones.

"Agreed" said another.

"So is that all we are here for?" asked a smooth voice from the middle of the table.

"No, I am here to tell you Minister Crouch has sentenced all Death Eaters to Azkaban without trial" said Albus looking old and weary.

"Good quicker the better" said one of the members.

"Yeah" agreed the others.

"That is not right, some of them may have been under the imperious curse and I know of two people who are innocent and one of them have been working for

me," said Albus angrily demanding everyone's attention.

"Who?" asked one of the members curiously.

"Severus Snape" said Albus sadly.

"He is a Death Eater," said one of them.

"No he is far from it, I asked him to spy risking his life for the light side that wanted his death because of a mistake he made. Of course, he continued on spying, I know he is a spy I have used Veritaserum on him as well as been into his head. All with his consent of course" said Albus sucking on a lemon drop he had taken from his robes.

"Well he should be free to go! Albus would not stick up for Snape unless he was sure!" shouted someone from the back.

"Agreed! What about Sirius Black?" asked another member.

"Lily and James will be able to tell you all it was Peter. I went to see them before coming here when I had heard what happened to my Potions master," said Albus pleasantly.

"Very well, all Death Eaters will be given a trial and Severus Snape and Sirius Black are free to go," said Madam Bones.

"Some of them are already gone," blurted Fudge.

"Well then your Auror's are just going to have to get them back then," said Albus pleasantly.

"Well then this meeting is now coming to an end. People to collect, some celebrating to do and announcements to make" said Albus thinking 'No sleep for me tonight then'.

"Yes, yes very well then I will make sure everything goes according to plan Moody take Albus down to collect Sirius Black and Severus Snape," said Jack.

"Aye sir" said Moody as they left.

The Cells - The Dungeons of The Ministry Of Magic

It was well known that Albus Dumbledore got on famously with Mad Eye Moody. The man was well known for catching the most Death Eaters that night. He could see the mark on their arms so he knew who was a Death Eater and who was not.

"Snape you are free to go" grunted Moody opening the door magically.

"About bloody time" sneered Severus getting up his defences up already. He was snarled and sneered all the time to cover his true feelings. Right now he was covering up his horror he had felt at ending up in Azkaban. He had heard the Auror's going on about it and had been petrified. He had been praying that Albus would get there in time. He had almost given up hope until that very moment.

"Severus, I am sorry I just got them all convinced," said Albus softly.

"Its fine" said Severus shivering slightly. The Dementors had been down in the Dungeons of the Ministry of Magic where the cells are. He had experienced a little of what would have happened if Dumbledore hadn't gotten him exonerated.

"Alastor go get Sirius and take him to the Potter's. I want to get Severus back to Hogwarts and get a hot chocolate down him" said Albus.

"Aye Albus I will see you later" said Moody as he walked on down.

Albus and Severus made their way back up; there he was given back his wand and everything they had taken from him. This included potions that were made and ingredients. He was a potions master he went nowhere without potions, ingredients or empty vials.

"Come on lets get you back" said Albus quietly he had personally had enough excitement for one night.

"Thanks Albus" said Severus emotionlessly.

"It's ok Severus now lets get to my office" said Albus as he apparated them both to Hogwarts.

Headmaster's Office - Hogwarts School Of Witchcraft and Wizardry

"Tea, coffee or hot chocolate Severus?" asked Albus curiously.

"Hot chocolate please Albus" said Severus. He was freezing cold; the Dementors had been patrolling the cells. Chocolate helped so it was no wonder he was actually choosing it. He normally preferred black strong coffee but he wanted to get rid of the affects the Dementors had on him. He refused to let anyone see him weak in any shape or form.

"What's been happening?" asked Severus. He had been arrested before Albus had gotten back.

"Nick Potter somehow defeated Voldemort, and he has been marked my guess is that he is the one of the prophecy. However, I do not think Voldemort is gone for good" said Albus.

"A year old child defeating Voldemort that's unbelievable" said Severus. He drank the hot chocolate and let it do its work as he sat back a sigh left his lips. He was grateful that Lily had survived, angry that James Potter had survived and bloody excited that the Dark Lord was gone now for good. So many emotions he wasn't sure which one to settle for so decided to push them all down. He would sort through his raging emotions when he was alone, in his quarters.

"Yes but it was predicated...just happened a lot sooner than I ever imagined" said Albus.

"What about the twin?" asked Severus curious.

"Oh Lily saw everything, she was in the room when Voldemort cast the spell" said Albus. It wasn't an unusual thing, Voldemort liked to do that watch parents agony as they killed their children. Then turning his wand on them, and killing them. Voldemort liked to play mind games on his victims; it was a well known thing especially in the Order.

There we go! Another Chapter Edited What Do You Think? Will There be Horcrux's in this story or will we skip it and make Harry special? just able to survive the killing curse? immune to it? R&R Plz

Chapter 4

Growing Up and Their Hogwarts Letters

Nick and Harry grew up, worlds apart yet in the same household. Needless to say they both had very different lives. Harry had few toys and a small room. Nicolas had the love of a family, a big room, and anything he ever wanted. If anyone had even just spent one minute thinking about and watching Harry, they would have realized that Harry was extraordinary.

A couple of months after the defeat of the Dark Lord, Harry were, as usual feeding himself. He wrote his name across the dirty high chair tray, something no child could do. No one however paid the little boy a slightest bit of attention; his father just took his wand and the so-called mess, disappeared.

Many people were always in and out of Potter manor, the Weasley's were there a lot of the time, as well as many people from the Ministry including Madam Bones and her niece, Susan. Everyone knew about Nick Potter, since he was always in the newspapers. They never once thought about the other boy, who was a part of that family, sure they knew he had a brother. However they did not care. For it was not Harry that had defeated You-Know-Who, or saved the world.

By the time Harry and Nick were three, Harry had learned to do what no other child, at the tender age of three should do. He learned to look after himself, he bathed himself, looked after what toys he had, and read what books Nick did not read, that their parents had gotten him. He hid them under his bed, so nobody could take them away from him.

Harry never brought up that he was the one that defeated Voldemort. He knew that if he did they would not believe him, they were too wrapped up in thinking that his twin brother was the one that saved the world. They had celebrated every time Nick's name appeared in books, Newspapers and Magazines so far, there were twelve. All newspaper clippings, Magazines had been kept and hung in Nick's room. James and Lily also duplicated them, and put them up in their own room.

Remus and Sirius were there occasionally, but they were always mostly away doing work for something called the Order. Since they did not have families they volunteered to do most of the work. Everyone knew that the Dark Lord was not gone, so Albus had asked them to keep being nice to the werewolves. So Sirius and Remus didn't have any time for him either. Occasionally Remus would speak to him, but Sirius always only wanted to see Nick. It seemed Sirius had forgotten he even had another Godson.

Lily had two strong women as Nick's Godmothers, Alice Longbottom and Amelia Bones. In addition to Sirius Black being his godfather; although Lily had wanted to use Remus. Harry did not have Godmothers; he only had a godfather Sirius Black.

Harry was always bored; he usually spent all his time in his room, reading what books he had over and over again. He could read perfectly. Thankfully two weeks later, his parents decided to get Nick his own library, from the money that people gave them, for Nick for saving the world. The Potter library was locked up as the children were still too young to read those kind of books.

It seemed Nick took after his dad, and did not want to read stories. Harry on the other hand was in heaven, all the books in there, most were picture books. He took one at a time, going back and fourth, reading all the books he could. Which was not hard to do, his parents never even thought about him. Or ever gave him the time of day, this however, pleased Harry; he knew he was different from his family. If they had been around, they would have seen a happy Harry smiling and laughing as he read the books. The books were Harry's escape from the world that deemed him unimportant.

The years slowly past, the hero-worshipping seemed to slow down, people saw Nick as an original boy. He did small bouts of accidental magic, however, nothing magnificent, like they imagined him to do. James and Lily did not see this at all; they continued to spoil their son. Alice had her second son with Frank; Lily was named Godmother, and James the Godfather. They named their second son Marcus Frank Longbottom. He was three years younger than Neville.

Neville and Nick were good friends, but not best friends. Nick loved Quidditch and play pranks. Neville was a quite person, like his father who liked to draw or play in the garden with his plants. He would

have been the perfect playmate for Harry, if he had only paid the slightest bit of attention to the little boy.

Harry usually went up to the library every time people were around. Not that he was ever out of the library; he slept and ate his meals there. Some would think he lived there instead of having his own small room.

Harry and Nick were four when they saw their mother's stomach start to swell, then he overheard Nicolas being told, he was going to be a big brother. That his mum was pregnant, Nick had been so happy to hear he was going to have a brother or sister. However, it broke Harry's little heart when he heard and saw it. No matter how much he was used to it, it seemed to always hurt.

He had tried very hard to get his mother's attention, but nothing seemed to work. Finally, he had given in, and started trying to keep himself occupied. He had never truly been happy in his life before, no one seemed to care. He never really was a bubbly boy full of happiness; he was content with his books, but never happy.

When they were almost five, their sister was brought into the world. Her name was Roxy Lillian Potter. She had her mother's fiery red hair and her green eyes and Lily was over the moon. They would soon realize she had her temper too and her book smarts.

Harry and Nick were not identical anymore, while Nick's hair became a nest of mop hair, which seemed to be the Potter's only curse. Harry's hair had grown it stood just passed his shoulder blades.

Nick still got the most attention, and his brother and sister grew up. Roxy had been told night time stories about her brave heroic brother saving the world. It was no surprise when Roxy preferred spending time with Nick instead of Harry.

The only Harry had near to a friend and confidant was his journal. It was a book that never ran out; paper magically appeared in it when they ran out. His book was full, with sad and heart wrenching entries that would have anyone crying. Remus had got it for his birthday, not surprising Nick's was unused.

Dear journal,

I looked out of my window today, I saw my brother again, with his friends. I wish I had a friend to play with, they all seem very happy, why am I hated so? Why am I ignored? No one ever says hello to me, it is as though I am invisible. They are playing a game called tag, they also have the cat my mother bought for Nick, I have always wanted an animal, and I am not even allowed to pet it. Nick punched me in the face for petting it, I was left with it, and no one cared. When Nick is hurt he is cleaned up and sorted, why do they hate me? I would do anything just to be seen for even a minute, I hate them for not noticing me, and I just wished they would love me. Love me as they love Nick it is not my fault I am not as noisy or fun at pulling pranks as him. I just do not know how, they never gave me a chance.

Harry

There are of course many, many more desperate, lonely entries in the journal as Harry grew older.

It was not long before the letters were coming. Minerva McGonagall had come over to see the Potter's, personally coming to give them their letters for school. She had always liked the Potter's; she favoured them, not that she would ever admit to it.

"Ah Professor McGonagall, what are you doing here? Come in and I will get some coffee ready" said Lily in surprise. She had not seen any of the teachers; since Dumbledore saw her the night Nick defeated Voldemort.

"I would like that, and I am here to personally give you, your children's Hogwarts letters" said Minerva with a smile on her face.

"That's great, Nick has been looking forward to it, his father is not in enough and he doesn't get to play Quidditch often enough" said Lily shaking her head in amusement.

"So he takes after his father does he?" asked Minerva smiling too.

"Yes that's right, hang on a minute" said Lily.

"Sure" said Minerva.

"NICK, Get down here right now! Your Hogwarts letter has arrived" shouted Lily.

"I have two here" said Minerva confused.

"Ah you have Harry's he will probably get it later" said Lily shaking it off.

"Right here you go then" said Minerva handing them over. She thought that Harry was perhaps out and about, she had no idea how wrong she was.

"Ok, Nick here you go," he opened his envelopes and began reading the contents within.

"Mr. Nick Sirius Potter,

We are happy to say you are accepted to Hogwarts, school of Witchcraft and Wizardry, a list has been presented for what you will need, if you accept please write your name on the back of this paper. Send it away with an owl with your reply.

Professor Dumbledore, Headmaster of Hogwarts school of Witchcraft and Wizardry Order of Merlin, First Class, and Grand Sorcerer; Founder and Secret keeper of the Order of the Phoenix, Supreme Mugwump of the International Confederation of Wizards.

HOGWARTS SCHOOL of WITCHCRAFT and WIZARDRY

UNIFORM

First-year students will require:

1. Three sets of plain work robes (black)
2. One plain pointed hat (black) for day wear
3. One pair of protective gloves (dragon hide or similar)
4. One winter cloak (black, silver fastenings)

Please note that all pupils' clothes should carry name tags!

COURSE BOOKS

All students should have a copy of each of the following:

The Standard Book of Spells (Grade 1) by Miranda Goshawk.

A History of Magic by Bathilda Bagshot.

Magical Theory by Adalbert Waffling.

A Beginners' Guide to Transfiguration by Emeric Switch.

One Thousand Magical Herbs and Fungi by Phyllida Spore.

Magical Drafts and Potions by Arsenius Jigger.

Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them by Newt Scamander.

The Dark Forces: A Guide to Self-Protection by Quentin Trimble.

OTHER EQUIPMENT

1 wand

1 cauldron (pewter, standard size 2) set

1 set glass or crystal phials

1 telescope set

1 set brass scales

Students may also bring an owl OR a cat OR a toad.

PARENTS ARE REMINDED THAT FIRST YEARS ARE NOT ALLOWED THEIR OWN BROOMSTICKS !

"I can't believe it! My Hogwarts letter is here! Mum can we go to Diagon Alley! Please mum! Can we go?" asked Nick jumping up and down.

"Oh Nick was there any doubt? You have been down since you were born," said James coming into the room. A proud smile lighting

his face, he had so many things he wanted to give Nick before leaving.

"Yes we can go tonight! As a matter of fact, we will eat out and celebrate" said Lily smiling.

Minerva finished off her coffee and excused herself, departing after saying "I hope to see you in my house Mr. Potter" before apparating away once she was passed the wards surrounding Potter Manor. They had moved in after the events of Halloween not feeling safe in Godric's Hollow any longer.

They were ready to go, when Harry walked down the stairs an empty plate in his hand, he cooked his own meals most of the time now. His parents either did not care or did not see the deep sadness that lingered in the boys eyes.

"I will get your stuff, you're the same size as Nick, just stay here," said Lily as she made a Portkey for everyone.

"Ok" said Harry softly as he continued on his way as though it did not bother him.

He never called them anything if he could help it, they were his mother and father, but he could not bring himself to think of them as that. They were people that ignored him, and hurt him so much.

No one saw the sagging of Harry's shoulders, nor the lone tear that trickle its way out Harry's weary eye down his cheek, landing with a plop on the floor of Potter manor. His family did not even want him, it hurt more and more as the years past, he did not know why. He thought it would get better, if anything it got worse, the hollow ache in his heart, just got bigger until his heart was like a gaping wound.

Poor Harry! What do you think?

Chapter 5

Getting A Wand

Harry would never admit it, but he wanted his family very badly. However he could not bring himself to be someone he was not. His parents had come back later at night with brand new books and all, the only thing missing was a wand for him. The wand maker had not let James take one; there was only one wand for a wizard. He would need to see Harry to give him his wand, so James had finally given up, and told Ollivander that he would bring him as soon as he could.

Harry was excited about going to Hogwarts; he was finally getting away from his family. Perhaps if he got good enough grades his family would finally notice him. He would get better grades than Nick if it killed him. He would be the one getting celebrated next year. Smiling he dug into the books, they were very easy was all Harry could think; honestly he had read a similar book when he was eight or something.

"Oi, Harry, get down here, and bring your cloak! We are going to get your wand before I play Quidditch with Nick" yelled James up at him.

"I'll be down in a minute!" said Harry excitedly; he was going to get his wand. He had already read the first book and was starting his potions one.

Putting his cloak on, he got the best just like his brother and sister. However, he was not allowed to pick them out, Nick was, and he got the same. He never wore the same as Nicolas, unless it was accidental.

Mr. Ollivanders Wand Shop Diagon Alley

"Ah, Harry Potter, I thought I would have been seeing you the other week, but no matter you are here now, lets see what wand is truly yours" said Mr. Ollivander.

"Yes sir" said Harry walking up to the counter.

"How about this one, good for transfiguration, holly, and griffon feather 11 inches" said Ollivander giving the wand to Harry.

'Smash'

"Definitely not for you Mr. Potter" said Ollivander snatching the wand back.

"How about this one, 12 inch holly Centaur hair" said Mr. Ollivander.

'Thud, thud, thud, thud'

"Definitely not that one" said Ollivander, fixing the drawers that had come out.

"Ok how about this one, 10 inches and Chimera blood," said Mr. Ollivander.

'Crack...'

"Definitely not" said Ollivander repairing the huge crack Harry had made in his window.

"You are a tricky one Mr. Potter." said Ollivander

"Try this one! 11 inches, phoenix feather, griffon blood and unicorn hair, three difficult to find ingredients and an unusual combination," said Ollivander.

Grasping the wand wearily, the weariness was gone replaced by happiness, as the wand lit up and green, blue, red and silver as well as gold sparks came out of it. Blinking by the light of the colours coming from his wand he let out a sigh, he was not leaving without a wand after all.

"Well, there you go Mr. Potter, your prefect wand," said Ollivander giving Harry the box. School was tomorrow, no point in wrapping it up now.

"Great, come on then Harry lets get going," said James.

"Bye" said Harry shyly before leaving.

"Can I get an owl?" asked Harry seeing a beautiful owl in the window.

"I don't have the time, you can borrow Nick's if you need one" said James.

Harry did not reply, just bowed his head, a loan sigh leaving his lips. He had never been allowed something when he asked. Harry had to run to catch up with James, 'I have for a long time thought of him as James, he doesn't want to be my dad and I don't want him to be either' he thought.

"Right lets go home, you know the name," said James putting floo powder in Harry's hand.

"Potter Manor" yelled Harry he was gone in a flash of green flames.

By the time James got through Harry was no were to be seen, raising an eyebrow at his son's disappearances he shrugged it off. He had a son to go flying with, shouting for him they went out side.

"Nick, I'm back!" said James mischievously.

"Dad! You took ages! Where were you?" he demanded coming down.

"It took longer to get his wand, now come on before it gets dark," said James.

"Ok" said Nicolas.

Harry Potter's Small Bedroom Potter Manor

Harry watched them from the window, wondering how two twins could be so different. He had really tried, but being on a broom didn't thrill him. He had tried to pull pranks but found it held no enjoyment of turning someone's hair green. Perhaps it was because he had been the bunt of so many pranks from his family? Who knew? He did not like to be loud, he liked to be quiet and read.

Journal Entry

I got my wand today! It has three magical properties in it! It has Phoenix feather, unicorn hair and griffon feather! It is amazing, it is nice and light brown; the others all have dark brown ones. I asked for a familiar, I did not get one; the others all have owls or something

of the sort. I would really like something to keep me company, I remember the time I asked for a cat, and I should have realized they would not let me have anything. I think I will be the only one going to school without anything for company. It still hurts when Father ignores me, I mean when Nick asked where he had been he replied that 'it took longer to get his wand' it was as though I was not his son. If Nick had asked for something he would have gotten it right away! I hate them I HATE THEM!

Harry

Harry quietly closed the journal before climbing into bed; they were going to be up early tomorrow. The only way he could relieve all the stress, worry and hate was through his journal. It had been his salvation over these years one thing he was grateful to Remus Lupin for.

What did you think? Will Harry ever forgive Sirius and Remus in the future?

Chapter 6

I've made the entire year into one chapter for everyone to enjoy that's what's going to happen from now on. You might notice also that Ryan and Matt are no longer apart of the story. Harry and Nick only have one sibling a sister Roxy now. Too many siblings to deal with! so they have been completely obliterated from the story :P

Going To Hogwarts - Year One

Getting Ready To Go To Hogwarts - Potter Manor

Indeed, he was woken up with Nick shouting for help, his mother answered his call as though Snakes were on her tail. Rolling his eyes Harry knew better than to think he would get back to sleep, he wanted to try none the less. His trunk was already packed; all he needed to do was get down the stairs before leaving for the Hogwarts Express. He did indeed fall back asleep without even really meaning too.

"Come on lets go!" was yelled a while later from James.

"Coming" replied the children.

Lily, James and Roxy were all going to see Nick off on the Hogwarts Express. They were going to miss their son/brother very much. Harry slept through the trampling noise as his brother and sister stomping down the stairs. Nick got his mothers help with his trunk and they were gone before they knew it.

"James I think we are missing something or someone" said Lily as they got the trolley loaded with Nicks things. The box was filled to the brim of toys and other things, five pairs of trainer, two pairs of school shoes, and lots of clothes. Then of course his books he needed for the year.

"Don't worry love, everyone is here" said James soothing his wife.

"Can I not go this year!" screeched Roxy,

"No! Your turn will come Roxy," said Lily not wanting her daughter to cry, especially not in public.

"Ok" said Roxy who was now six years old.

"Ok, now son go through," said James smirking proudly.

"Ok dad," said Nick standing up straight and proud before speeding off and disappearing through the barrier.

"Ok Roxy your next" said Lily looking proud.

"Mum DAD! You forgot HARRY!" yelled Roxy. When Lily and James finally appeared through the gateway.

"Oh no we forgot Harry," said Lily looking shocked.

"Don't worry I will get him, I'll just take him to Hogwarts. I'm not missing Nick's first take off on the Hogwarts Express" said James,

"Ok" said Lily kissing James and calming down as if she hadn't just left her son at home - alone.

Potter Manor

Harry woke up feeling better; when he heard silence in his room, he became worried. The house was never silent unless they were all out. This was more often than not, going down the stairs looking into the rooms as he went he did not see anyone. Thinking his family were hiding and waiting for him to regret falling asleep, he yelled,

"MUM DAD NICK?" yelled Harry.

They had left him alone but never like this before, he wanted to go to Hogwarts, what if they were not letting him go? Berating himself for falling asleep, he got his trunk down the stairs with difficulty hoping one of his family members would come back for him. Thinking the whole time, 'How could have my family have forgotten me? They left me home alone'.

Potter Manor

James quickly apparated home, before yelling for Harry, James found his son in the living area sitting on his trunk. Growling at the trouble Harry had caused, he always did one thing or another to annoy him. He shrunk Harry's trunk and asked.

"Why did you not come down?" asked James shaking his head in disappointment. Instead of enjoying watching the scarlet train go out of sight as soon as it left the station he had apparated back.

"I was asleep," said Harry truthfully.

"And I am the Minister of Magic" mumbled James under his breath but Harry heard it.

'He doesn't believe me?' thought Harry. His own father had practically accused him of lying, sagging he wondered if his family would ever really love him. He already knew that but he didn't like admitting it even to himself sometimes. He was after all only eleven years old.

"Let's go," said James.

Grabbing his son, he pulled him close and they were apparating before Harry knew it. He found himself at Hogwarts. Harry's favourite book was Hogwarts A History so he knew where he was right away.

"Why are we at Hogwarts? Could I not have taken the train with the others?" asked Harry quietly and softly.

"No, you missed it, and I can hardly apparate you onto the train," said James walking up the stairs.

"Albus, sorry about this he missed the train, can he stay here until the train comes?" said James coming in Harry behind him.

"Ah no problem and who is he?" asking Albus curiously.

"It's Harry Potter," said James with a smile.

"Ah, I must say he looks nothing like his twin," said Albus his eyes twinkling merrily. Although he was confused why James was saying HE instead of HIS SON.

"Yes, he seems to have missed the Potter looks," said James looking somewhat disappointed.

"It does suit him though," said Albus looking at his long hair.

"Yes it does," said James thinking 'thank god he looks nothing like Nick'.

"Its fine, why don't you sit down here Harry and have some lunch which is about to be served, the teachers will be here soon. And its fine James why don't you do what you have to do" said Albus merrily as always.

"Thanks Albus" said James as he left.

"So Harry are you looking forward to starting at Hogwarts?" asked the Headmaster as the food appeared.

"I'm looking forward to it very much Sir," said Harry respectfully surprised that someone was actually paying attention to him. Asking him about things, it didn't happen very often.

He had read upon Albus Dumbledore, the man was very talented and very powerful. He had done the wizarding world a great deal of good things.

"That's good, I will have someone show you around if you like" said Dumbledore "At least by then one of us will know our way around Hogwarts at the first day of Hogwarts" he finished.

"It should not be too hard sir, I've read Hogwarts A History it's great and it helps you out" said Harry with a small smile.

"You read that too did you? I read it not that long ago," said the Headmaster smiling himself.

"Yes sir I did" said Harry.

"Ah lemon tart cakes! I just love them, would you like one Harry?" asked the Headmaster.

"I would love a strawberry tart cake please," said Harry almost shyly.

"Ah love strawberry better than lemon do you? I love lemon, especially lemon drops or sherbet lemon, both Muggle candies very good if you don't mind me saying," said Dumbledore.

"Who is that?" asked Severus sitting down.

"Ah Severus, this is Harry, Harry this is Professor Snape, he will be...." said the Headmaster not getting a chance to finish his sentence.

"The Potions professor, I know sir I read about it," said Harry.

"Are you any good at Potions?" asked Severus bluntly looking at Harry curiously. Having no resemblance to his family, he had no idea he was talking to a Potter.

"I'm not sure about actually making them professor, but I'm very good at theory," said Harry.

"Ah Professor Flitwick!" said Albus, the professor in question had just gotten there.

"Hello Albus, Severus, and who is this? Is there any lunch for me?" asked Flitwick banishing his luggage to his rooms.

"Sure there is and his name is Harry," said Albus.

"I see, it's very nice to meet you Harry, my name is Professor Flitwick," said Flitwick cheerful as you please.

"Nice to meet you sir" said Harry shyly he had never met so many new people this fast.

"Severus, Poppy wants to talk to you," said the Headmaster turning to Severus. Once Severus had of course finished his lunch, knowing Severus would have left immediately as soon as he told him. With or without finishing his lunch and Albus didn't want that - Severus was far to skinny for his liking.

"I will go see her immediately," said Severus.

"Very well," said the Headmaster eating yet another lemon tart. His eyes twinkling brightly at the young man he thought of as a son, so much had changed in ten years.

Hogwarts Express

"Bye Mom, Bye Dad! Bye Roxy!" said Nicolas waving as the Hogwarts express took off.

Nick sat down in an empty compartment, he knew people would be looking for him, and he could not wait to be surrounded by people everyone would love him. Smiling as the door opened he found it was Ron.

"Hey Ron!" beamed Nick.

"Hey Nick I'm so glad I'm off to Hogwarts!" grinned Ron happily.

"You have a dirty smudge on your nose did you floo here?" asked Nick casually.

"Er, no" said Ron. Trying to get the 'smudge' Nick was talking about away not wanting to be embarrassed any longer. Perhaps he should have let his mum remove the dirty mark but he had been too excited.

"They are saying that Nick Potter is in this compartment. It must be you. Come with me and I will help you find the right sort of people," said Draco Malfoy.

"Sure what's your name?" asked Nick liking the sound of the boy and the way he was dressed.

"Names Draco, Draco Malfoy" said Draco smirking putting his hand out.

"As in the Death Eater, I'm sorry I don't associate myself with Death Eaters," said Nicolas shuddering, his reputation would be dragged through the mud.

"Very well then, you can hang around with Riff raff all day if you like," sneered Draco looking at Ronald Weasley in disgust. Didn't the Weasley hovel have a bath? He looked dirty.

"I would rather he than you," said Nick defensively.

"You will regret that Potter" said Draco as he walked out not bothering to shut the door.

"Sorry about that" said Nick.

"Its fine" said Ron.

"Have any of you seen a toad?" asked Hermione coming into the compartment.

"No I haven't I'm sorry I could not be of help" said Nick with a polite charming smile.

"It's ok, oh and by the way you have a dirty face, you could have at least washed," said Hermione before leaving the compartment the door sliding closed behind her.

"Excuse me," said Ron leaving the compartment. That was the second person to comment on it he was going to the bathroom right now.

He came back in ten minutes his face red from the scrubbing Nick presumed he had been doing. His face was now clean as was his hands, he looked much better. When Ron always came to his he was always clean, he wondered why he was dirty today.

"So do you think we will win the Quidditch cup this year?" asked Nick.

They both knew they would end up in Gryffindor, without more ado they began talking in more detail about Quidditch. In fact they spent the entire train ride talking about their favourite teams. Getting their school uniform on, or Ron putting his on properly, Nicolas' clothes were brand new and crisp making Ron's look about ten times second hand. There were a few things Ron envied about his best friend, his money and fame. It didn't stop him being friends with him though after all what better way to get recognized.

Train Station Hogsmeade

"Over 'ere firs years! Over 'ere" yelled Hagrid a lamp in his big huge beefy hands. "C'mon don' be shy now that's it come on, this way" the man lumbered away.

"O right no more than four ti a boat now go on" said Hagrid ushering them onto a boat. Hagrid had one to himself, and Nick got onto one

he only let Ron on, he was not being squashed for anyone. Plus he deserved the extra room he was Nick Potter after all.

They all gasped when they got their first look at the ancient castle, even Nick could not help but gasp. The place was truly amazing, as his parents had described it to be in his bedtime stories.

James and Lily had spoiled Nick rotten, he got everything he ever wanted but he was polite and well mannered, well spoken. To everyone he was the perfect son; they did not even look at their other son not even once. They got off the boat shivering by now night had settled in and it was getting chilly.

Hagrid raised his big beefy hands and banged on the door, a teacher ushered them in, Hagrid saying 'ere is the first year's p'fesser'

"Thank you Hagrid" said McGonagall

"Follow me," she said, her hair in a tight bun she had a no nonsense look around her.

"Welcome to Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, my name is Professor McGonagall the beginning of the year feast is about to begin, before you can help yourself to the delicious food you will be sorted into your houses. The houses are Huffelpuff, Gryffindor, Ravenclaw and Slytherin it will be your house for the next seven years, it will become almost like family. I will return shortly and make yourself presentable," said McGonagall.

"Move along now the sorting will start momentary," said McGonagall.

A silence over came the hall, Harry quickly and quietly joined the line of first years. He did not want to make an entrance; otherwise, he would just be accused of being jealous of his brother again.

Harry watched as the hat twitched. It then began to sing. Harry looked at it as if it had grown legs and could now walk. A sorting had that sung, that would give him a laugh when he needed one. He always needed a good laugh with the life he had been dealt.

"Oh, you may not think I'm pretty,

But don't judge on what you see

I'll eat myself if you can find

A smarter hat than me.

"You can keep your bowlers black,

your top hats sleek and tall,

for I'm the Hogwarts Sorting Hat

and I can cap them all.

"There's nothing hidden in your head

The Sorting Hat can't see,

so try me on and I will tell you

where you ought to be.

"You might belong in Gryffindor,

Where dwell the brave at heart,

their daring, nerve, and chivalry

Set Gryffindors apart;

"You might belong in Hufflepuff,

Where they are just and loyal,

those patient Hufflepuff's are true

and unafraid of toil;

"Or yet in wise old Ravenclaw,

if you've a ready mind,

where those of wit and learning

will always find their kind;

"Or perhaps in Slytherin

You'll make your real friends,

those cunning folk use any means

to achieve their ends.

"So put me on! Do not be afraid!

Moreover, do not get in a flap!

You're in safe hands (though I have none)

for I'm a Thinking Cap!"

Applause broke out, whether for the song or just that it had ended was not known.

"When I call your name, place the hat on your head and sit down on the stool. Then you will be sorted into what house suits you best," Professor McGonagall instructed.

"Abbott, Hannah!"

HUFFLEPUFF!

"Bones, Susan!"

HUFFLEPUFF!

Harry watched as the students marched, crept, or ran up to the dilapidated hat and placed in a house. He wondered what house he would go into, but he figured it would probably be Slytherin.

"Granger, Hermione!"

GRYFFINDOR!

"Malfoy, Draco!"

SLYTHERIN!

"Patil, Pamda!"

RAVENCLAW!

"Patil, Parvati!"

GRYFFINDOR!

Then came Perks, Sally-Anne, and finally "Potter, Nick!"

Whispers broke out as he marched up to the hat and sat down. As if it was, a crime that he even had to be sorted at all. Every Potter had gone into Gryffindor since - ever.

"The Nicolas Potter?"

"He's here wicked?"

"Nick Potter, as in the Boy-Who-Lived! Cool"

"Hmm," a small masculine voice spoke in his mind. "Where to put you? You have a big head; you will do anything for what you want...Slytherin would be good for you... after all you are cunning and manipulative..."

"Not Slytherin! Please not Slytherin put me in Gryffindor please! My parents would kill me the public would crucify me if I end up in Slytherin!" pleaded Nick looking sick and panicked. Thankfully it couldn't be seen under the hat or they would have wondered what was going on.

"Hmm, very well then....better be GRYFFINDOR!"

The cheering was louder than ever, as Nick Potter got off the chair and smugly went to the Gryffindor table. His head held high, superior that he could once again get whatever he wanted. He had even talked the hat out of putting him somewhere he refused to think about. He wasn't Slytherin how dare the hat think such a thing.

"Potter, Harry"

Harry calmly walked over to the hat, hearing the gasps all around the hall. Not many people knew about him, after all. He was mentioned once in all the books and it was one sentence.

"The twin of Boy-Who-Lived?"

"I never knew he had a twin!"

"He has never been mentioned before, has he?"

"Well, well, well what do we have here, such ambition cunning when you need to be, you love your books and your thirst for knowledge yes...so much easier to place than your brother!" whispered the hat almost grinning widely at Harry Potter's mind.

"RAVENCLAW!" yelled the hat finally.

Professor Snape's jaw had dropped unable to believe the child he had been speaking to earlier on was the child of James Potter. Looking between the twins, he noticed they looked nothing alike. He could tell by looking at Nick Potter that he was indeed a Potter. Looking at the other he saw hardly any resemblance to the Potter's on the boy at all, which was strange. He was not sure what to think of this Potter. He looked nothing like them and was not in Gryffindor. He decided to think more on it later on tonight when he could actually think.

Nick and Ron - Gryffindor Table

Ron was sitting next to Nick as usual they were best friends after all.

"So your brothers in Ravenclaw, strange. I guess it's just like the Patil twins," said Ron drinking a big swig of pumpkin juice.

"Yes, we have never gotten on. I think he is jealous of me being famous and all he will never amount to anything like I will one day, I am the hero of the people" said Nicolas proudly.

"Yes probably just a jealous prat," said Ron nodding and agreeing with him immediately.

"I will be writing home about him that's for sure, everyone in our family has been in Gryffindor for as long as the Potter line has been going," said Nicolas sounding disappointed.

"I know my whole family has been in Gryffindor for ages too" said Ron in understanding.

Nick smiled perhaps Ron understood him more than he thought, nodding his head. He had been best friends with Ron sure, he was great to hang around with. Loved Quidditch as much as him, but he hadn't known Ron understood him like that before.

Harry - Ravenclaw table

The first years were already talking to each other, getting to know each other. Harry was not sure what he was supposed to do or say, he had never had a friend before. He sat eating his dinner when someone asked him a question he was answer it, mostly they wanted to know questions about his brother.

"What's your brother's favourite colour?"

"What's your brother's favourite subject?"

"Why are you not in Gryffindor beside your brother?"

"What happened that Halloween night? How did your brother destroy you-know-who?"

That was just many of the questions shouted at him; Harry was getting annoyed with them all. The worst thing was he did not know the answer to any of the questions, he knew he would not have told them anyway. He felt like bursting into tears no one really cared about him, it was only about his brother. Even his own house mates were not even looking at him twice, sighing he sat there morosely eating his dinner.

The night for Harry seemed to last forever, but to everyone else the time went fast and before they knew it Dumbledore stood up, giving them a warm friendly good night, telling everyone to have a good sleep.

"Now before bed, the school song!" cried Headmaster Dumbledore.

The Slytherin students as well as the staff remained silent as the rest of the school made fools of themselves by singing the school song. Hoggie hoggie hog wash. Nick Potter sang it along with everyone else; Severus however saw that Harry Potter stayed silent through the entire thing.

The song ended to a slow funeral march compliments of two twin redheads over at the Gryffindor table, who people knew as Fred and George Weasley, the resident pranksters. Harry was glad that it was over he just wanted to go to bed, and sleep get away from all the trying questions.

They were trailed up to Ravenclaw tower; Harry did not as much as gape when the stairs budged. When they got to the first floor the Gryffindor and Ravenclaw's changed directions going to their towers. The Ravenclaw prefect gave a huge long lecturing welcome. Harry did not even bother listening to them, his eyes were on the books, and he could not wait to read them that was for sure.

The lights soon went out leaving the place in darkness; the best rooms had a sky above them. Harry had snuck in before someone could beat him to it, shutting the door there was only one bed so assumed it was for one person. It did say first year across the door, he made sure it was locked before falling asleep.

He was never aware that the snobbish, most selfish know it all Ravenclaw had demanded the head boy and prefects to get her into the room. They tried but they could not open the door, telling her to find herself another room. When they had left the name, Harry Potter came upon the door the room was now officially his for the year. His name was written across the door, so there was no going back.

The girl had screamed in rage, banging on the door telling him to open the door. That if anyone deserved the room it was her. Thankfully, Harry did not hear a word of it he just lay there asleep obvious to the world. At least he wouldn't have to put up with his house members asking questions about his brother all year.

Harry - Ravenclaw Tower Hogwarts

Soon everyone was wakening up for their first day at school, yawning Harry woke up. Getting a shower, he dressed and got all his new books, which he had read millions of times already. He used some spells on his bag to make it feather light and a bottomless pit.

Coming out of his room he made sure that it could only open to his magic, he did not want anyone raiding his personal things. Who knows what they would do, steal them and make him do things, like answer their questions regarding his brother. He then started his way to the Great Hall.

He took twenty minutes to get there, he had gotten lost three times before finally getting it correct. The Great Hall was already full of people no one even so much as looked when Harry walked in; this did not bother Harry at all. He was used to this kind of use to this treatment, slipping in beside a boy he did not know he got his timetable.

Harry had seen the family owl delivering a letter to his brother; he was not surprised but saddened when nothing came for him. He had not really expected anything but was hurt that they would or could not even congratulate or even tell him how disappointed they were. Harry really hated being ignored being shouted at was much better.

He was able to sit and eat breakfast longer than the others, only just getting their timetables they had to go and find their dorms again. Harry already had all the books he would need for the year in his bag.

'I have most of my classes with Slytherin, its better than Gryffindor I suppose. The less I have to do with my brother the better.' thought Harry as he continued reading his timetable.

Putting it in the front of his bag so he would always be able to see it, he then began wondering what Transfiguration was going to be like. He wondered what McGonagall would be like; it would be an easy class he had learned Transfiguration ages ago.

'I best head up now, it might take me a while to get there' thought Harry nodding his head he got up. Grabbed a bit of toast smeared it in jam he walked from the Great Hall and made his way to class.

Transfiguration Classroom Hogwarts

Surprisingly he found the Transfiguration classroom pretty easily; he then went to the very back of the class and took his book out as he waited for the class to start. He had to stop himself from laughing when his brother and Ron stumbled in looking a mess also very late.

"Thank god she is not here," said Ron sitting down, there were only two seats left and they were right at the very front.

"Perhaps I should turn you into a pocket watch so at least one of you may be on time" said Professor McGonagall sounding annoyed scaring them as she returned back to normal from her cat animagus form.

"Sorry Professor McGonagall it was Ron's fault," said the Boy Who Lived giving the woman a charming smile.

"Very well sit down, now I want you to hand out what is in that box" said McGonagall pointing at Thomas and then to the box with her wand.

"Yes ma'am" said the boy sliding from his chair.

"Now I want to welcome you all to Transfiguration my name is Professor McGonagall and I want you to work very hard in this classroom I won't accept anything less" said Professor McGonagall her bun in her hair making her look more intimidating as her drawn lips.

As soon as Thomas sat down, everyone having a match she got up and started talking to everyone again. The students all listening as she spoke she had an aura around her that told everyone she would have no nonsense in her class not that anyone could see Aura's.

"Now I want everyone to take out their books and read the first chapter, I will award any house 20 points if they can transfigure their match on their first try. Not that it will happen mind you no one has ever been able to do it in all my time working here," said Professor McGonagall.

"Well done Nick, just a little more and it will be totally changed, if you can then I will award you five points for trying," said Professor McGonagall smiling slightly.

Of course Nick was good at Transfiguration, they both were actually but Nick got all the help he needed Harry had to do it himself. The reason she did not expect anyone to get it was because parents do not teach their children Transfiguration. Not many people liked Transfiguration, James Potter was great at it and his son had taken after him though. The purebloods were too busy learning Latin and dining lessons, pureblood lessons and Dark Arts to learn anything like Transfiguration.

Harry himself had done it almost immediately no one noticed him, or even the blue sapphires that dropped into the point's glass on the wall that was a duplicate of the one in the Great Hall. The name Harry Potter 20 points and the reason -getting his match on the first go appeared on the record of house points. Not even his partner notice, trying to get it himself his total concentration was on the match.

"Very well done five points to Gryffindor Mr. Potter" said Professor McGonagall.

She had not even looked at the other side of the room she would have seen a Muggle born had gotten it before Nick as well. She had bushy hair and big teeth not that big but big. She seemed disappointed when the teacher did not look at her.

Harry looked away in disgust thinking 'teachers pet'. He hated people like that; his brother was like that too. Expecting praise for everything he did, it was pathetic and annoying. He could not help but think 'she has a lot to learn, no one will praise her not when Nick Potter was around that is for sure' he would shaking his head.

The bell soon rung and everyone packed up and began leaving, she thought only one person had gotten their match turned, picking them all up, she realized with a frown that three people had gotten their match into a needle. She did not have any idea who it was; she was suddenly looking forward to this year three promising students all in one class. She would need to figure out who they were before awarding five points to them. She did not realize she had spent the whole class trying to help Nick get his match right. She knew he would need all the help he could get, she knew of the prophecy, Albus and James kept nothing from her.

They then went to Defence Against the Dark Arts, Harry just wanted to laugh it off as a joke. He just hoped the professor was playing with them the first day; he was a complete stuttering fool. Harry had gone to the back of the classroom already annoyed and began reading a book. An enchanted quill writing down everything his teacher said. Waiting until he had finished talking before it wrote it down, otherwise it would have been a wad of parchment full of squiggly lines and letters. He just read them on his way to Charms, learning more from parchment than the man's stuttering mouth.

Charms was great, the teacher and Harry's Head of House was chipper. Small but chipper, always happy and Harry decided he liked him. This time they were reading books again, however the Charms books were much larger than the Transfiguration and spells were harder too. Harry spent the rest of the class reading his book; however, Nick managed to do the spell within minutes. Nick's mother had taught him how to do it; Harry knew how to do it too but did not want any attention to be drawn to him so kept still.

He was not going to be getting letters sent to him telling him how much an attention seeker he was. He remembered one time he had been little he had tried out the broom, he had been flying really good and Nicolas had yet to do it and his father had just called him an 'attention seeker'. His brother had hit him on the face that time. Nicolas was a good flyer but nothing like Harry, Harry was the better flier and even Nicolas had to admit that, he was just a jealous prat. He had to be good at everything, if he was brought up believing that why would he think otherwise. Despite how good Harry was he wasn't a flying fanatic just a natural.

Next came Potions, which was with the Hufflepuff's, no class with his brother, thank goodness. Sliding into the Dungeons he started reading his book waiting on everyone else coming in. They did not seem to want to come into the Dungeons and none sat near him, he wondered what the hell was going on. He was right at the back and he knew they were avoiding the front. Shrugging his shoulders he hid behind his book, he had extra room for all his things, him having the entire bench to himself. He found he liked that just fine so none of them needed to bother sitting next to him.

Just then, the door banged open.

"Potions on the blackboard begin," snapped Severus sitting down.

He did not torment the Hufflepuff's or the Ravenclaw's as much as he tormented the Gryffindor's in his Slytherins classes. The Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff classes were the best and most peaceful classes.

He did not have to act in this class at all; he knew that when Voldemort came back he would have to be harder. He knew that Voldemort did not just recruit Slytherins but people from every house. He was under no illusions like everyone else; he knew Voldemort was coming back. That's why he acted that way; of course, Dumbledore knew Voldemort was not gone, as did McGonagall as well as the Potter's.

He was startled when he read the register and realized Harry Potter was in his class. Looking for the boy, he found him in the corner of the room, brewing his potion with patience he had only known himself to show for the subject. He was still not sure what to think of the boy.

Even if he thought the boy was all right, he could hardly be caught being nice to the twin of the Boy Who Lived. Mind you, he could just tell Voldemort he was corrupting the boy that would work. Severus shook his head he hated thinking about Voldemort coming back it just made him in a really bad mood. Sighing he decided not to think about the boy anymore, looking away he barked at the students who went to add wrong ingredients into their Potions.

Harry had seen his Potions teacher looking at him, no one had ever stared at him so long that it was making him uncomfortable. He shuddered lightly on what would have happened if he had been picked up and hailed the hero. He did not think he could have put up with it, he did not know how his brother put up with it.

At dinner his brother was the talk of the day, looking over he saw that his brother was red and looked ready to explode. Frowning he wondered what the hell had happened, listening to the Ravenclaw's talk he found out what happened.

....Professor Snape was down right nasty to him...

....Asked him potion questions he did not know...

.....I knew them though so did a Muggle born girl with bushy hair....

'That girl is getting on my nerves I just hope she keeps her nose out of my business thank goodness I don't have her in many of my classes,' thought Harry shaking his head. Oh how he felt like strangling the Muggle born girl. Although Harry found it amusing how his brother could not answer the questions, didn't he read his books?'

He soon found out what questions it was that he did not answer.

...did not know what he would get if he added powdered root of asphodel to an infusion of wormwood stupid....

'Asphodel and wormwood? Isn't that the draught of the living death? I'm going to check it up.' thought Harry.

...Didn't know where to find a beozer...

'That's stupid! Its in the second page it tells you it would save you from most poisons it's the second ingredient you learn about in one hundred herbs and ingredients I know he has the book,' thought Harry wondering what was going on his brother was not that daft was he.

....The last one was easier it was a trick question, about the difference between monkshood and wolfs bane...

'What?' Harry blinked oh his brother was so stupid that was way easily, 'the questions went from hard to easy. Oh, no wonder the Ravenclaw's think he is stupid! It's the same bloody plant no wonder Snape was pissed' thought Harry.

Before anyone knew it, it was a day before the flying lessons with someone named Madam Hooch. Harry was looking forward to it, right now, he was walking along the Quidditch pitch, and no one was around. Wanting a taste of flying again, he took out the broom. No one here was going to tell him he was being an attention seeker. He could fly for a few minutes; he was going to pretend to be crap at it during class. It had been along time since he had been on one, his fathers row had made him never want to go on one again. He was not attention seeker and he never would be.

"UP" yelled Harry.

The broom came upon his hands, climbing onto the broom he started flying, he did not know it was against the rules, it only said that no child is allowed their own broom. Not that they were not allowed to ride any broom, he started doing twist and turns relishing the freedom it brought him. He did not like Quidditch but flying was alright. He didn't see anything exciting about it or worth gossiping over. What he did like was the freedom he felt while riding for a few minutes, he still preferred a good book though.

"POTTER!" yelled McGonagall.

Swearing silently, he took off, thinking maybe if he disappeared that the woman would not know and think it was not him. Who was he kidding she had yelled Potter, banishing the broom he ran to the library and buried his nose in the book.

Another Injustice At The Hands Of The Wizarding World

He had spent the rest of the day in the library, now it was dinnertime. He was just turning a corner when he heard his brother's voice with other people. Halting in his step, he listened to their conversation.

"No she just told me I've been made the youngest seeker in a century," said Nick smirking.

"But we were with you! You did not go flying so what the hell happened?" asked Ron sounding confused.

"I went by myself a while ago," said Nick lying.

Harry's jaw dropped so McGonagall had thought he was Nicolas, now his credit was going to his brother again. Slumping against the wall he stopped the tears from welling down his face. Crying made no difference, nobody cared, ever. It was best not to cry over anything he had learned that the hard way. Why does everything he do always get turned into some accomplishment for his brother. First Voldemort and now this and many other bouts of accidental magic.

No longer feeling hungry he went back up to his dorm, he did not want to hear any of the celebrations that Nick Potter was on the Quidditch team. Them all thinking he was stupid and nothing, that

his brother was the best. That was the last thing he wanted. Locking his room he spent the night stopping himself succumbing to the agony, he had no homework to complete he had already done it.

Halloween - The Feast - Hogwarts

Before everyone knew it, Halloween was upon them, Harry was dreading it, listening and looking at the happy original people talking about Halloween. He had never really celebrated. He knew he could get away with not being there they after all didn't care.

He hid in his room, until he heard the footsteps of his house thud into nothingness. It didn't take long for Harry to get bored, looking in his trunk he realised he had read everything. Getting out his card, which allowed him to check books out of the library, he headed there. His favourite place in the whole school.

He was intent on going to the library he didn't hear the thudding until it was close. Shocked he fell when the very corridor shook with each step the thing took. Wondering what on hell a giant or Troll was doing in the school he backed away.

"Conjunctiva" yelled Harry wide-eyed knowing this beast would kill him, even more shocked when he realized it was a troll in the school.

Harry only realized he should not have done it, if anything the troll had become worse; the walls were getting the worst of it. Thinking of another spell he could use he decided on one, pointing his wand he yelled a spell one he had learned from a potions book he had found. He had found it among the used Potions books when he had forgotten his one period. He had taken it and the book he was using for his first year. He knew it was a sixth year Potions book, but he loved potions enough to take it. Seeing what the book contained he never gave it back Potions would be so easy with the scribbling margins. Nobody would miss it after all, it was just a used book stuffed in a drawer for when others had forgotten their books.

"Levicorpus" he shrieked putting as much magic into it as he could.

The troll was upside down within seconds; however, Harry could not keep the spell going, the troll was too heavy and with a thud, the troll fell on its head. He saw the crunch as the Trolls neck snapped in

half, it was hanging open green Troll blood leaking everywhere. Gagging at the sight he quickly ran from the scene. If he was found there Nick would write home, he really didn't want a Howler from home calling him an attention seeker not in front of everyone.

Albus Dumbledore locked the entrances to the common rooms, knowing who ever was out had killed the troll. He wanted to know who had that kind of magic to kill a fully-grown mountain troll.

"Everyone not in their common room come down to the Great Hall immediately" said the headmaster his voice angry.

Harry and others who had not been in their common room's came in one by one guilty. First, to go in was a teary-eyed Hermione Granger, followed by Ronald Weasley and Nick Potter. Last but not least Harry Potter.

"Where any of you near the Troll at all?" asked the Headmaster his eyes not twinkling.

"We were sir," said Ron and Nick. They had seen the troll and had bolted when the beast had given a huge grunt.

"And what were you doing down there?" asked Dumbledore his voice cold and hard.

Nick had to find himself out of trouble! He just needed to he had never been in trouble before and did not want to be now. So he told the Headmaster everything his voice apologetic and head lowered not looking up.

"I'm sorry headmaster, you see Ron had been unkind to a Muggle born girl named Hermione and a girl called Parvati told someone that she was crying in the bathroom, we met a troll I did what I had to do to stop it" said Nick.

"Bit far from where you were meant to be was it not" said Severus sneering.

"Yes sir, we got lost," said Ron his flaming red hair matching his face that was now bright red.

"Very well twenty points for facing the Troll but detention with McGonagall for disobeying my Orders" said the Headmaster his eyes twinkling.

"Thanks sir" said Nick and Ron sharing wide-eyed looks.

"What spell did you use?" asked Severus eyebrow raised.

"Levitating spell sir," said Nicolas quickly coming up with a spell. He had just learned it in class that week so it was the spell on the forefront of his mind. It just happened to be similar to the one really used so no one could tell he was lying least of all Dumbledore since he hadn't looked up.

"Is your potions book new?" asked Severus stalking forward towards his prey.

"Sir?" asked Nick raising his head confused.

"Is your potions book new?" repeated Snape talking slowly deliberately.

"Yes sir, my mother bought it," said Nick confused.

"Very well" said Severus smirking. So Potter hadn't killed the Troll he was lying after all. He knew the affects of his own spell; it had a very unique signature even if it was similar to the Wingardium Leviosa signature. Dumbledore didn't realize that but he had as soon as it was examined.

Therefore, it was definitely not Nick Potter, so he had taken credit for someone else's work interesting. He was curious to know who had his book he even be aware of those spells. He would need to check his Slytherins; only his Slytherins would act like they were. Doing something running and not telling anyone what they had accomplished.

Harry knew that the book belonged to Severus Snape as soon as he had asked. After all the spell had been in the book and the spell did not exist. So he was the Half Blood Prince, smirking he found that information interesting, very interesting indeed. His mother had been a Prince then, no wonder he was good at Potions, Princes had been

known for their Potions. He had read books and books full of Potion making Prince's had made.

Nothing was said after that night; Severus however was getting frantic none of his Slytherins had his book. He could not believe he had left it somewhere else someone could have gotten their hands on it. There were spells in there that could kill someone within seconds without the counter curse if he did not find it they might try them. It would be his fault, someone else dying because of him even indirectly.

Harry could not help but think bitterly 'The first Quidditch match of the season is next, can life get any worse? Why doesn't anyone ever listen to me? I was riding that broom! How could she have mistaken me for my brother? We don't have the same hair length for starters.' with a sigh he sat back and ate his breakfast. Looking over at the table he watched as the head of Slytherin went over to his brother and say something. He was not sure what it was but Snape seemed to hate his brother, he was glad that the man did not hate him like his brother. He seemed to take points from him and humiliate him every chance he got.

He was just glad someone did not blindly love his brother, sighing he wondered what people would think of his brother. Was his parents coming to watch or what? Just as he thought that the doors opened, and with a sinking feeling in his stomach he realized it was his parents. He swallowed hard as he watched his brother get pats on his back from their father, pats he should have gotten, and cuddles from his sister and mother. Cuddles that should have been his. He exploded in anger making every single goblet in the Great Hall erupt, pumpkin juice spraying everywhere.

The Headmaster just waved his wand, the goblets were repaired, and juice poured into them once more. Everyone shrugged their shoulders, Harry was sitting panting at the Ravenclaw table, and it had been a long time since he had released that amount of magic. No one had seen, thankfully. Harry had been thinking since the whole seeker incident and could not help but think that it was much better not being seen. His parents coming, hugging his brother, and congratulating him had brought the bitter hate back. Fame or not his parents should have been the ones proud of him; it had been him after all.

"Harry, get over here," said James as they got up to leave the hall.

"What?" asked Harry once he was there.

"You are coming with us to watch your brother play, up in the teacher's box," said James taking his sons shoulder. Nick was already gone, presumably to get changed; the others all made their way to the Quidditch pitch.

Severus upon seeing the Potter family his hate started bubbling up, watching Harry with his family he began hating him. He was a Potter whether he was in Ravenclaw or looked like one or not. Snarling he too left, he hoped his Slytherins beat the Gryffindor's; he had a bet on with McGonagall so they had better win.

Severus had congratulated the Potter boy. He had been surprised at how nervous the boy had been. However, said Potter boy was nervous because he knew he was not that good at Quidditch. He knew it had been his brother, but the thought of fame held him from telling the truth.

Harry reluctantly sat in the teacher's box with his family, sitting the furthest he could away from them without being too obvious about it. Just then, the Gryffindor that was commentating on the match started speaking through the enchanted microphone.

"Welcome to the first Quidditch match of the season.....Slytherin verses GRYFFINDOR!" yelled Lee Jordan.

"First out the Gryffindor's that is Fred and George Weasley, Katie Bell, Alicia Spinnet, Angela Johnson, Oliver Wood....and the brand new seeker none other than our very own boy who lived NICK! POTTTTTTER!"

"Next up the Slytherins, Miles Bletchley, Bole, Derrick, Marcus Flint, and Higgs Adrian Pucey and Montague" said Lee Jordan lacking the proper enthusiasm.

"I want a nice clean game" Hooch said her cat like eyes taking every player in demanding them to listen to her.

The referee, Madam Hooch blows the commanding whistle; the war drums have been struck. The battle has begun. The long wooden

box is kicked open, the Bludger and Snitch are released and off they go. Another whistle blows, the Quaffle is thrown up.

Another voice breaks through the swarm of cheers radiating the pitch. "And Flint grabs the Quaffle first; he dodges Bell, ducks a Bludger courtesy of Fred Weasley or was that George. Flint shoots, Wood moves to save it. Come on Wood. NO! Wood has to jump away to avoid the Bludger shot by Bole. Flint scores 10 - 0 Slytherin."

"Angelina Johnson has the Quaffle, passes to Bell who throws it to... Intercepted by the Slytherin Chaser Warrington who passes to Flint. He scores 20 - 0 Slytherin." Three quarters of the stand masses boo loudly stomping their feet roughly in protest. The green and silver-attired crowd yelled their support.

"No sign of the Snitch so far. Nick Potter, Gryffindor's new Seeker is riding the brand new state of the art Nimbus 2000. The best broom on the market today..."

The sound was cut off shortly. A reprimand of "Jordan comment on the match, not the broom." McGonagall voice snapped.

Lee Jordan, third year Gryffindor murmured a nonplus, "Sorry, Professor." Dancing away from McGonagall reach. The play by commenting began again. "And the snakes steel the Quaffle again. The Weasley twins hit a Bludger each at the Slytherin chaser Montague. They miss. He scores. 30 - 0 Slytherins."

Twenty minutes pass. The green army has clearly taken a commanding lead. The score has advanced to 120 - 10 Slytherin. "Johnson has the Quaffle, let's hope she can keep it together to begin a come back. Go Johnson show those snakes. Bletchley, Slytherin Keeper is hit with a Bludger in the stomach. Nice aim Fred. Bell scores. 120 - 20 Slytherin. Bletchley is still in game, shaking off the effects of the hit." Jordan continued several warnings from McGonagall filled the stadium.

"Is that the Snitch?" Lee asks excitedly, cutting off the Transfiguration Professor. The stands silence, looking intently at the Seekers. "Potter dives, heading fast to the ground. The Slytherin seeker dives down Higgs overtakes Potter. Higgs pulls up and

Potter darts back up missing the ground by mere inches, the Snitch has disappeared once again."

A half hour passes, Slytherin still dominant. The Slytherin Beaters had stepped up their attack. Bole and Derrick were blasting the Bludger at the Gryffindor's, double teaming the chasers. The Weasley twins were too busy protecting their fellow team mates from bodily harm to break up Slytherin advances. The score soared to 250 - 30 Slytherin. The mighty lions were loosing spirit; their pride had taken a major bruising.

Higgs was making slow circular passes, looking for the Snitch. Occasionally he would dart down into a sharp dive to break up a Gryffindor play.

Everyone watched in horror as Nick Potter's broom gave a violent jerk. Or mostly everyone, the Slytherins could not give two sods.

Then another.

The broom would not respond to Nick's commands. It was as if it had a mind of its own. And it wanted it's rider off NOW.

"Potter seems to have lost control of his broom. I guess the Gryffindor's were wrong to use a first year. Shows why there's a rule against it." Jordan stated for those few who hadn't already noticed.

The stands had noticed. A silence fell over the field. Confusion and murmurs grew as time passed. Flint signalled his Beaters to take out Wood. Two Bludger hit the Gryffindor Captain / Keeper, knocking him unconscious and off his broom.

No one was paying attention, eyes fixated on the Boy-Who-Lived dangling on his Nimbus 2000 broom. Flint seized the Quaffle; they couldn't miss such a brilliant opportunity to ensure they won this match.

260 - 30 Slytherin.

Nick's broom bucked to the right. The raven haired boy held on looking petrified.

270 - 30 Slytherin.

The Boy-Who-Lived looked at the teachers his eyes begging for his parents to do something. Every time his friends and admirers tried to help, he would be jerked further up.

290 - 30 Slytherin. Flint was enjoying tossing the Quaffle through the three rings with no resistance.

Suddenly Higgs spotted the snitch, diving after it he paid no mind to the boy who was barely clinging to his broom.

300 - 30 Slytherin.

Higgs was flying blindingly fast after the Snitch. Right. Left. Right. Down. Up. Down. Left. He diligently followed the little golden ball.

310 - 30 Slytherin.

Nicolas Potter was following, trailing far behind. Suddenly getting control over his broom, his father had accidentally gotten in Quirrell's way trying to help his son.

320 - 30 Slytherin.

Higgs was nearly there, the gold ball was twitching within a few inches from his reach.

330 - 30 Slytherin.

The Seeker clutched his fingers around the winged menace. Higgs smirked, the Slytherins had won. Harry felt like jumping for joy, his brother had been proved he was not the best however; he kept his cheers to himself knowing the trouble he would be in.

A crowd had already gathered, waiting for heroes. The army dressed in red and gold trudged off the battlefield, battered and worn, they had lost.

"I thought you said he was good?" asked Severus sneering.

"He was Severus, perhaps its just nerves," said McGonagall

"Could it not have been the other Potter?" asked Severus suddenly, causing Harry to stiffen and pray McGonagall did not listen, he did not care anymore, and Gryffindor's lost either way.

"Harry doesn't fly, he has never been on a broom in his life" said James sneering at Severus.

"Strange that, he was when we did flying practice," said Madam Hooch.

"There is a first time for everything, excuse me I want to see if my son is alright" said James running to catch up with his wife and children.

"Well you owe me 20 galleons Minerva," said Severus smirking as he made his way from the stands leaving.

Christmas was upon them all before they knew it, everyone signing up to stay did. Harry signed up to stay but his brother was going home, to their parents. Harry would rather stay, they would not miss him anyway, plus he wanted to learn more magic. What better way than to stay over Christmas and read all the time. He wondered briefly if he would get any presents, he knew his parents had forgotten last year, they had given him some of his brother's presents. He would have been stupid not to see his brother's name on the name tag.

He got his first detention from Snape; Severus was getting more and more suspicious about the boy. He could not point his finger on what it was, however he had not been able to serve that detention. Dumbledore had wanted him up to talk, probably about his precious boy who lived; it was getting on his nerves. His last nerve at that.

So Harry had been forced to serve detention with his brother, his friend, and Draco Malfoy. Harry walked away from them, even though he had been told to go with Draco Malfoy. Malfoy was just a coward, who hid behind a tree just inside the forbidden forest.

He was not far from his brother, out of no where an agonizing pain hit his forehead. It was worse than a migraine or any headache he had ever had, he fell to his knees. However, the pain started receding slightly. Looking up he gasped seeing a black shadow over his brother, he knew it was Voldemort.

Of course his brother was not grasping his forehead; he was not the boy who lived so there was no connection. He had no idea that the black thing was Voldemort; however, seconds later he could hear hooves. The Centaur was there to rescue him; he stayed away but close enough to hear what they were saying.

"What was that?" Harry heard his brother ask.

"Do you know the properties of Unicorn Blood?" asked the Centaur

"No," said his brother. Harry snorted. He knew that one; he was thinking it as the Centaur said it.

"It is a monstrous thing, to slay a unicorn. Only one who has nothing to lose, and everything to gain, would commit such a crime. The blood of a unicorn will keep you alive, even if you are an inch from death, but at a terrible price. You have slain something pure and defenceless to save yourself, and you will have but a half-life, a cursed life, from the moment the blood touches your lips." Firemen the Centaur

Harry could not help but frown 'who would choose such a life'

"So?" was all his brother said?

"There is only one person who would do this, to survive long enough to get into Hogwarts" said Firenze.

"So?" asked his brother again looking annoyed.

Harry however, grasped what the Centaur was trying to tell his brother. Voldemort! There must be something in the school that would give him his body and life back. What could that be? There was nothing that could do that was there? There was only one thing he could think of, the Philosopher stone, but even then that belongs to Nicolas Flamel, why would he put it in Hogwarts.

Slowly the pieces made sense, the break in at Gringotts, then the stone being taken to Hogwarts. Flamel obviously didn't think the stone was safe, but Voldemort should not be able to get into Hogwarts. The castle was said to be the safest place on the planet.

However, he didn't know by the end of the year he would be changing his mind.

"Here is Hagrid, this is where I leave you Nick Potter, good luck, your going to need it" said the Centaur leaving.

Harry stood there unable to believe what he had just heard; he wondered how thick his brother was. Perhaps he would put them together later; right now he had to get back to the others. He didn't want to stick in the Forbidden Forest anymore, the last thing he needed was Voldemort finding out that it was really him that was the boy who lived. He would, when he is screaming in pain clutching his bloody scar!

"Goodbye" said Nicolas walking towards Hagrid the monster in the cloak was already forgotten.

"Where is ya brover" asked Hagrid.

"I don't know, I was not with him, Ron ended up wandering off, and I don't know where the others went" said Nicolas.

"We'll come on then le's get lookin' for them" said Hagrid holding a huge lantern.

He saw a Unicorn it was bleeding the silvery blue blood glinting in the moonlight, and quite badly, he knew some healing spells and hoped they would work. Trying them it did work but only a little, biting his lip he didn't want to see such a beautiful animal die. Just then he remembered the potion he had made, quickly diving into his bag he pulled out a healing potion. It was a simple healing potion, not difficult to make, but with the HBP potions book he was able to brew it.

Pouring the potion on, he watched as the wound closed, sighing thankfully he looked at the unicorn for the first time properly. He was in awe of the beautiful pearly-white mane, and its long slender legs. Slowly but not threateningly he started stroking the Unicorn softly, he could not help but think 'they are so white that it makes snow seem greyish colour'

He was surprised the Unicorn didn't move it was well known that Unicorn's only liked women's touch. Mostly pure women's touch, however, the Unicorn didn't move and let him pet her.

Quickly putting everything away, he was awed when a golden hove came up and cut her skin. Harry was awed, no one had ever been given Unicorn blood freely, shaking he gathered only a one container of it, after all the Unicorn had lost a lot of blood. He tucked the potion bottle safely away, he would carry it always.

"Goodbye" was all Harry said, before running until he heard voices, it was Hagrid he could never miss place that loud voice for anyone else.

"I'm here is detention over? By the way the hurt unicorn is over there" said Harry pointing in its direction.

"Oh dear," said Hagrid lumbering over to the hurt Unicorn, they got there to see it getting up on unsteady feet and trotting back into the forest, dipping its head slightly. Harry knew it was at him but both Hagrid and Nick thought it was directed at Nick Potter the boy who lived. He was after all golden and pure and the Unicorn was able to sense that, Harry seethed but didn't say anything.

Finding Draco and Ron they went back to school, detention was over. They all went to their bed glad to be out of the forbidden forest. Away from the strange creatures, although Harry just wanted to hide into the shadows, he hated people looking at him. Especially the way Dumbledore looked at him in disappointment and Snape's searching look.

Harry knew immediately what was happening when he saw Dumbledore leaving, and the look Quirrell was giving the Headmaster's retreating back. Frowning, he followed Quirrell; he knew that Quirrell had Voldemort on the back of his head. After feeling it constantly aching all the time it was hard not to.

Harry followed, until he knew that Quirrell was in a place no one would look for him, stunning him levitating him to an unused classroom. He took away Quirrell's wand, and locked the door with three locking spells even Quirrell wouldnt be able to unlock without a wand. He then took off, unaware that his stupid brother and friends were going, into a maze not because of Voldemort but because of

Dumbledore manipulations. He wanted to test Nick Potter; he wanted to know if he would be able to take on Voldemort when the time came.

They got through the devil's snare after getting passed the dog, and through Flitwick's charmed flying snitches, passed the troll that was already dead to the world, then passed the chess set, Ron ending himself up unconscious. Of course Hermione stayed to help while Nick took off on what he thought would be a heroic adventure.

He got to the last obstacle and found himself, before he knew it, in front of a mirror. Not any mirror but the mirror of Erised, nothing heroic happened; he just stood there until Dumbledore came. However, Dumbledore was sorely disappointed at not being able to save his savior from anything.

Dumbledore sighed before taking him up, passed Snape and McGonagall who looked relieved. However, Dumbledore was far from it, he knew Quirrell had been hosting Voldemort, and had expected Nick to fight him. However, he didn't seem to be anywhere, getting his anger under control he asked.

"Where is Quirrell?" asked Dumbledore.

"We don't know we have not seen him since you left" said McGonagall.

"I did tell you I suspected him," said Snape scowling fiercely, he then took off; none of his Slytherins were missing so it had nothing to do with him. The less he had to do with the Headmaster or McGonagall the better and happier he is.

The Leaving Feast Hogwarts Great Hall

"Another year gone! Now as I understand it the house cup needs awarding, thus in fourth place Gryffindor! With two and fifty hundred points! Third place Hufflepuff with two hundred and eighty points! Second place Ravenclaw with four hundred and ninety points and first place Slytherin house with has an outstanding five hundred points!"

The Slytherins were clapping like mad, Harry was clapping as well, he had earned most of the points, well at least he thought he did.

Sighing softly he could hardly believe the year was already over. Now he had a whole summer of being ignored, but hey, he did have some books he could read. Madam Price had let him take them out, she knew his love for reading, they would be slightly over due but it didn't matter.

"However, more house points need awarding, "I award Nick Potter 150 points for pure nerve and outstanding courage!" Dumbledore shouted.

The Gryffindor's cheered, "And to Ron Weasley who showed courage beyond any first year and for the best played game of chess Hogwarts has ever seen I award Gryffindor another 140 points" shouted Dumbledore.

"That's my brother!" said Percy. Proudly puffing his chest up importantly.

The Gryffindor's were cheering wildly, causing the others in the hall to wince slightly. The noise was deafening, it was enough to send the owls flying. The banners were changed to Gryffindor banners. Harry sat there his mouth gaping, unable to believe the headmaster had just done that. Looking at his housemate's reactions he smiled almost sadly, they had worked hard to get the amount and to be stripped of the chance of winning the cup in one night just before getting it was bound to suck.

That night it was subdued for the Slytherins as well as the Ravenclaw's and Hufflepuff's, they thought what Dumbledore did was wrong. They had only needed to take one look at the Slytherin table to see that. They were loyal if nothing to their friends and housemates, but even the Slytherin looks made them wince in sympathy. No masks could hide their hurt and anger over what Dumbledore had done.

However, for the Gryffindor's it was a different matter entirely, they didn't care and continued on cheering and eating the feast enjoying their last night at Hogwarts.

Dumbledore had removed the stone and given it back to Flamel since his test hadn't worked as planned. Voldemort screamed in rage when Quirrell was stupid enough to get himself trapped by a powerful stunner at that. He forcefully removed himself from the

weak wizard and fled, causing Quirrell to die. Vowing to find another way to come back, and Potter would die a horrid painful death.

Boarding the Hogwarts Express - Bound for Kings Cross Then Home

"Come on! Get on the train its leaving!" yelled Hagrid as the whistle started howling.

Harry just wished he could stay at Hogwarts forever, he could live in the Library for all he cared, it was better than going back to a family that hates you, and where you are completely invisible. Sighing softly he got on the train he only had his trunk he had no familiar, he had seen many students with their owls, and had hurt inside that he would never experience that.

Harry Potter's unventful first year :) what did you think?

Chapter 7

The Summer Then Back At Hogwarts - Year Two

"Nick's exam results will be coming soon James, it's so exiting, I bet he did the best in his class" said Lily beaming with pride. She thought so much of her son; she just didn't realize just how blinded she was.

"Of course he did, I'm going to train him, he needs to know more about Quidditch, more practice the better he will be" said James beaming with pride.

Harry walked in, he rolled his eyes again, and his parents were talking about Nick again. It's just a shame no one really cared or looked at him. As soon as they see it's not Nick he is looked down at then not spoken too.

Harry started making a sandwich, it was just after dinner time but Harry had not eaten much.

"What are you doing? We just had dinner" said Lily; she didn't want her children getting fat.

"I didn't have much dinner, I'm hungry" said Harry softly.

"Well go hungry, go to your room, the next time you better ask" said Lily angrily.

"MUM I'M HUNGRY! I'VE JUST FINISHED ALL THE HOMEWORK" yelled Nick coming into the kitchen.

"Here" said Lily giving Nick Harry's sandwich.

Harry's jaw dropped, how could she do that? He had eaten most of the food at the table! Now he was getting his sandwich. Scowling he walked away, feeling in a worse mood than ever. He was already counting the days until he went back to Hogwarts. He had read the Prince's book again, he dared not try any of the spells, after what the spell had done to the troll, and he shuddered to what it could do to a human being.

He wondered what his parents would think of his grades, he hoped he had done better than his brother. He wanted his parents love, he wanted them to be proud of him and stop ignoring him. He had a feeling that this was never going to happen, but he just had to feel hope. Hope that one day he would be seen, heard and spoken too, by his family. He dreamed many dreams of them being proud of him, only to wake up to reality.

He went up to his room and he put all his first year books on his shelf, along with all the other books he had collected over the years. His journal though stayed in his trunk along with his school clothes, he didn't want them nosing in it. He had spelled it so only he could read it or anyone he wanted to read it. He didn't know if the spells would hold so he wasn't taking any chances.

"His results are here!" shrieked Lily; a few days later as they sat down for breakfast.

"Open them!" exclaimed James.

"In first place there is" said Lily excitedly, but when she saw who it was her face fell.

"What is it love?" asked James.

"Hermione Granger, she is first place," said Lily looking like she had just had the wind knocked out of her.

"Ah well, who has second place?" asked James, perhaps his son had come second.

"Harry" said Lily looking confused, how had her other son done so well.

"Third?" asked James, his son better be on the at least top three.

"Draco Malfoy" said Lily looking sad.

"His marks are probably set. Lucius Malfoy has the money to do it!" said James angrily.

"Yeah," said Lily not cheering up the slightest.

"So how good did Nick do?" asked James.

"Let me see" said Lily, reading the list, it was from who was best in class to the least.

"He is half way down, number twenty nine," said Lily looking hurt.

"I don't understand why, he is a good wizard, why all that way down?" said James.

"Ronald Weasley is right next to him, that's what it is Ron Weasley is distracting him," said Lily.

"Yes, Nick you will stop playing around with Ron Weasley, and if you are not further up next year you will be taken to a different school or home schooled" said James seriously.

"What? Why? I like Ron," said Nick pouting.

"Fine but if you are still this low next year you are out of Hogwarts" said Lily; she knew her son could do better than this.

"Ok mum I will do better I promise, I was so distracted with the whole Voldemort thing" said Nick sadly.

"Of course that's what it was, oh Nick we are so sorry, we won't ask you to leave Hogwarts again, next year you will be the best won't you" said Lily hugging her son.

"Of course mother" said Nick smiling at her.

"I'm going to bed, goodnight" said Harry. He ran to his room, opened his journal and began writing furiously. Tears didn't fall; he hadn't cried in a long time, life was so unfair.

Journal Entry

Our Results Just came back, instead of opening the actual results they wanted to see how good he was compared to everyone. I came second, Nick came twenty ninth. He used the excuse about Voldemort and the stupid stone; they didn't even bother about my results. I didn't even get a well done they didn't even acknowledge me.

I feel so sick and alone I really don't know what to do anymore. I don't know how much longer I can remain in this house. I just want to die sometimes would they even notice? Not until they smelt my rotten corpse they wouldn't. I hate NICK! I HATE MY PARENTS I HATE THEM SO MUCH!

I hate that I get hurt every time they do it, why do I keep deluding myself? I always know what's going to happen yet I just let it. I have to stop caring but how? How do I stop wanting my parents approval? I wished I was adopted, I wish I had a different family. Any family would be better than this one I hate my life.

Harry

Harry had floo'ed to Hogsmeade one day, unable to stand being in the Manor anymore. Last night he had seen Nick and Roxy getting kisses and cuddles before bed and it made him realize how unloved he was. They hadn't done that to him for years. He spent his day wandering around, until he got to a newly opened corner shop. It sold newspapers, sweets and everything you might need from toilet roll, to owl seed.

"Excuse me are you looking for someone to deliver newspapers ma'am?" asked Harry politely.

"Yes we are, dear" said the woman nicely.

"How much?" asked Harry curiously.

"Fifty Galleons dear," she said. It was a lot of money but then again it was a load of newspapers. To be delivered all around Hogsmeade the place wasn't as small as it looked.

"You are looking for two people for two jobs?" asked Harry.

"Yes we are" she said.

"Where?" asked Harry softly.

"Diagon Alley and Hogsmeade" she said thinking she might just have found someone to deliver the newspapers.

"I would love both jobs please, day and night" said Harry.

"Are you sure dear? I mean it's a lot to do for a child your age? Speaking of which what age are you?" she asked.

"Thirteen ma'am" lied Harry covertly.

"Hm...very well, the jobs are yours, if you want to start today then you are most welcome also what is your name?" she said.

"I would like that, but I will need a map until I get familiar with the areas my name is Harry," said Harry; he didn't know his way around Diagon Alley or Hogsmeade properly just the shops not houses.

"Very well, you will be paid at the end of every week; you will be getting a hand full every week that's for sure. Two hundred galleons, its fifty for delivering the morning paper all week, and it's another fifty for the evening paper as well. On the weekend there is another paper but you get one hundred for delivering them, because there are more of them" she said.

"I'll take it, can I get the papers?" asked Harry hyper.

"Sure, they are already done and over there, I've been using owls but they were not happy." she said smiling.

"Well they can be happy now I will deliver them" said Harry.

"Good, of you go then" she said handing the papers over.

"So how did it go? Find everything all right?" she asked watching the flushed child coming in three hours later.

"Yes, found every door, it's not as hard as I thought" said Harry softly.

"So you want the job then?" she said.

"Of course" said Harry.

"Then be here at five to deliver the evening papers" said the woman.

"I will be goodnight" said Harry.

"Goodbye" said the woman.

This was what Harry did the rest of the summer, delivering newspapers, awake before everyone else and back before everyone else also. He had lots of his own money, this was his freedom, and once he had enough he was leaving. He knew enough about Muggles to live among them. They would never think to look in the Muggle world for him; he was finally satisfied and better yet free.

He was still going to Hogwarts; he just would not go home after school. He was not spending another day with the Potter's, they didn't want him and he doubted they would realize he was missing anyways. They would just be glad he was gone; he would lie to them telling them he was staying at a friend's house.

Eileen the woman who runs the newsagents was grateful for Harry; he not only delivered the papers. But helped her re-stock the shelves, Eileen was getting too old to keep up with everything. It hadn't been as easy as she first thought. She thought it would be an easy way to get an income. Harry was such a nice little boy, and he had done wonders to Eileen's life. Making it so much easier even if it was something as simple as stocking the shelves. She didn't have much magic unfortunately with all the inbreeding going on in pureblood families. It was the main reason she had gone away to the Muggle world in the first place. Now though she had come back to her rightful world. Her son couldn't have been happier about that! He just hated coming to see her in the Muggle world. So closed off from the world she so belonged in.

Harry was soon sitting behind the counter for her for a few hours, while she had a rest and put her feet up. No one recognized him; no one played him second to Nick Potter his brother. Harry was finally happy, and that's all that mattered to him.

As predicated his family didn't even realize he was going anywhere.

The school was starting back up once again. Harry still didn't have any familiar. However, he was saving up any money he could get. He didn't get pocket money from his family even if Nick did. His money had been put into his vault, and he now owned his very own one no one could get into. The key was safely around his neck at all

times not wanting anything to happen to it. Not that anyone would be able to get into his vault anyway.

He was also very unhappy about the selection of books he had. They had been to his disgust; Gilderoy Lockhart books. The books were somewhat unbelievable; no man could ever do everything that man was saying he could do. He was a fraud, well that's what Harry thought anyways, but nobody cared what he thought.

"Get a move on! We are going now if we want to catch the Hogwarts Express!" yelled James up the stairs.

Harry dragged his trunk down, which was very heavy, his parents had not even levitated his trunk for him. Sighing softly, why was it always him ignored? He had done nothing to deserve it. He didn't want to be left behind this year and miss another year on the train.

These days Harry had given up hope, hope of being loved, or his parents approving of him. Even given up hope that his teachers would see him, not just look at him once before admiring his brother. No one ever really spoke to him, not for him anyway only for his brother.

"Hold the Portkey, we are busy and cannot take you to the Hogwarts Express, so you will need to go yourself" said James, as they Portkey'd away.

"Dad please come!" whined Nick.

"I can't I'm very busy now go, before you miss the train" said James hugging his son goodbye.

Harry sighed softly, before going towards the barrier; once he was through he climbed onto the train dragging his trunk. He was bumped into and much to his agitation mistaken for his brother again!

"Hey Nic...sorry" said someone realizing it was not Nicolas but Harry.

"Its fine" said Harry softly, shaking his head he took his trunk and got himself onto the train and sat down in an empty apartment. It wasn't fine but it was best just to keep that to himself.

"Can I sit here?" asked a chubby boy.

"Yeah sure" said Harry.

"You don't have to sit in there! Come along with us Nick will be sitting with us soon" said Seamus, one of the people who shared a dorm with Nick and Ronald Weasley as well as the chubby boy Neville Longbottom.

"Ok thanks. Bye I guess" said Neville shutting the door and joining Seamus.

"It can't go! Nick's not here!" said Seamus outside Harry's door.

"Well his brother is here so he just might be still looking for us" said Dean.

"Yeah, come on then let's sit down" said Seamus shrugging.

Harry heard the door slamming closed just next door.

"We are nearly at Hogwarts let's get our uniform on" said Seamus.

"Yeah, I wonder where Nick is" said Dean.

"Dunno, just hope he is alright" said Seamus.

"He will be he is the hero of the wizarding world after all" said Neville.

"Yeah," said Dean and Seamus agreeing immediately.

Great Hall Hogwarts Starting Feast

They were entering Hogwarts before they knew it; Harry was not bothered about his brother.

He sat eating a big meal at the Ravenclaw table, enjoying being back at Hogwarts. He knew it would be another boring year, he knew everything in the second year books. Well, he knew everything in the fifth year books never mind second year.

"Welcome, welcome to another year of Hogwarts" said the Headmaster his arms spread wide to welcome each and every one of them.

The sorting lasted what felt like ages, many noticed Nick and Ronald Weasley were not there. Harry watched everything, just like every Ravenclaw. Sighing softly, he licked his lips when the food arrived.

"I have new teachers we need to introduce to you...first the Defence Against the Dark Art's teacher Gilderoy Lockhart" said Dumbledore.

A wild applause spread though the great hall.

"And introduce you to the new Potions teacher and new head of Slytherin house Professor Reese" said Dumbledore.

Another wild applause broke though the hall louder than ever.

"Professor Snape has decided he would rather work on his potions, we wish him the best of luck in his work now lets eat" said Dumbledore as they all sat down. Excited chatter broke though, the Slytherins were sitting there stunned, and they had a new head of house? Professor Snape had left? Or had he been hurt.

Albus Dumbledore had tried to get Severus to come back, but Severus wanted to concentrate on his potions. He had spoken the truth; he was close to a breakthrough on the Wolfsbane Potion. Plus Severus really couldn't stand Nick Potter for some reason. With no way to convince him, even trying to convince him Voldemort would be back didn't work. Severus was always good at making up stories no doubt he would spin a good yarn to Voldemort when he was back.

Later that night two hundred points had been added to the Gryffindor glass. He heard through the Patil twin that they got points for productive thinking. They had ridden an enchanted car to school; needless to say no house was happy other than Gryffindor. Starting the year two hundred points ahead of everyone it was going to be hard to catch up. They might never win now, it just wasn't fair at all Patil had said.

Silently Harry agreed.

That year Harry was privileged with the blame when Mrs. Norris was found petrified and hanging by her tail in the corridor, a message written in blood on the wall behind the cat. Because he had been going to the library instead of the feast, he had after all felt a little sick.

"That's not fair sir...I was only on my way to the Library!" protested Harry.

"Hm very well off you go" said Dumbledore.

Despite Dumbledore letting him off with it, the students didn't and he was glared at all year. He had been attacked quite a few times too, and another thing? Oh yeah Professor Reese hated him. His new Potions teacher took every turn she could to make him feel two inches tall. Kept giving him a P for pass instead of the EE he should be getting. He knew he wasn't doing anything wrong; it was like Reese had the alternate attitude from Snape.

"Wrong colour Potter, failed" said Reese clearing his potion before anything could be said or done.

The more Harry continued to stay silent the more Reese got furious at him. He hated the fact he couldn't get a rise out of the boy. So his game continued, finding whatever excuse he could to target him. Reese was just a jealous man because Harry was able to produce a better potion than even him. He was the Potions Master yet a boy was almost capable of creating a potion that out did his. He couldn't stand for it, so the vicious circle continued and Harry...why Harry stayed silent. He knew complaining wouldn't help him any.

The Quidditch match went off without a hitch, no real messes with the Gryffindor's down. The Slytherin's won the match no problem at all, Draco Malfoy had been made seeker of the Slytherin team. Not only had he joined but he had got everyone Nimbus 2001's.

Despite all the training James had given Nick he was still nowhere near good enough. Draco Malfoy had been preening like a peacock since then, everyone loved him for taking out Nick Potter. The Gryffindor's on the other hand were losing their patience with the Boy Who Lived. In fact Harry had overheard them stating that they were thinking about kicking him off the team. Harry couldn't wait for that day but he doubted McGonagall would allow that to happen.

Harry had seen the sign up sheet for those who wanted to play Quidditch at the door of Ravenclaw Tower. He had been tempted, boy, that was putting it mildly. In the end he had decided against it, not wanting to get a howler. He would have loved to have bet Nick and wiped the smug smile from James and Lily's faces. Yes he rarely called them by their proper titles anymore. They weren't Mother and Father to him, and they certainly weren't Mum and Dad. He never wrote home, and they never wrote to him that was just fine. It seemed the question he had asked his journal had finally been answered. He had stopped caring about what they thought, and it had been a long time coming.

Great Hall Of Hogwarts

Lockhart and Flitwick duelled first at the Duelling Club, with Flitwick firing one 'Expelliarmus' curse that not only knocked the wand from the fakes hand, but knocked him to the other side of the class as well. Harry had been the only one laughing at it; it had been the most hilarious sight in his twelve years of life. That one was joining the vision of the sorting hat spouting arms and legs and running. For thoughts he needed to make himself happy, on a bad day which by the way was more and more often.

Flitwick had warned Lockhart not to pair Harry and Nick but the warning only made Lockhart want to see them duel all the more. Harry and Nick began to curse each other, and with a smirk Nick fired once more and a large snake appeared in the middle of the duelling table, sliding towards Harry.

Flitwick turned to glare at Lockhart who blushed. The snake forgot about Harry and dived for a gasping, terrified Justin Finch-Fletchley. Harry shouted for the snake to stop and it did, yet everyone turned to stare at Harry in fear. Slowly the snake came far enough away from Justin for Flitwick to vanish safely. Everyone left the room mumbling about Harry being dark now. Even his brother was moving away looking at him in fear as well, like Voldemort was standing behind him.

Rolling his eyes in confusion wondering what made everyone look at him like that. With a growl of annoyance Harry settled himself for the months of rumours and accusations that were sure to come. He was not wrong of course, Harry knew better than to think anyone would

suspect anyone else. He was probably the only apart from Granger that didn't have any friends in the entire school.

Listening to the rumours he realized he had spoken Parselmouth, snake language. It sounded English to him; he wondered how long it would take for his parents to find out. He hadn't needed to wait long for that, five hours after he spoke it James' owl was pecking at Ravenclaw Tower.

Harry

Nick has just told us you can speak snake language I want you to know I'm extremely disappointed in you. Every year there is always something, most recent ones getting sorted into Ravenclaw! No Potter has ever been sorted anywhere other than Gryffindor bar you. I supposed I should just be grateful that it wasn't Slytherin which by given your newly discovered talent I'm surprised your not. Then showing up your brother by getting better grades when you know very well what your brother was going through trying to fight Voldemort.

Now you can speak Parseltongue, when you come home for the summer you are to go straight to your room. You still stay in there; I will get Lily to send the food up to your room we do not want to see you. Poor Roxy is utterly mortified as are your mother and I! Do you know what this could do to Nick's reputation? If this backlashes on us you will be out on your backside.

Dad

Harry couldn't of course believe the nerve of James to actually sign it dad. He wasn't a father, he was just a man in his life who continued to mock and reprimand him no matter what he did. Nothing was good enough for the likes of James or Lily Potter. Just they wait until it was revealed he was the boy who lived. They would regret the day they had decided to ignore him for his brother he would ensure that.

People turned up at the medical ward petrified, a boy named Colin Creevy had been petrified. Nick had gotten everyone's attention and sympathy by saying he had been talking to him not five minutes before he was petrified. Harry had just snorted and kept walking, he was an outcast in his own school and he hated it. He had received

two broken bones since, five cutting curses, and goodness knows how many bumps and bruises since he had spoken to that snake. They all looked at him like was about to kill them all, like he was Lord Voldemort back from the dead.

Despite the petrification Quidditch continued, Ravenclaw beat Hufflepuff and Gryffindor but failed to beat Slytherin for the Quidditch cup. So the cup belonged to the Slytherins again this year.

HER SKELETON WILL LIE IN THE CHAMBER FOREVER

"Oh my! What has happened?" asked Minerva was the first thing Harry heard from the corner he had been about to turn.

"Lockhart check my Gryffindor's, Flitwick, Sprout, Reese check everyone is accounted for. Come back here immediately afterwards" said McGonagall looking pale and shaken. It was happening again, the chamber was truly open she could feel it. When she had been at school a student had died, what most people didn't realize was that Myrtle had been her classmate when she attended school. Not her house mate, Myrtle had been a Muggle born sorted into Slytherin. She, Minerva McGonagall, was a Gryffindor just like her parents before her.

Harry watched everything wide eyed, it took five minutes before everyone returned.

"All Gryffindor's accounted for!" beamed Lockhart happy to have finished his task.

"All of my Hufflepuff's are accounted for" said Sprout looking greatly relieved.

"The Slytherin's are all present and accounted for" said Reese.

"Are you sure all my Gryffindor's are in the tower?" asked McGonagall.

"Yes all fifty nine" said Lockhart.

McGonagall paled drastically "There isn't fifty nine; my Gryffindor head count is sixty"

Lockhart's eyes widened in horror.

"Professor, Professor, Professor" shouted Filch running with his cat in his arms as usual.

"Yes?" asked Sprout seeing as McGonagall wasn't going to speak.

"A few of the portraits telling me that Ronald Weasley says his sisters missing. Percy is trying to get out of Gryffindor Common room to find her" said Filch.

"What does this mean?" asked Sprout gravely.

"That Hogwarts will shut down..." said Minerva sadly.

Girls Bathroom & The Chamber Of Secrets

Harry didn't know why he was playing the hero, but he was the only one able to do it. So he went to the Girls bathroom, a place he had seen Ginny entering not an hour ago. He looked around but found nothing, he was about to leave when something green glinted out of the corner of his eyes. Turning around he noticed the picture of a snake on the sink.

"Open" hissed Harry. Once again wondering why he was saving the school. He would rather be at Hogwarts than home with his parents all next year. The library alone was enough reason for him wanting to save the school. It's where he spent the majority of his time. Madam Pince really liked him and he was actually glad for that. At least someone around here actually bloody did.

Once he got there, he noticed something was wrong he found out quick enough. The spectre he noticed was Tom Riddle, AKA Lord Voldemort. For some reason Tom kept calling him Nick Potter. Asking why he had survived when the almighty Lord Voldemort hadn't. In the end he had been forced to fight the gigantic snake, thankful for Fawkes help. The sorting hat he thought he could have done without, until the diadem of Ravenclaw came out. Putting it on he felt immediately more confident and smarter. That done he began firing spells in the Basilisk's wide open trap - the only weak spot they had. After about twelve blasting curses, it finally stopped moving.

He levitated the diary and slammed it through the basilisk tooth; Tom Riddle vanished screaming in agony. He took off the Diadem and slid it back into the hat, knowing it was too much temptation to keep it.

He got a lift back up to Hogwarts by Fawkes; unfortunately it couldn't be denied what he did. As Fawkes had a connection with Dumbledore, and he already knew what had occurred. Having exhausted his magic Harry soon slipped into oblivion.

Hospital Wing Hogwarts

Harry woke up that time in the hospital wing yet again, this time he hadn't been attacked thankfully.

"Ah Harry, it's good to see you finally awake!" beamed Dumbledore sitting beside Harry's bed.

"Yes sir" said Harry stiffly.

"Aren't you curious about why Fawkes answered your call?" asked Dumbledore proudly.

"Not really" said Harry, he didn't like Dumbledore. He was finally being noticed but it was a little too late for that.

"Only those with utmost faith in me would have been able to call Fawkes to that chamber. I am proud of you Harry; you are much a hero as your brother is. I will be writing home to your parents to let them know how you saved the school they will be very proud of you too I'm sure" said Dumbledore kindly.

Harry suppressed the urge to laugh by nodding curtly and acting a little weak.

"Get some rest Harry! Tonight is the leaving feast you have been out of it for days!" said Dumbledore looking concerned before turning and leaving.

For the first time his brother, Nick hadn't been able to take credit for his accomplishments. It felt good; he couldn't suppress the smirk any longer.

Dumbledore came back in a few minutes later, held out a 2 inch fang and Harry took the memento with a grin, sliding it into his pocket he left the ward for the common room. "The Venom has been removed, it's just a tooth now and in no danger at all" the Basilisk he had given to Severus to do as he pleased. However, Severus had suggested he give Harry the tooth as a memento.

As soon as Dumbledore left again, Harry was checked over by Poppy. She gave him some healthy filling foods to eat. He had been out of it for a week after all and he needed something substantial but healthy to eat.

"You can go now if you feel up to it, any tiredness you come and see me alright Harry?" said Poppy concerned.

Harry swallowed sharply, he had always wanted his mother to do that why did it have to be the school nurse. He nodded grimly before leaving; it took him a while to get to the Ravenclaw Tower. He managed in the end; going into his room he spelled a hole in the tooth. Shrunk it and pushed it through a piece of string, and tied it around his neck.

Leaving Feast Hogwarts

It was not long before he was on the train due to go back home, sighing softly once again alone he stayed in his compartment. "I would also like to award Harry Potter 150 house points for defending the school against a basilisk. I am also giving him an award for the services to the school," said Dumbledore his eyes twinkling over at the Ravenclaw table. Harry looked stunned; this was the last thing he had expected. He had not expected Dumbledore to tell everyone but he had, suddenly he didn't hate the man so much, he thought to himself 'Perhaps my brother isn't so favoured after all' sighing softly, he silently wished his money would keep building up quicker. The quicker he was away from the Potter's the better life he would have.

"Well done Harry" said Luna Lovegood her blue eyes twinkling brightly. she had an air of mystery around her, and she didn't care about the students or what they thought of her. Harry secretly admired that about her, he had noticed her by herself much like he was going to classes. Maybe next year he might get to know her properly. That is if she wanted to know someone like him, he wasn't Nick Potter after all.

He hated his family so much; especially his mother and father, why did they need to favour his brother all the time! What was wrong with showing him a bit of love? They didn't need to all out neglect him, or ignore him all the time.

Lockhart had decided it was too much drama teaching children at Hogwarts, he insisted on concentrating on his new book. So he wasn't going to have to put up with Lockhart this year again and he was ever so glad for that.

Headmaster's Office Hogwarts School Of Witchcraft and Wizardry

"How are your potions going?" asked Dumbledore curiously. Since Severus had left Dumbledore had made sure they met up at least once or twice a month at the least.

"Good, I think I've perfected the Wolfsbane Potion" said Severus his eyes twinkling he had changed a lot since he left. Sure he wasn't the handsomest fellow but he was a handsome depending on what look you went for 'cute' 'pretty' 'handsome'.

"Wow, I guess you were underachieved at my school" said Dumbledore sadly pride clear in his voice also.

Severus would have beamed hearing pride in the Headmaster's voice. The Headmaster was like a father to him, had been since he made a foolish mistake at the age of seventeen. He had gone to the Headmaster and begged him to make sure Lily lived. Told him he would go quietly to Azkaban since then he had been spying. At the time he had been vicious with him, saying he was disgusted with Severus for not caring about James Potter's death. Only because he had said make sure Lily and her children are safe instead of the Potter family. Thankfully he had corrected Dumbledore on that regard and despite the horrible start they did get along well now.

The Headmaster about half a year later had begged him to stop, when he had come back beaten and cursed more times than not. Then again he hadn't been bringing back any really valuable information.

"How are the students?" asked Severus, mostly referring to his Slytherin's of course. He might not be the head of Slytherin but his Slytherins meant the world to him he always asked after them.

"Good, good they are well away with themselves. I think they understand why you left and if they didn't the older ones made sure they did" said Dumbledore smiling brightly.

"I have always been curious as to why you did what you did to the Slytherin's in Potter's first year" said Severus.

"What did I do Severus?" asked Dumbledore frowning.

"You awarded the Gryffindor's points, and caused Slytherin's too loose. You hurt them more than you will ever know" said Severus sadly. It would surprise many that he kept in touch with his students. Marcus Flint had been one of them, a good boy, bit rough around the edges but a decent young man. He had been told in great length they missed him and what Dumbledore had done.

"I...I didn't realize" said a quiet shocked Dumbledore he had never looked at it that way.

"Yes, some of the Slytherin's began hating you that night" admitted Severus.

This caused Dumbledore too look years older than he was, sometimes like any normal Gryffindor's he did things without thinking of the consequences. Now he was just being told the consequences of his actions of trying to favour the Boy Who Lived.

"However, it's the Potter twins that have me mystified" said Dumbledore.

"Excuse me?" asked Severus.

"The Potter twins, Nick and Harry" said Dumbledore.

"It's like Harry should be the Boy Who Lived, he has the power and the thirst for knowledge and he's smart" said Dumbledore.

"Indeed," smirked Severus "And Nick?"

"Well he's like Neville, just the usual Wizard, I don't know if it's just because he wants to prank and not do work or if he's just like any wizard" sighed Dumbledore.

"Don't let Lily or James hear you say that" warned Severus smirking at the thought of Nick Potter being described as a mediocre student.

"Ah, don't worry I won't, I'm sorry about Lily Severus" said Dumbledore sadly.

"Well, nothing was the same when I called her that word; I expected to forget all about me. We had been friends since we were eight years old Albus I didn't expect her to forget me completely" said Severus sadly.

"I am sorry, she doesn't realize just how much you sacrificed for her" said Dumbledore looking quite angry at Lily.

"And she never will" said Severus narrowing his eyes at Dumbledore as if to say and you had better not tell her. Oh he didn't love her the way James Potter thought he did, his preferences lay in his own gender thank you very much. It wasn't something he publicized then again he didn't publicise anything. He wasn't the boy who lived nobody wanted to know about him.

"I've been asking around, it's becoming apparent that Harry is hardly with his family" said Dumbledore.

"You are snooping?" asked Severus wryly.

"Not snooping, justconcerned" mumbled Dumbledore.

"He's a teenager, of course he doesn't want to spend time with his mother and father" said Severus "Plus he's always seemed different from them all, if I didn't know Lily had twins and they were hers I would say that Harry wasn't there's"

"I can see what you mean" admitted Dumbledore, Harry was so different from his parents and brother.

"What about the Other Potter brat?" asked Severus.

"Well Roxy I've never met" said Dumbledore.

"I see" said Severus not caring much on the subject of Potter's.

"Well school is starting back up, first month is the worst, home sick students, drop outs getting the money out of the parents I wish it was someone else's job to do that" sighed Dumbledore, everything was left to the Headmaster unfortunately.

Severus smirked "Well just arrange another day and I'll come, until then Headmaster good day to you and thanks for the Basilisk" it was the nicest gift he had ever been given. He knew Dumbledore hadn't defeated it, he had been told everything. He supposed he truly had Harry Potter to thank for the Basilisk; he had so many experimental potions going he didn't know what to do with them all.

"Goodbye Severus and good luck" smiled Dumbledore. He watched Severus floo out once more. Going home to his mother's ancestral home Prince Manor, his mother didn't live there. Severus had wanted her to but she had seen enough of it to last her a life time. Instead Severus had given her some of the Prince money to buy herself a flat. He also knew she had opened a shop of some sorts, he hadn't seen it yet. Preferring to talk to his mother up in her flat, away from customers. He had heard all about his mothers little summer helper, Harry he had asked her the other day for his last name and her answer stunned him. She didn't even know his last name.

What did you think? enjoy it? hope so! when will Severus meet Harry for the first time since leaving Hogwarts? what age will he be? fifteen? sixteen? R&R Please

Chapter 8

Summer and Back To Hogwarts - Year Three

The summer was much the same as usual, delivering papers and listening to his parents bragging about his brother. He wondered how it never got old for them really; I mean how could they still praise a boy who's been praised about everything humanly possible.

He was of course, not that he had expected anything less - been completely ignored. They had sent him right up to his room, but they didn't care enough to check. He floo'ed out every morning and was back every night.

"Come on then let's see the results" said James apprehensively. After last year you could hardly blame him, even he had gotten better results. No where near as good as his sons, Harry Potter, but still did better than his other son Nick. Not that he was thinking anything like that, he didn't think about his other son unless he had to.

Lily took a breath before she opened the letter, her eyes trailed down the page looking for her son. "It's better than last year" sighed Lily disappointment in her green eyes.

"Then why..." frowned James taking the letter.

"First, Draco Malfoy, set up. Second Luna Lovegood, Pft a first year on the list. Third Hermione Granger, bloody ridiculous. Fourth Harry Potter, yeah right...and so it continued until he got to his son's "Nineteen...nineteenth in your year" It was actually number twenty but he refused to include the first year girl that was just beyond comprehension.

"I was scared! I thought he was the heir of Slytherin!" said Nick wide eyed.

"Not good enough, I'll get the list from Albus that you need for this year. The entire summer you will learn everything from the books, if you refuse no Quidditch and no outings for you." said James adamantly.

"Fine" groaned Nick.

"I can't wait to go to Hogwarts mummy!" grinned Roxy.

"Your time is coming fast sweetie" said Lily kissing the top of her daughters head. Two more years and her daughter would be joining her brothers at school. When Nick was going into fifth year she would be going into her first year. She wasn't sure what she was going to do when her son and daughter was at school. She was actually considering taking up a job at Hogwarts, so she could be closer to them both. Of course she couldn't do that until she joined, they weren't allowed to bring their children with them to Hogwarts - the teachers. Again she was completely forgetting that she had another son. She shuddered at the fact Harry had such a dark gift it made her skin crawl.

"Yup two years!" beamed Roxy.

"You will be brilliant just like your mum" said James softly.

"Dad can I at least ask Ron over for the summer? Let him train with me?" asked Nick pouting childishly.

"NO" said James adamantly it was Ronald Weasley's fault of that he was sure.

"Fine" pouted Nick leaving the room.

"Hi Eileen, do you need some help?" asked Harry coming in.

"I sure do son, by the way you never did tell me your last name...what is it?" asked Eileen.

Harry sighed before telling her "Harry...Harry James" he couldn't get the Potter part past his lips.

"Nice name it suits you" said Eileen kindly. Not realizing Harry's struggle to get the last part of his name. She just took it for granted that was his name - Harry James.

Harry sighed it was probably for the best anyway that she didn't know.

"I'm going to put my feet up for a while laddie, that alright?" asked Eileen.

"Sure, no problem" said Harry, anything to stay away from that blasted manor.

So that's how Harry spent his summer days, stocking shelves, delivering newspapers. He enjoyed it, he liked Eileen a great deal, and she was kind to him when no one else was. He heard her kettle whistling as he put the chocolate frogs into their correct space.

"Mummy, can I have a chocolate frog?" whined a spoiled two year old as Harry finished up.

"Fine, just one" said the Witch sternly. Seeing her sticky fingered little girl trying to pick up more than one.

She pouted softly but her mother didn't cave.

She placed the papers she wanted, as well as the loaf of bread on the counter. Her daughter put her chocolate frog up, and Harry added the total, and then gave her the appropriate change. No one ever wondered if Harry was even old enough to be working in a shop. It was a testament to just how mature Harry must look compared to his twin.

"Where have you been?" asked James as soon as Harry came through the floo.

"Hogsmeade" said Harry honestly.

"You are supposed to stay in your room" said James curtly.

"Sorry" said Harry bowing his head not wanting to look at James anymore.

"Go up the stairs" said James shaking his head in disgust. His son couldn't even follow a simple rule. Yet he was expected to believe he had saved the school? No Dumbledore must have been mistaken; his son was nothing special he didn't have the magic to kill a basilisk.

"Yes sir" said Harry.

James continued on never even realizing his own flesh and blood had just called him sir.

Harry grew to trust Eileen she truly was a nice old lady. Eileen had silently grown more and more curious and concerned about the mysterious boy who was working for her. She didn't believe for a minute that he was horrible or evil and had bad intentions. She saw more of him than his own parents did and it was very concerning.

"What are you doing when you go home then young Harry?" asked Eileen softly. She had a cup of coffee in her hand, sitting behind the counter.

"Me? Going to bed I guess" said Harry shrugging his shoulders.

"Don't you spend time with your family?" she asked cautiously.

"No they don't care about me just my brother" said Harry truthfully.

"That's a horrible thing to say, I'm sure it just feels like that...is he older than you? I'm guessing he learned to do everything first?" asked Eileen softly. She had only one child, and she loved him more than life itself.

"No same age" murmured Harry.

"I only had one child...but I couldn't imagine treating them different" said Eileen taken aback.

"Well I wish you were my mother," said Harry honestly.

"So are you trying to get enough money to leave?" asked Eileen her eyes narrowing already coming to the conclusion. So that's why the boy had been working so hard she should have guessed.

"Yes" said Harry truthfully no point in lying.

"I see well if you do not want to go home, there is a room in my flat up stairs empty and it has a bed if you would like to stay" said Eileen. Was Harry abused? Hurt? Neglected? She couldn't in all good conscience let him to back. Not with the knowledge she had, she had seen first hand what abuse did to someone. Her own son had

been abused by his father, before she had gotten the courage to leave the bastard.

"You would let me stay?" asked Harry surprised.

"Of course" said Eileen not letting the sorrow she felt when Harry agreed so readily.

"Great! How long?" asked Harry curiously and immediately.

"As long as you need a room" said Eileen she would repay him properly for all the help he had been to her. She really shouldn't do this, but Harry deserved better he was the sweetest boy she had ever met. So hard working and loyal she wanted what was best for him. She didn't want to see Harry withdrawing into himself, and eventually coming closed off like her son had.

"Brilliant!" said Harry unable to believe his luck.

"Very well dear why don't you get your things together and we can close early get you settled in?" asked Eileen.

"Sure" said Harry smiling happily still, nothing could burst his bubble.

Harry did indeed go right home to get his things together; his room was empty within a couple of minutes. Going down the stairs he waited until his parents actually noticed him then started speaking.

"I'm going to stay at a friends for the rest of the summer" said Harry.

"You don't have any friends!" sneered Nick his brother.

"Yes I do," said Harry flushing red when he realized it was very true, he didn't have any friends but he didn't care really. They were all just immature children; he would not become immature by hanging around with the likes of them. Maybe Luna would be his friend this year, she seemed alright to him. She was only a year younger than him but looked and acted so much older.

"Go on then, I'm sure you will be back in a few days" said James smoothly. Nobody in their right mind would want to keep a parselmouth under their roof willingly. It would remind them of the Dark Lord Voldemort, he would come home he was sure of that.

"Bye then" said Harry happily.

"Bye" said Lily distracted and they began going over the work Nick had done.

Harry sighed sadly, as he used the floo he heard Nick whining once more. He grinned widely; he wouldn't have to put up with that for the rest of the summer holidays.

"Why can't I stay over at my friends?" whined Nick.

"Because you have caused enough trouble this summer!" said James sternly.

"Fine," pouted Nick.

"He can come over here! Harry's away he can use his room" said Lily kindly.

"Can he? Mum? Dad?" asked Nick excited.

"Fair enough" said James smiling at his son, Nick reminded him of himself when he was just a child always wanting to play with his friends and prank everyone. How could he ever say no to his son? He would never be able to. So his resolve was gone, he had only gotten Nick to perform around ten spells before he had given in.

"Great! I'll floo him now" said Nick excited.

"Ronald Weasley!" shouted Nick.

"Can I help you dear?" asked Molly kindly.

"Can I speak to Ron?" asked Nick.

"Sure hold on, RONALD!" shouted Molly.

"What is it?" asked Ron.

"Nick's in the fire" she shouted

"Hey mate" said Ron looking pleased that Nick had floo'ed him. It meant he wasn't going to have to clean his room before bed, hopefully his mum would forget that.

"Hey you wanna sleep over for the rest of the summer? My mum and dad have already said yes!" said Nick.

"Mum can I?" asked Ron.

"I don't know" said Molly thoughtfully.

"Come on mum!" said Ron whining.

"Oh all right" said Molly, it was one less pouting child in the house. Ginny was doing her head in at the moment, Ron was packed and floo'ing out within five minutes.

"Right is that you settled in dear? Would you like some pumpkin juice?" Eileen asked.

"Yes ma'am I am settled in and no ma'am no juice" said Harry smiling happily.

"If you are staying call me Eileen, Harry" said Eileen softly.

"Of course...Eileen" said Harry testing the name out on his tongue.

"Good, now why don't you go and settle down for the night" said Eileen softly.

Harry was happier than he had ever been an early escape from the Potters. Harry put all his things out on display again, his clothes into the cupboard and his socks and boxers into the drawers as well as anything else he wanted too. All the books he had went onto the shelves, he was very proud of his books and would hate if anything happened to them. Once that was done he sighed in satisfaction just then a knock sounded the door.

"Come in" called Harry softly knowing it was just Eileen.

"Very nice dear! I didn't know you liked books so much" she said coming into the room once again.

"Thank you" said Harry softly.

"Now let's go and get some supper" said Eileen not taking no for an answer Harry was a tad on the thin side.

"Yes please" said Harry smiling as they went into the kitchen/sitting room. He had a plate of cheesy toast in front of him before he knew it, along with some pumpkin juice.

"How much will I pay you for rent?" asked Harry.

"Nothing dear" said Eileen. Her eyes were sad as she thought of such a young boy thinking he had to pay for somewhere to stay. The place was bought and paid for; she wouldn't have to pay rent for a lodger. He would only be there for the summers, the rest of the time at Hogwarts. So she wouldn't need to feed him all year, no she wouldn't accept rent.

"But!" protested Harry.

"I have spoken" said Eileen her voice booking no arguments.

"Okay" said Harry smiling shyly.

The rest of the meal was in comfortably silence, other than chomp. Chomp. Chomp nothing was heard.

"Why don't you go to bed Harry, you look exhausted" said Eileen kindly, she could see he was almost swaying on the spot.

"Ok" said Harry feeling kind of warmed no one had ever told him when to go to bed, his parents had never bothered to really. This was the first time and it meant a lot to him because she cared and was not just saying it.

"Night dear" said Eileen smiling softly at him before she went to her own bed.

"Night" mumbled Harry as he went to bed, closing the door behind him he was out like a light.

Nick and Ron tore out of the living room right onto the Quidditch field.

"Should we let him? Its awfully dangerous playing Quidditch in this weather" said Lily.

"Nothing to worry about Lily" said James smiling charmingly.

Or that's what they thought.

Ron and Nick were outside, it had started to get really windy, but they didn't care. They both loved Quidditch and Nick was finally getting better. They were far up in the air when it finally began raining; it was like the heavens had opened up and let it pour out.

"I think we should go back" shouted Ron over the wind and rain.

"What because it's windy?" said Nick looking scandalized.

"It's pouring down!" snapped Ron.

"Fine, but once we have caught the snitch!" said Nick swooping after the snitch.

That would be their undoing, the snitch went higher, they went higher, next thing they knew the entire sky lit up with lightening. They realized too late that it was actually thunder and lightening, diving down they didn't get far. Wind seemed to force them back up into the sky, they saw people below yelling for them, but they were wasting their breath. Nick and Ron could not hear anything apart from the wind rushing in their ears. Their hearts were pumping, they were so scared, more scared than they had ever been in their lives. Apart from when of course Voldemort attacked them, stunning instead of killing.

"James it's raining! We must get them in" said Lily looking concerned.

"They will be in themselves in a minute" said James giving them way too much credit.

James and Lily relaxed into the sofa, expecting their son and his friend to come in in a few minutes. However, the few minutes passed, they didn't see the lightening fill the sky. However, the jumped themselves when they heard the loudest bang in their lives.

"Nick" shouted Lily scared running out of the house, they couldn't apparate, they had put anti apparition spells up.

Both of them ran faster than they could remember running, skidding to a halt outside. They saw their son and his friend trapped in a whirl wind. Wide eyed, Lily tried every spell she could think of to stop the wind but nothing worked. Not only that, but the lightening was clashing everywhere almost hitting the children.

"James!" shrieked Lily looking at her husband hoping he had something in mind. He should have done he was after all the Auror at the end of the day.

"I don't know what to do Lily!" said James looking at his son fearfully.

"Dumbledore" shouted Lily.

"Go get him! I will stay here" said James wide eyed.

"You do it! You can get closer to Hogwarts than I, you are an Auror!" shouted Lily.

"Fine" said James running on the grounds of his home, to the gate, wind howling around him, apparating when he knew the wards ended he found himself outside Hogwarts.

"ALBUS NICK'S STUCK WE NEED YOUR HELP PLEASE HELP US" yelled James, after using the 'Sonorous' charm on himself.

It worked like a charm, Dumbledore and a few other teachers were out of the school within minutes, heading towards himself. All of them looking concerned and worried, once they reached him, and caught their breaths Dumbledore asked what was wrong.

"There's a storm in Godric's Hollow! We need help! Nick's stuck in a wind!" said James.

"Oh dear," said Dumbledore nodding, they would help all they could. There wasn't a storm in Scotland so they had not realized there was a storm, after all James and Lily lived in England.

James apparated away with Flitwick, McGonagall and Dumbledore.

"Albus what are we going to do?" asked McGonagall seeing the uselessness of the situation.

"I don't know!" said Dumbledore, he had, had no idea that it was that bad.

"Help my baby!" shrieked Lily once she had reached them.

"There's nothing I can do" said Dumbledore.

"What?" asked Lily looking shocked, nothing Albus Dumbledore could do? Was her perfect world coming to an end?

"There has to be something" said James looking scared. His son's cloak had come off him and he was now just stuck with a t-shirt and trousers. Ron was in a worse state! His top half was completely nude. His trousers were nearly off him completely, that's what happens when you have clothes too big for you. He had decided to wear his old cast offs for hanging around in. Even Nick had put his less new clothes on; he didn't want his good things ruined.

"I'm sorry" said Dumbledore regretfully and started watching their pair in baited breath.

The wind got fiercer, blowing the teachers of their feet, poor Flitwick would have blown away if Dumbledore had not managed to grab a hold of him.

"I think it's best if you go back to Hogwarts" shouted McGonagall clutching onto Dumbledore as the wind got stronger.

"I agree," said Dumbledore, nodding his head.

Flitwick nodded back and apparated away, as soon as Dumbledore let go of him. They sighed in relief when the little professor managed to apparate in such conditions, the poor man had been lifted off his feet. It had gotten so bad now that the wind was shoving Nick and Ron like rag dolls their brooms hitting them everywhere as they tried to keep a grip of it. It was the broom alone that was stopping them from being sucked in.

"On three all of us summon them" said Dumbledore getting desperate.

"One" said Dumbledore.

"Two" said McGonagall.

"Three" said Lily.

"Accio NICK POTTER" they yelled together, and it worked, Nick came zooming to them, but they had put so much power into it that he slammed into the ground with a sickening thud.

"Ron next?" asked McGonagall.

"Let us get Nick seen to first," said Dumbledore.

"A few broken bones and a mild concussion take him in and get Poppy through the floo" said Dumbledore.

"The magically weakest should take Nick" said Minerva.

"I'll take him" said Lily adamantly.

"Ok" said Dumbledore nodding in agreement.

"Come on Nick, hold on for mum" said Lily sobbing as she held onto her son and ran towards the house.

"On one" said Dumbledore.

"One" snapped James.

"ACCIO RONALD WEASLEY" snapped all three of them, putting all their power into the spell.

Ron was ripped out of the storm, and fell with the same sickening thud as Nick had.

-Ron's POV-

I saw them summon Nick; it made me feel horrible, and hurt. I knew I was second best, but for them to rescue Nick first hurt more than I thought. I knew Nick had been more important ever since I started hanging around with him.

When Dumbledore made sure Nick was alright before they started getting ready to spell me down it hurt. It hurt worse than it did when the broom hit me on the face and broke my nose. I knew there and then I didn't want to be his best friend; I didn't want to be second fiddle to anyone.

I'm going to find someone else to play with, maybe then they will like me for me, and not just like me because I admire him. Tears fell down my face, but the wind had dried them in seconds.

Finally they must have deemed me important enough to save, for I felt myself being magically summoned. I screamed until I couldn't anymore, then I fell to the ground with a thud, moaning in pain and despair. Wishing my mum was here, at least I knew I was wanted when she was there. Suddenly I found myself wishing for my mum's famous hugs.

This was the last thing I remembered, as blackness took over me.

- End of Ron's POV-

Ron felt himself coming around, groaning in pain he couldn't remember anything. Blinking his eyes open he looked around, the memories came to him in slow motion. Tears entered his eyes before he could stop them; they were running down his face when his mother found him.

"Ron your awake, how are you dear?" said Molly coddling at her youngest son.

Ron just continued to cry.

"Ron are you hurt?" asked Molly getting worried about her youngest son.

"No" croaked Ron, his mother brought him into a hug and he lent in for the first time since he was four or five years old. When he started saying 'yuk' to hugs of his mother.

Molly realized her son must be very upset if he was actually letting her hug him. Not that she minded, she was actually quite happy to let him remain in her arms she loved her son.

They must have remained that way for a long time, before Molly remembered something.

"I must go and tell Albus" said Molly running around the room.

Ron glared at his mother; luckily she didn't see it or would have thought there was something seriously wrong.

"I'm really hungry mum, starving!" said Ron.

"Well I'll bring something right up Ron dear," said Molly going down the stairs and started making her son something to eat.

Ron smiled, he came first he still came first here in the burrow, where his family lived. He may share his mother with his sisters and brothers but right now he came first. And for the first time in his life he really appreciated his mother right there and then. Smiling softly he let his mum cook his food and try and baby him, and dug himself into the food.

"Do you need anything else?" asked Molly looking worried at her son.

"No mum, I'm just really tired now" yawned Ron feeling sleepy.

"You sleep then, when you wake up you will need another potion for the pain apart from that you are fine, your broken bones have been mended" said Molly soothingly.

"Thanks mum....I love you" said Ron.

Molly practically beamed, and Ron felt terrible that he never said it to his mum often at all. He swore from then on he would appreciate his mum more and tell her how much he loved her.

"Very well dear, you get a sleep," said Molly, tucking her son in and plumping up the pillows.

Ron lay down and was snoring before he knew it.

Molly smiled softly, before leaving the room the used bowls and plates and silverware trailing behind her magically.

Once she had cleaned everything up, she grabbed some floo powder and quickly shouted in the Headmasters office.

"Ah, Molly is everything alright?" fearing Ron's condition had worsened. The news he was about to get would surprise him.

"Ron's awake" said Molly looking relieved and proud.

"He is?" blinked a shocked Dumbledore.

"Yes! And recovering quite nicely" said Molly softly.

"Good, good I'm very pleased you told me Molly, now I have other things to do so please excuse me" said Dumbledore. He wondered how Lily and James would react to the fact Ronald Weasley was more powerful than Nick. His suspicions on Harry and how powerful he was kept coming back.

"Oh of course" said Molly coming out of the fire and cleaning up her home.

"Lily and James Potter!" shouted Dumbledore. Into the fire, it didn't take long for Lily and James to appear in the room.

"What is it Albus?" asked a concerned Lily.

"Ronald Weasley is recovering and awake" said Dumbledore eyes wondering how they would react to that piece of information.

"But that's not possible! That would mean that Ronald is more powerful than my son" said James wide eyed and gob smacked.

"Well believe it," said Dumbledore softly.

"What are we going to do?" asked a worried Lily.

"I do not know" said Dumbledore softly, "I thought I would let you know" assuming they were worried about their son, he didn't realize exactly what Lily Potter was getting at.

With that he ended the floo call.

"We have to use poly juice potion, parade around let everyone know he is well" said James immediately.

"Why?" Lily asked confused.

"We cannot let the world know that our son isn't powerful...Voldemort must have drained him...took some of his magic...we cannot let it get out" said James sadly.

"Oh, ok then, I'll get the Polyjuice Potion" said Lily nodding grimly.

"Here is Nick's hair" said James "Do you have the potion?" after a few seconds.

"Of course" said Lily "Let's go"

"Coming?" asked Lily once the potion had been drunk.

"Yes Lily" said James rolling his eyes.

"You can't call me that! Its mum remember Nick Sirius Potter!" snapped Lily.

"Fine, mum" said James testing it out and grimacing. "Let's get this over with"

"Don't mess up" said Lily.

James just rolled his eyes.

Once they stepped out the boundary of Potter Manor, reporters were surrounding them, their cameras flashing as they took pictures.

"Are you alright?" asked one reporter.

"I'm fine thank you" said James as Nick giving a smile.

"When did you wake up?" asked the next reporter.

"I woke up the night it happened, I've been on bed rest by mum there was no need for it! I was fine! I'm going to see my best friend who's just woken up today" smiled James as Nick.

"Lily where's James?" asked a more nosy reporter.

"James is at home having a rest, he was up all night watching his son even though he woke up" said Lily "He has been a rock for Nick and I've given him a dreamless sleeping potion".

"I see, Nick how do you feel now?" asked another reporter.

"I'm much better than I was when it happened" smiled Nick, he had frozen when his name was mentioned, and thankfully the attention hadn't been on him.

"Who pulled you down?" was asked from someone at the back.

"I don't know I was trapped in a whirlwind!" protested James getting annoyed with the stupid questions.

"It was thanks to me, James, Albus and Minerva that the two boys were brought down safely." smiled Lily.

James rose and eyebrow and indicated to the time, Lily understanding they didn't have much time left before he started transforming back.

"We have to go, we are off to see Ronald Weasley" said Lily, grabbing her son she took off at a fast pace and apparated before they could ask any more questions.

"Here drink more hurry," said Lily, "Its wearing off"

"Eugh," grimaced James "This stuff is disgusting I'm not going to take it in a hurry again"

"Lily! Nick how are you come in! Come in" shouted Molly upon going out and seeing them.

"Molly, nice to see you I just brought Nick to see Ron when Dumbledore told us he was finally awake" smiled Lily.

"When did Nick wake up?" asked Molly concerned looking the boy over.

"Oh the same night it happened" said Lily beaming proudly.

"Oh, good, good" smiled Molly she wasn't ashamed of her son, any of them and it deflated Lily's pride a lot.

"Ron is in his room Nick, why don't you go up and surprise him" said Molly.

Upon hearing his mothers shouts, he looked out of the window, he saw his mother talking to Lily Potter and her son. Groaning Ron quickly dived into his bed and pretended to sleep, he didn't want to speak to any of the Potters.

"Ron?" shouted James banging on the door "It's Nick!"

Opening the door he saw his son's friend was still asleep, rolling his eyes he decided to go back down the stairs.

"He's asleep!" complained James.

"Ah, must have fallen back asleep poor thing" said Molly "I'm just glad he woke up"

"You must be" smiled Lily. "I'm just glad I didn't have to wait".

"That's a relief," smiled Molly still smiling she really didn't care. Lily was awed how she loved her children even if she was making digs at them.

"Right well I'm going to get going," said Lily, she wanted to get back to her son now she had done her part. She just hoped he woke up soon, how can someone that killed Voldemort end up still asleep when Ronald Weasley had woken up. Her son must have used most magic while trying to get himself and his friend out of the whirlwind that's what it was. James had it wrong it had nothing to do with when Voldemort attacked; her son had always been powerful.

"Of course," mumbled Molly nodding.

Wasn't even ten minutes later, the burrow was once again quiet.

"How is everything?" asked Dumbledore curiously. Everyone knew Nick had woken up curious indeed they had said he woke up immediately. He knew that was a lie and he wondered why they

were lying. They had been in the paper for goodness sake it was hard to miss.

"Nick is fine Headmaster" said Lily quietly.

"And how is Ron?" Dumbledore.

"He didn't get the chance to talk to him! He's still sleeping constantly I think it was luck he woke up when he did" said James adamantly.

"No it's because Nick used his magic to try and get him and Ron out of the Whirlwind that they got stuck in" said Lily adamantly.

"Oh I suppose it's possible" said James thoughtfully.

"Well I am glad everything is all good" said Dumbledore watching them curiously, Nick might be his first priority as the Boy Who Lived. If it turned out not to be him, he wasn't going to have to be so nice to the child or James and Lily. He again had noticed Harry was spending all his time away from the Manor.

"Yes me too" said Lily.

"Take care!" said Dumbledore, obviously Nick was awake somehow, and he wondered silently why they hadn't told him. He knew the child had obviously just woken up; he had been over there a few times to make sure the boy was fine. It had been the same response he was still asleep. They hadn't displayed any awkwardness or guilt so they hadn't done anything they shouldn't.

"NICK!" shrieked his mother when she noticed her son awake the next morning. Relief flowed through Lily, oh thank god for that her son was fine.

"Mum" groaned Nick, he hurt everywhere.

"Here take this" said James, thrusting a potion under his nose.

"How are you feeling son?" asked Lily.

"I'm fine mum! Honest" said Nick.

"Oh son we have been so worried!" sobbed Lily. James hugged her and nodded his head.

"Where's Ron? Nothing happened to him did it?" asked Nick, he wasn't sad just curious.

"No he's fine but we have to talk to you Nick" said Lily.

"What's wrong? I've not lost my magic have I?" asked Nick wide eyed.

"No but we told everyone you woke up the night it happened," said Lily.

"Why?" asked Nick.

"Because you did and then fell back asleep, we thought we would remind you just in case you didn't remember. We don't want the press calling us liar's son that's all" said James.

"That's right!" said Lily nodding her head; perhaps it was best if their son didn't know.

"Oh, well that's ok mum," said Nick.

"Yes, yes its ok now" smiled Lily.

"Nick Potter's had an accident" said Harry a grimace on his face behind the paper.

"Has he indeed? Well is there nothing more exciting than that?" asked Eileen shaking her head. Her son had spoken about Nick Potter, he wasn't very good a student, very mediocre or so he said. She had no reason to distrust her son so she took it as truth.

"I guess I better get those papers delivered" said Harry.

"I shall see you in an hour Harry" smiled Eileen kindly know just how long Harry would be gone for. He had been doing it for two summers now. They were due to go back to Hogwarts soon, and she hated to admit it but she was going to miss him. His quiet company, his shy

smile, his helpful ways and everything about him. She more than ever couldn't understand why his family were being so nasty to him.

"Bye" said Harry, he already had his Hogwarts things, and he had managed to get the letter before she saw his full name. After that he got all he needed and binned the letter in Diagon Alley when he was there.

"Coming!" yelled James, when the front door of their Manor went.

"Surprise!" yelled Sirius barrelling in and hugging his best friend.

"Is Nick alright?" asked Remus his amber eyes alight with fear.

"Oh he's fine honestly you know the papers!" said James brushing it off as nothing.

"Uncle Remy Uncle Siri!" shrieked Roxy she hadn't seen them in years.

"Roxy!" beamed Remus hugging her and asking her all about her day as Sirius rounded on James.

"Pettigrew's signature has been caught here...we've been following for years this is the warmest it's ever been." said Sirius cautiously.

James' eyes narrowed in disbelief unable to believe Pettigrew had the neck to show up here of all places.

"Where was it?" asked James worried now.

"Scotland" said Sirius.

"I'm guessing you are both going to stay here while you look?" asked James looking hopeful. Sirius was the Auror getting paid to track down the wanted Wizard Pettigrew. Remus helped him, for nothing his sense of smell helped a great deal its how they were managing to get near Pettigrew.

"We hope so" said Sirius grinning nudging his best friend he had missed this for years.

"No problem pick a free room" laughed James.

"Where's Nick?" asked Sirius.

"Where's Harry?" asked Remus curiously.

"Nick is having a shower, Harry is staying with a friend" said James grinning widely.

"Can you read me a book Uncle Remy?" asked Roxy her eyes wide and hopeful.

"Of course just let me get settled in and I'll read you a whole one" said Remus wanting to make up for lost time.

"YAY!" whooped Roxy. James just smiled at her he loved his family, unsurprisingly that didn't include Harry.

"Bye Eileen I'm going to miss you" sighed Harry hugging her softly.

"I shall miss you too, I have a gift for you" she said whistling, out of nowhere a black owl glided out of the side room.

Harry's eyes widened, tears he couldn't even stop flooded his cheeks, his own parents refused to get him one. Yet Eileen did, he did wish more than ever Eileen had been his mother she was so great and he loved her. He loved her more than anyone, Lily, James, Nick, Roxy even himself and Eileen could see that. Harry obviously got all the essentials but lacked with everything else. You could have all the money in the world but it didn't matter if they weren't loved properly. She wiped his tears away and put the owl on his shoulder, smiling sweetly at him.

"There now you can keep in touch with me!" said Eileen. It was the Galleons she would never regret spending to see the look on Harry's face.

"Thank you" said Harry softly.

"What do you want to name him?" asked Eileen waiting on the Portkey activating in twenty seconds.

"Hermes" grinned Harry happily.

"Lovely name, I shall see you next summer Harry take care of yourself and write!" said Eileen she saw Harry nod once before he was gone.

Harry had the train compartment to himself this year; he also didn't have the signed permission to go to Hogsmeade. He was probably going to be the only child not going, it was a good thing he had spent his summer there. But he would have liked to go, and spend the day with Eileen but some things weren't meant to be. Perhaps he should write to James, see if he would agree...but he knew the answer he didn't need to send the owl. It would be a wasted journey he would say no just because he could.

Before long the carriages had them arriving at Hogwarts steps, they were in and sitting down before the younger years. Younger years being the first years who took the boat over, again it took a long time for everyone to be sorted.

Dumbledore gave his usual speech, but he added something else and it caught Harry's attention.

"There is a known criminal who has been sighted not far from here, Peter Pettigrew; he is an animagus, a rat animagus at that. If you have any information, or see anything suspicious please come forward. If it get's any more dangerous the Dementors will be dispatched to the school, they are foul creatures and I do not want them here. So please! Be careful, alert and watchful! Let the feast begin"

"Hi Luna" said Harry softly.

"Hi Harry" smiled Luna right back.

"How are you? Did you enjoy your summer?" asked Harry curiously.

"Oh yes, Daddy and I went to see the Crumble-Horned Snorkacks" said Luna kindly.

"Did you what do they look like?" asked Harry he unlike the others didn't laugh at her.

"They are similar to the Thestrals I'd imagine we never did get to see them" said Luna sadly.

"I'm guessing it's a less known magical animal?" guessed Harry, he was indulging her now but it didn't mean he disbelieved her. There were probably a lot of animals out there that weren't well known especially magical ones.

"Yes, me and daddy hope to see one to prove it to everyone" said Luna her dreamy face on once more.

They were soon finished with dinner, and guided towards Ravenclaw Tower, Harry said goodnight to Luna. She said goodnight back and before long he was sleeping, ready for his first day back at Hogwarts. Wondering if Dumbledore would really allow Dementors to be allowed on the school grounds.

While everyone went on Hogsmeade weekends, he stayed behind thankfully with Luna who was becoming a fast friend. She loved books almost as much as he did, although she preferred to read about magical animals. The library became a retreat for both of them; Harry loved having a friend -a friend of his own that nobody else had. She didn't care for Nick as he came to learn, sometimes though she would get lost in her own little world. A place called her mind.

Rubeus Hagrid had become the Care of Magical Creature's teacher; Harry didn't like him but loved the class. He had allowed Nick to ride on Buckbeak but no one else had been given the opportunity. Then again it might have something to do with Draco Malfoy being an idiot and causing Buckbeak to scratch his arm. Needless to say none of the classes were quite as good as the first one, during classes all Hagrid said was Nick look at this, see this what are you doing Nick etc... it was all rather annoying he wasn't acting like a proper teacher.

The same happened in Defence Against the Dark Arts, Remus his father's old friend had become the teacher. Unfortunately for him he had Defence with the Gryffindor's this year; he had been behind Nick when they were facing a Boggart. When Remus realized who was at the front, he skidded in front of Nick, and then the moon became a balloon. He knew what it meant; he had heard his James speaking about it some times with Lily. Before he had left he had heard James saying he would give Remus enough money to buy a new potion called Wolfsbane. Created by Snape, so he was going to

be safe to be the Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher. Harry had wondered for a while what his greatest fear was, but couldn't come up with any conclusions.

He had seen Remus spending a lot of time with Nick as well, that had hurt too it wasn't fair. It couldn't have hurt Remus to speak to him outside of class even just once. Luna had just told him it was Remus' loss because he was a great guy or so she said.

Despite that the year went very smoothly indeed, no Voldemort, no Tom Riddle's, and no Diary no nothing. For the first time he didn't have to watch out for anything suspicious, he was rather curious about Quirrell though. Had he gotten away? Or was he still there? He dared not go back in case someone was watching. He didn't want to be blamed for the Death Eaters' death thank you very much, and Quirrell had been a Death Eater. His scar had been constantly on fire, he had to have been connected to Voldemort somehow.

That year though went far to fast for Harry's liking, Luna and Harry were inseparable. He had of course kept in touch with Eileen all year; she was fast becoming a grandmother sort of figure to him. He loved her she always wrote back to him right away, he was number one to her and it meant the world to him. He had noticed that Ronald Weasley had stayed well away from Nick that year too. Weasley had become friends with two other Gryffindor's Finnegan and Thomas.

Potions had been more of a nightmare; she was still being horrible, no matter what his potion was like. He wasn't nasty to anyone else just him, still he continued on his way not letting Reese get to him. Nearer to the end of the year though he had mellowed, began ignoring him instead which he was fine with.

Hufflepuff had won the Quidditch cup this year; Cedric Diggory had joined the team as their seeker. Even Harry had to admit he was very good, better than Nick or even Draco Malfoy, so they had deserved their win. He had no house loyalty; he didn't care much that Ravenclaw hadn't won.

Slytherin had won the house cup that year; it helped having Reese unfairly giving ten points to Slytherin for each completed potion. When the Ravenclaw's had completed their potions too, they never got awarded house points. Although Harry had to admit what

classes he had with the Slytherins, they had won their points fair and square. Just not in Reese' class.

Before long he was in the steaming red scarlet engine on his way back to Eileen's now that he had definite permission. He had told James what he was doing, he got one scrap of paper saying OK and that was it. He was going home for the summer, a place where he was wanted, loved, happy. It had been a whole year basically since he had seen his family, or it would be half way through this summer.

"I'll write to you...unless you are going away this summer?" questioned Harry, knowing Luna and her father had a habit of going places looking for magical animals.

"Not for the first half of summer" smiled Luna serenely.

"Oh well ok then I'll be in touch" grinned Harry happily. Eileen had told him he needed a friend and perhaps she had been right. Then again she had been right about a lot of things, before long he was hidden in the toilets of kings cross using the Portkey to go home.

"Harry! Lovely to see you son!" beamed Eileen looking up and noticing him in the shop Portkey in hand.

"You too! I've missed you so much!" grinned Harry hugging her softly as not to hurt her.

Eileen's eyes widened at the changes in Harry, he looked like a carefree child, and all hope hadn't been lost. Luna had been a good friend to Harry, she was suddenly even gladder for the girl. Harry had also grown some more, he was going to be taller than her soon. She was a tall woman, her son even got her tallness, his da had been tall too so he might have got it from him. She doubted it though because her son got everything else from her including his magic which she thanked Merlin for.

"No luck?" asked James.

"None at all James I'm at a loss!" sighed Sirius. "How was your year at Hogwarts?"

"Great, I've told him I'm going back to helping you this year...he's still here and we need to find him before he hurts Nick" said Remus gravely.

"What if he goes back to Hogwarts and you aren't there?" asked Sirius.

"Dumbledore is there, I doubt Pettigrew would chance it" said James.

"Maybe" said Remus.

"I just hope Nick did better this year with no distraction" said James it was getting embarrassing.

"Distraction?" frowned Remus.

So James told them everything that had happened in the previous two years of school stopping his son from getting perfect scores.

There we go! will James, Sirius and Remus team together to teach Nick to be a proper wizard who will end up in the Tri-Wizard tournament? Harry and Nick or just Nick? the proclaimed hero. or will Voldemort demand them both just to see which one was truly the one who defeated him? R&R please :) year four coming up soon. I hope you like the story better this way i really do i've spent the entire day editing it!

Chapter 9

As you know there's too much information in the Goblet of Fire for me to fit it all into one chapter. No matter how good I am I'd be writing for at least twenty days. Something I cannot do- and most certainly not all on one story! I have no many others out there. So here's what's going to happen. You are going to get year four in 4/5 parts maybe less I'll just have to see what I can squeeze into a chapter!

Summer and Back To Hogwarts Year Four Part 1 - Tri-wizard Tournament Comes To Hogwarts!

"Why don't we all chip in and train him then? I'll train him in defence; you can do Transfiguration, Lily, Charms. Sirius can help him with Quidditch?" suggested Remus after hearing about Nick's years. No wonder he couldn't concentrate, if only he had thought about it from his view. He had been one of the top students and he turned into a wolf every month. Yet he hadn't any problem with his school work, one could ask how he was so damn blinded. "Plus it would give us a chance to know him more...I regret not getting to spent time with them...but Pettigrew had to be found."

"I suppose..." conceded James. Looking worried, he knew he would have to do it sooner or later. His son had no idea of the Prophecy and it would stay that way for a while until he was sure Nick was ready for it. He just didn't like the thought of training his son to be a weapon, to destroy Voldemort. Especially considering he might not even be back for years yet, peace had reined in the world for the past thirteen years come Halloween. He wanted his son to be a child, the same loving boy he was right now at least until he left Hogwarts.

"Then that's what we do, just stick to your guns James he will respect you for that"

said Remus mistaking James worry. He thought James was worried his son would hate him for giving him extra tutoring instead of letting him play that summer.

"Where is Harry?" asked Roxy curiously coming in looking bored. She had noticed his room was empty, she saw Nick all the time but never Harry. It had piqued her curiosity; she was now nearing ten years old and would join Harry and Nick at school next year. She

played with Nick a lot but recently she realized she hadn't ever given her brother the time of day before.

"He's staying over at his friends" explained James softly.

"Why is he never home?" asked Roxy cocking her head to the side, she had her mothers never ending curiosity.

"When you get to Nick and Harry's age you wont want to be here, you will want to spend all your time at your friends" said James smiling wryly nobody noticed how tense it was.

"Do you want to go over to play with Marcus?" asked Lily, Marcus Longbottom was really the only child they know near Roxy's age. Marcus was very different from Neville, loud, boisterous, loved Quidditch and hated his brother's talks about plants. Then again people always said that they hated something about their brothers or sisters.

"No, Marcus' grandmother's over for a fortnight" said Roxy screwing her face up. She did not like Lady Longbottom at all. She was too strict for Roxy; she was used to getting everything she wanted when she wanted. Alice was like Lily just slightly stricter and Roxy could deal with that. However she couldn't deal with the Granny, she stuck to her guns and Roxy hated how she treated her.

"I see" said Lily looking conflicted.

"Can we go to the beach pleaseee" whined Roxy she was so bored.

"Oh all right, but get something appropriate on the outing" said Lily giving in. Her children all had a few Muggle attires (minus Harry who she always forgot about) for every occasion they might need in the Muggle world. James let her do what she pleased but never joined her shopping trips to the Muggle world. He hated being there any longer than necessary so he made his excuses.

"Remus and I are going to fix up a schedule for training Nick" said James kissing his wife his way of making excuses.

"Oh, okay then I'll just take them" said Lily smiling softly.

"Luna wrote!" said Harry grinning widely when he noticed the strange bird, only that would belong to the Lovegood's. It was probably why he loved Luna so much she was different, didn't bow down to expectations. Neither would he when the time came, come to think of that, the world could screw itself.

"What does she say this time?" asked Eileen indulgently.

"She's offering me a ticket to see the Quidditch match" gasped Harry in awe.

"Bulgaria Versus Ireland?" asked Eileen curiously. It had been in the newspapers and it was hard to miss. It was the Quidditch World cup after all so it was expected to be in the paper for the Quidditch fanatics.

"Yes" said Harry still stunned.

"That's nice of her" said Eileen kindly.

"I didn't think she was into Quidditch that much" said Harry genuinely taken aback.

"What else does it say?" asked Eileen.

"It's for my birthday" said Harry his jaw was hanging on the floor. His own parents never remembered his birthday hadn't in a long time. Even if it was on the same day as his brothers, Nick was more important to buy for.

"When is your birthday?" asked Eileen surprised.

"July 31st" said Harry stiffly. That date was well known for being the Boy Who Lived's birthday. So far though Eileen hadn't so much as twitched when Nick was in the papers, just last she had commented on nothing else being in the paper that they were putting that on the front page.

"I see" said Eileen an odd twinkle in her obsidian eyes. Her son had also gotten her eyes too; he was a male version of his mother. She knew immediately who this child really was, much to her shock. It had been a long time coming. Not Harry James, but Harry James Potter. This was Nick Potter's twin brother, she remembered reading

about twins that night, she had been so happy. Her son was finally free of the man he had joined himself to. Not that she cared about Nick Potter don't get her wrong, she didn't care who did it just that he was gone. Her son told her often enough that 'The Dark Lord' wasn't truly gone he never called him Voldemort or you-know-who. He wasn't scared enough to call him You-Know-Who but definitely didn't want to call him Voldemort; it sent shards of pain through the mark. He had added a geis of sorts to the Dark Marks that reacted to his name.

"Harry where do your parents think you are?" asked Eileen with worry but she managed to conceal her worry from Harry.

"Staying with friends for the summer" said Harry quietly; he never spoke about his parents if he could help it.

"I see" said Eileen sighing sadly. The Potters had much to answer for, she realised they probably ignored their son in favour of his twin. How long had it been going on? All the child's life? She hoped not.

"Are you going to go?" asked Eileen smiling softly.

"I think so" grinned Harry.

"I have an old tent up in the loft if you want to use it" suggested Eileen getting off the topic of his family. Harry obviously didn't like talking about them, he always invaded her questions or answered with as little as possible. He obviously thought she didn't know who he was, which he had of course been right until now.

"I'll write back see what she says" chuckled Harry softly, it had been the best decision he had ever made. He knew his family would probably be going but he didn't let that deter him. He would keep a low profile and keep well out of their way. He doubted Luna would have box seats anyway so they probably wouldn't see them.

"You do that" said Eileen, she was more curious than ever about Harry and his life. She wondered silently if her son would have more information to share about that. She didn't like the thought of going behind his back, however if she wanted answers it was going to be the only way.

"Harry's replied!" said Luna dreamily from her home, which wasn't far from the Weasley's home in Ottery St. Catchpole in Devon.

"That's good!" ginned Xeno softly; he loved his daughter more than anything else in the world. He would do anything for her, go anywhere for her and even kill to keep her safe and alive. Her mother had loved her too, his greatest regret was that Luna had seen it happen, but he was also very relieved his wife had cast the containment spell on Luna when she realized what was happening. She had obviously not had the chance to do it on herself before the experiment had blown up in her face. He would have probably followed Luna and Lindsey if the worse had happened. (Lindsay is the name I'm giving Xeno's wife! She was after all nameless)

So he continued watching her, a serene grin on his face, he had missed Luna, she was already going into her third year this year. It was hard to believe she was only his three months of the year now. He sometimes wished she didn't have to grow up so quickly, only someone who had lost everything other than their child would truly understand. That Luna truly was his everything, without her he might as well be dead.

"He's asking if we have a tent" giggled Luna.

"You best reply then sweetheart" said Xeno kissing her on her head as he left to get a coffee.

"They have a tent so it's ok thanks for the offer though," grinned Harry it was now night time. Hermes was just back with Luna's reply, he wasn't about to send his owl back out again not at this time. He took Hermes over to the owl stand and placed a few treats into his owl dish and refreshed the water.

"No problem sweetie" said Eileen still awed by the change a year can make in Harry. When she first met him she had assumed he was older, he had lied about his age. He was always brooding and unhappy, not always but most of the time she supposed. He was always happy to help her and speak to her about all things that didn't dribble on his family, friends and his life. She understood everything better now. Harry hadn't had a true family, or any friends no doubt they preferred Nick Potter, that name, left a rotten taste in her mouth. She was like her son in that regard now, for once her son wasn't like her, and she was like him.

"I'm awfully tired so I'm going to sleep now night Eileen." said Harry softly hugging her quickly before leaving Harry hadn't felt so happy before in his life.

"Goodnight." she said to the closing door.

Harry tossed and turned most of the night before long he was having the most absurd and fearful dream in his life.

"There is a little more in the bottle, My Lord, if you are still hungry." said an unknown voice.

"Later" hissed a second voice "Move me closer to the fire Wormtail."

"Where is Nagini?" asked the second voice once more after a few seconds of silence.

"I-I don't know, My Lord," said the first voice again belonging no doubt to this Wormtail. It sounded nervous now even Harry could tell that from the dream. "She set out to explore the house, I think..."

"You will milk her before we retire, Wormtail," said the second voice. "I will need feeding in the night. The journey has tired me greatly."

"My Lord, may I ask how long we are going to stay here?" asked Wormtail.

"A week" hissed a cold voice "Perhaps longer. The place is moderately comfortable, and the plan cannot proceed yet. It would be foolish to act before the Quidditch World Cup is over."

"The - the Quidditch World Cup, my Lord?" asked Wormtail. "Forgive me, but - I do not understand - why should we wait until the World Cup is over?"

"Because, fool, at this very moment wizards are pouring into the country from all over the world, and every meddler from the Ministry of Magic will be on duty, on the watch for signs of unusual activity, checking and double-checking identities. They will be obsessed with security, lest the Muggles notice anything. So we wait" hissed the cold voice.

"Your Lordship is still determined then?" asked Wormtail quietly.

"Certainly I am determined Wormtail." the menacing note in the voice was hard to mistake.

"It could be done without the Potter twins, My Lord" said Wormtail quickly as if he was wanting to finishing speaking about this.

"Without the Potter twins?" breathed the second voice softly. "I see..."

"My Lord, I do not say this out of concern for the boys!" said Wormtail, his voice rising squeakily like the rat he was. It was almost like he had spent too much time in his animagus form and had forgotten how to speak instead of squeak. "The boys are nothing to me, nothing at all! It is merely that if we were to use another witch or wizard - any wizard - the thing could be done so much more quickly! If you allowed me to leave you for a short while - you know that I can disguise myself most effectively - I could be back here in as little as two days with a suitable person -"

"I could use another wizard," said the second voice softly, "That is true..."

"My Lord, it makes sense," said Wormtail sounding hugely relieved. "Laying hands on the Potter's would be so difficult; they are so well protected -"

"And so you volunteer to go and fetch me a substitute? I wonder... perhaps the task of nursing me has become wearisome for you, Wormtail? Could this suggestion of abandoning the plan be nothing more than an attempt to desert me?" hissed the second voice evilly.

"My Lord! I- I have no wish to leave you, none at all -" said Wormtail.

"Do not lie to me!" hissed the second voice "I can always tell, Wormtail! You are regretting that you ever returned to me, feel you shudder when you touch me..."

"No! My Devotion to your Lordship -"

"Your devotion is nothing more than cowardice. You would not be here if you had anywhere else to go. How am I to survive without you, when I need feeding every few hours? Who is to milk Nagini?"

"But you seem so much stronger, my Lord -"

"Liar" breathed the second voice "I am no stronger, and a few days alone would be enough to rob me of the little health I have regained under your clumsy care. Silence!"

"I have my reasons for using the boys, as I have already explained to you, and I will use no others. I have waited thirteen years. A few more months will make no difference. As for the protection surrounding the boys, I believe my plan will be effective. All that is needed is a little courage from you, Wormtail - courage you will find, unless you wish to feel the full extent of Lord Voldemort's wrath -"

"Quiet...I think I hear Nagini" hissed Voldemort.

"Nagini has interesting news Wormtail" said Voldemort after listening for a few seconds.

"In-deed, my Lord?" questioned Wormtail.

"Indeed, yes," said the hissing voice "According to Nagini, there is an old Muggle standing right outside this room listening to every word we say."

"Invite him inside, Wormtail. Where are your manners?" the cold voice insisted.

"You heard everything Muggle?" hissed Voldemort.

"What's that you're calling me?" asked the unknown Muggle.

"I am calling you a Muggle," said the voice "It means you are not a wizard."

"I don't know what you mean by wizard," said the Muggle "All I know is I've heard enough to interest the police tonight, I have. You've done murder and you're planning more! And I'll tell you this too," he added "my wife knows I'm up here, and if I don't come back -"

"You have no wife," said the cold voice quietly. "Nobody knows you are here. You told nobody that you were coming. Do not lie to Lord Voldemort, Muggle, for he knows...he always knows..."

"Is that right?" said the Muggle roughly "Lord is it? Well, I don't think much of your manners, My Lord. Turn around and face me like a man, why don't you"

"But I am not a man, Muggle," said the cold voice, it seemed he was having trouble speaking as if it was exhausting him to even open his mouth. "I am much, much more than a man. However...why not? I will face you...Wormtail, come turn my chair around."

Wormtail whimpered nasally.

"You heard me, Wormtail" hissed Voldemort.

The killing curse was uttered, then miles away Harry Potter woke up his entire body shaking with fear. He closed his mouth shaking, wondering if he had screamed at all. He pressed his palm to his scar, it felt as if someone had applied a hot poker to it. He hoped not because he didn't want to wake Eileen up she was kind enough to let him stay after all. It took along time for the shaking to stop, the sweat soon dried in sleep never came back to Harry Potter that night. The pain faded very slowly, unlike that time during Quirrell's classes. He remembered the dream...a Muggle had been killed by Voldemort...the name Wormtail was familiar to him he didn't know why.

"Are you ready to go to the Quidditch World Cup?" grinned Nick, both Potter's and Weasley's were packed to go. Only difference between both families was the fact everything was new on one and used on the other and the size of the family too of course.

"I can't wait!" cheered Ron his face almost splitting in two. For once Ron was glad his father worked in the Ministry of Magic - the Misuses of Muggle Artefacts office.

"Ah Amos!" grinned James good naturally finally spotting the man who was near the Portkey.

"This is my son Cedric Diggory!" beamed Amos as if they didn't know. He was un-doubtfully proud of his son. He was a handsome

boy; He was captain and seeker of Hufflepuff house Quidditch team at Hogwarts.

"Hi" grinned Roxy blushing bright red.

"Hi everyone!" waved Cedric happily obviously very much like his father with his bubbly happiness.

"Long walk Arthur?" asked Amos.

"Not to bad," said Arthur, James wasn't happy that no one was paying attention to him or his son.

"Can we go now?" asked Nick bored because the attention wasn't on him.

"Merlin's beard is that Nick Potter?" asked Amos Diggory, his eyes wide.

"Yes" beamed Nick proudly.

"Nice to meet you, Ced's talked about you, of course," said Amos, Nick puffed proudly until he heard the rest. "Told us all about playing against you last year...I said to him, I said - Ced, that'll be something to tell your grandchildren, that will...you beat Nick Potter!"

The Weasley's still at school all scowled at the reminder that they had lost to Hufflepuff that year.

"Er, isn't it time to get going?" asked Lily forcing a smile on her face.

"Is anyone else coming?" asked Arthur.

"Oh no, the Lovegood's have already gone" said Amos.

Before long they were Portkey'd to the Quidditch world cup.

"Harry you have been awfully quiet...are you sure you are ok?" asked Luna softly.

"I'm fine...my parents and siblings are probably here by now" said Harry. It wasn't only that, that was bothering him. His dream was too...if he had wanted any more proof he was the one that

destroyed Voldemort that night he had it. He was connected to Voldemort through the scar and it disturbed him more than anything else in the world.

Luna blinked sharply before her dreamy mask was back up again "Don't think on them, just enjoy the Quidditch World Cup" said Luna kindly.

"Yeah I guess I should" grinned Harry nodding his head.

"Hello mother," said Severus smiling softly, only she ever saw his softer side.

"Severus! Come sit down love I've made us some coffee" beamed Eileen happy her son was once again coming to see her.

"Why is the shop closed?" asked Severus curiously.

"Harry has gone to the Quidditch World Cup with the Lovegood's" smiled Eileen as if it explained everything.

"I see" said Severus.

"How are your potions coming along?" asked Eileen.

So for the first hour they constantly spoke about what potions he was attempting and making. How much money he was making from the very successful Wolfsbane potion. How his time was limited because of the delicate stages it took to brew said potion. If anyone understood potions and had the same passion it was his mother yet another thing he had gotten from her - his love for potions.

"What do you know about Harry Potter, Severus?" asked Eileen unable to keep quiet anymore.

"Harry Potter?" asked Severus for confirmation his eyebrow raised in curiosity.

"Yes" nodded Eileen confirming she had said the correct name.

"I only taught him for a year" said Severus curious now.

"Yes, yes I know but did you notice anything about him? About his family?" asked Eileen.

"I don't pay attention to the Potter's mother" sighed Severus, which wasn't strictly true.

"Severus!" chided Eileen softly shaking her head.

"Alright, alright Harry was very good at potions, his brother was what I expected totally inept at it" said Severus. "He is also very different from his twin, there's nothing Potter to him at all, he's quiet, shy, and very hard working...a loner and he...doesn't seem to have the same enthusiasm for his parents as Nick Potter. He never received a single package or letter the entire year that I saw...he stayed for the holidays when the other left"

"Do you know why?" asked Eileen sharply.

"I don't, no, Albus told me that Harry never spends any time with his family...he was snooping around" replied Severus knowing there was more to this conversation than he was getting.

"I see" said Eileen gravely.

"Mother what do you know? Why are you asking about this?" asked Severus a note of warning in his voice.

"The boy I've been telling you about...is him" said Eileen quietly.

Severus eyes widened in shock that was the last thing he had expected, Harry James was actually Harry James Potter. Severus felt like laughing, he had told her a half truth, that wasn't a very Ravenclaw move to make. Then he thought of everything his mother told him, her suspicions about the boys' family abusing him.

"Lily wouldn't abuse her son" said Severus adamantly.

"I think I was wrong on that regard...it wasn't physical abuse" sighed Eileen.

Severus shook his head a soft sigh leaving his lips, he couldn't believe his well, ex best friend really would do that. Or allow it to happen...surely...not even she could ignore her son. He however,

trusted his mother more than Lily. He knew she had changed; fame did that to someone unfortunately. She wasn't the same quiet girl he had befriended at the age of eight.

"I think its neglect" said Eileen adamantly.

Severus just frowned and gestured to her to continue.

"I got him an owl last year; he just about burst into tears Severus! Over an owl! He's never received anything like that before in his life I'm sure of it!" cried Eileen defending Harry from Severus who probably believed Lily incapable of such behaviour but he didn't see what she did.

"I see" said Severus faintly disturbed now. The Potter's had a lot of money, why wouldn't they get their son a familiar. If no other reason than they actually were being neglectful in regards to their youngest son.

"His birthday has passed! Did you know that? He got nothing other than one card and tickets to the Quidditch World Cup!" she said with a huff.

"They are hard to come by ... it's a perfectly acceptable birthday present" said Severus, it had been more than he got that was for sure.

"From his only friend Luna!" finished Eileen smartly.

Severus looked into the room Harry was occupying and saw true to her word, only one card sitting on the beside table. He felt his heart lurch uncomfortably; he knew what it was like to be in Harry's shoes. For the majority of his life he had only had Lily, but at least he had his mother Harry Potter it seemed had no one. Lily had changed more than he thought if that was how she was treating her child; the Lily he had known wouldn't have done such a thing.

"She has changed more than I thought" sighed Severus; he had seen the paper from when Nick Potter was hurt. He always order the Daily Prophet, even if the majority of it was rubbish he got it for the Potions section.

"That's putting it mildly" scoffed Eileen.

"Do they know he's staying with you?" asked Severus concerned.

"They are under the impression he's staying with a friend...I doubt they asked who...and he hasn't received anything from them he's with me all summer unless he's doing his paper rounds" sighed Eileen sadly.

"I'll speak to Albus see if he can shed more light on the situation" promised Severus.

"Thank you son" sighed Eileen in relief.

"No problem," smirked Severus in amusement. Just then a letter came through the open window, straight for Severus. Frowning in confusion he opened it when he noticed Dumbledore's handwriting, upon reading the contents he froze in shock.

"Sev, Love, what is it?" asked Eileen alarmed not much could shock her son like that.

"Death Eaters attacked the Quidditch World Cup" he said hoarsely in disbelief. "Dumbledore think's Voldemort is trying to find a way back"

"Harry" said Eileen looking positively sick.

"I have to go mother, Dumbledore wants to see me" said Severus getting up swiftly summoning his cloak from the peg his mother put it on. Clipping it in place around his neck, he kissed her goodbye and told her to be extra careful before apparating away.

"That was brilliant!" beamed Harry practically babbling all the way back to the Lovegood tent. "I should have put a bet on! It happened just as I predicted its sooo not fair it would have won me some money"

"Did you see Krum do that Wronski Feint?" said Luna wide eyed.

"Oh yeah! That was definitely cool" grinned Harry.

"I didn't expect it!" said Xeno looking amused.

"They wouldn't have caught up! He wanted to end it on his own terms...its such a pity his team seems angry with him" sighed Luna.

"Oh no! They weren't when they got applauded" Harry laughed remembering their taken aback looks.

"He's an awfully big man to be such a good seeker" admitted Xeno.

"Are you writing the game in the Quibbler?" asked Harry curiously.

"I think you should daddy, the price sales will go through the roof for once and they might look at the other articles" said Luna smartly.

Harry grinned and nodded his head in agreement, finally after an hour of walking they were back at the tent. It seems like they had just gotten in when a commotion started, everyone trampling all over the place screaming. Xeno looked terrified upwards; Harry followed and saw that some Muggles were being levitated in the air by masked figures.

"Death Eaters" gasped Xeno terrified.

"Portkey now!" yelled Harry grabbing Luna before the Wizard barrelled passed her.

That shocked Xeno into action, two spells the tent was in his pocket, the Portkey was in hand. They had to wait three seconds on it activating, but they got out of there just as a stunning spell shot by. Harry found himself in a very strange house; no doubt it was the Lovegood abode. It suited them, they were strange but he really liked them Xeno was cool even when he was talking about animals he had never heard about.

"What on earth was going on?" asked Luna wide eyed her grey coloured eyes full of worry.

"Death Eaters attacked the Quidditch Cup" said Harry, Voldemort hadn't authorised that if his dream was anything to go by. He had wanted to remain quiet; those Death Eaters were in for it if he managed to get back.

"Do you want a coffee?" asked Xeno his voice high pitched instead of the soothing calm voice he usually had.

"Um...sure" said Harry, Xeno obviously wanted something to do.

"HARRY!" shrieked Eileen moving quickly and bringing Harry into a hug looking greatly relieved.

"I guess you heard then?" asked Harry his voice muffled by the strong hug.

"I did" said Eileen closing her eyes as relief flowed through her.

"I'm ok Mr. Lovegood apparated us out of there at the first sign of trouble" said Harry honestly.

"Thank Merlin, oh thank Merlin" said Eileen almost shaking with the relief.

"Can I get you a coffee?" asked Harry alarmed by Eileen's pale complexion or rather, paler than normal.

"Oh no I've drank enough of that" said Eileen grimacing slightly.

Harry laughed at that "Me too" he had three before he could get away from the Lovegood's.

Journal Entry

Today was bad but good. Death Eaters attacked the Quidditch World Cup but it was worth going for. I guessed right! I said Krum would get the Snitch but Ireland would win! I wish I had bet. It would mean I'd have enough money but I didn't want to risk losing any. Eileen was very concerned when I got back, it made my stomach do flips. She's been so good to me and I don't understand why, I've never been this lucky before in my life. For the first time I didn't even think about the Potter's on my birthday just glad to not spend it watching Nick opening presents and getting cake. Luna is the best friend in the world and I'm glad I took the chance. However, I don't know what to do now...do I distance myself from her? I don't want to put her in danger by associating with me!

Harry

Journal Entry

Oh My God! Eileen got me a new present! I've got two cards now! I feel like I'm five years old counting my cards and presents. Unlike Nick though I will cherish everything I get knowing that someone cares about me. She got me a beautiful chain, its lovely it's also very familiar I just cannot put my finger on it. I will figure it out sooner or later. She baked me a cake too! She wrote Happy Belated Birthday in blue icing I don't know the last time I got a cake. I've sent a piece of to Luna and Xeno, Eileen passed a piece onto her son...I wonder who he is I've never asked. I don't know why I just feel it was too personal or at least it used to be. Maybe she would share some of her stories with her and her son I'd love to know what a normal wizarding family is like. Maybe it's what Luna and Xeno are like I don't think the Potter's are normal but I might just be bitter. I have every right to be! I hate them and wished I was adopted! I just wished I was off age and away from them. I will be able to afford my own flat the day I turn seventeen then I'll move into it. I've not had any more strange dreams...am I connected to Voldemort? Or was my mind running away with me? I don't think so I just wished I knew. Until then I'm going to watch my back and trust no one...other than Luna that is.

Harry

After the events of the Quidditch World Cup the rest of the summer was very uneventful to say the least. Harry was actually glad for that, after his dream and the Death Eaters he just didn't want anything usual happening. He was going to have to watch after himself, Voldemort was coming after him and his brother. Not that he was going to hold himself responsible for his brother anyhow, what Nick did was up to himself.

Before long Eileen had created a Portkey for him that to take him directly to the magical platform of nine and three quarters. Harry was almost crying this time, if it was possible he had gotten even more attached to Eileen than ever.

"Take care of yourself, you hear?" said Eileen sternly.

"I will, you too" said Harry softly, he would kill anyone who tried to hurt Eileen hell if he had to chose between Eileen and his mother he'd choose Eileen in a heartbeat.

With his owl and trunk safely in one hand he clutched the Portkey in the other and he was gone, a tug behind the navel the only indication it was a Portkey. He grunted as he landed but stayed on his feet, unlike his brother who fell all the time. His father had always explained that the more magically powerful you were, the more you fell. Then Nick started doing it for real thinking his father had spoken the truth.

As he was getting on the train he heard Ronald Weasley talking to Finnegan and Thomas.

"I'm telling you something big is happening at Hogwarts this year!" said Ron in a hushed whisper.

"Like what?" asked Finnegan doubtfully.

"Don't know we will find out soon" said Ron smugly.

For once Harry wasn't riding on the train alone; Luna had come in beside him, holding the Quibbler up side down. Harry barely blinked before a beaming smile spread across his features, "Hey Luna! How was the rest of your summer did you find anything?" asked Harry eagerly.

"No but come look at some of the pictures! We saw plenty of other things" said Luna gesturing for him to sit next to her.

That was how they spent their hours getting to Hogwarts; he bought them two chocolate frogs each from the cart. Luna in turn got them her favourite sweet - Bertie Botts every flavour beans. Some of the magical animals were weird; he was rather envious of Luna right there and then. He would have loved his dad to do something like that with him.

"The Defence seat is empty...I wonder why" said Luna who was sitting next to Harry on the Ravenclaw bench.

"I don't know...I doubt Dumbledore would have trouble finding someone" mused Harry.

"True" said Luna her dreamy look was back again after that.

They quietened down to listen to the sorting hat sing its usual song.

Marcus Longbottom joined his brother in Gryffindor boy his parents would be proud.

They got a few others joining Ravenclaw including Stewart Ackerley, Orla Quirke.

"I have just two words to say to you...Tuck in!" beamed Dumbledore happily.

During dinner he noticed a commotion at the Gryffindor table, surprise, surprise, it turned out to be Hermione Granger. He grimaced at her in disgust honestly, he hated that girl she was such a know it all. So was he but he didn't put his hand up before the teacher finished their question...or at all really. Even after three years she hadn't changed a bit.

Only once dinner and pudding had been completely demolished did Dumbledore stand once more, gaining the attention of the entire hall with just that act alone.

"So!" said Dumbledore "Now that we are all fed and watered I must ask again for your attention, while I give out a few notices. Mr. Filch, the caretaker has asked me to tell you that the list of objects forbidden inside the castle has this year been extended to include screaming yo-yo's, Fanged Frisbees and Ever-Bashing Boomerangs. The full list comprises some four hundred and thirty-seven items, I believe, and can be viewed in Mr. Filch's office, if anybody would like to check it"

"Who cares?" whispered Harry rolling his eyes.

"As always" continued Dumbledore "I would like to remind you that the Forest in the grounds is out-of-bounds to students, as is the village of Hogsmeade to all below third year. It is also my painful duty to inform you that the inter- house Quidditch Cup will not take place this year"

"WHAT?" screeched Nick Potter furiously.

"No way!" protested Ron hotly he loved Quidditch even if Gryffindor always loosed and Nick played for the team.

"That sucks" said Cedric looking disheartened.

Dumbledore it seemed wasn't finished yet "This is due to an event that will be starting in October, and continuing throughout the school year, taking up much of the teachers' time and energy - but I am sure you will all enjoy it immensely. I have great pleasure in announcing that this year Hogwarts -"

Suddenly the doors of the Great Hall banged open startling absolutely everyone.

A man stood in the doorway, leaning upon a long staff, shrouded in a black travelling cloak. Every head in the Great Hall swivelled towards the stranger, suddenly brightly illuminated by a fork of lightning that flashed across the ceiling. He lowered his hood, shook out a long mane of grizzled, dark grey hair, and then began to walk up towards the teachers' table.

A dull clunk echoed through the Hall on his every other step. He reached the end of the top table, turned right and limped heavily towards Dumbledore. Another flash of lightening crossed the ceiling and Luna gasped.

The lightening had thrown the man's face into sharp relief, and it was a face unlike anything Harry had ever seen. It looked as though it had been carved out of weathered wood by someone who had only the vaguest idea of what human faces were supposed to look like, and was none too skilled with a chisel. He could understand why Luna had gasped now.

"May I introduce our new Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher," said Dumbledore brightly "Professor Moody"

"Moody? As in the Auror Mad-Eye Moody?" asked Harry wide eyed.

"Yeah my dad told me all about him" said Cedric from seats away.

"As I was saying" said Dumbledore continuing on with his previous announcement "We are to have the honour of hosting a very exciting event over the coming months, an event which has not been held for over a century. It is my very great pleasure to inform you that the Triwizard Tournament will be taking place at Hogwarts this year."

"Well Weasley had it right" said Harry quietly to Luna she nodded jerkily; he had told her what he said on the train ride to Hogwarts.

Harry faded out not listening to Dumbledore going on about things that didn't concern him. He didn't care that you had to be seventeen, because he most bloody certainly wasn't competing anyway. It wouldn't surprise him if his brother tried to get in, but he doubted anyone could jinx this Goblet of Fire.

Luna and Harry were blessed with the most amazing sight of their life their second day back at Hogwarts. Nick and been arguing with Draco Malfoy, they had been in the newspapers again James and Lily. It quickly got out of hand and Draco had almost attacked Nick, only to be thwarted in the end. Moody had turned Malfoy into a ferret, and bounced him around the courtyard. Harry hadn't been able to stop laughing; it was the funniest sight in the world. He actually liked his new teacher, and he hadn't even had a class with him.

If only someone would be willing to do that to Nick ... his ego could be blown away and he might become more normal. Nick had for the past year after Ron ditched him had other friends, Neville, Lavender Brown and Parvati Patil. This year's addition despite being a first year - Marcus Longbottom.

Better still they had seen Moody reprimanded by Minerva McGonagall like an errant five year old.

Nobody could stop laughing at him for weeks.

It was two days later he got his first taste of Moody's class, the first thing he said as he came in put the books away nobody would be needing them. Harry grinned and did as he was told; he was slightly disappointed that again this year he had Defence with the Gryffindor's.

"I've had a letter from Professor Lupin about this class; you have covered pretty much everything about Dark creatures. Boggarts, Red Caps, Hinkypunks, Grindylows, Kappas and werewolves is that right?" asked Moody.

"Yes sir" said Cho everyone else murmured assents.

"But you're behind - very behind - on dealing with curses," said Moody "So I'm here to bring you up to scratch on what wizards can do each other. I've got one year to teach you how to deal with Dark -"

"Aren't you staying?" blurted Nick.

"You're James Potter's son ante ya? I am only staying for the year, special favour to Dumbledore...one year then back to retirement" said Moody. He had a very awful grin on his face, making his scars worse and his face contort like he was in agony.

Harry was rather excited about this class now! Getting to do proper curses this was going to be great. Quirrell and Lockhart had both been useless; Lupin was alright he was just furious with the man.

"So- straight to it. Curses. They come in many strengths and forms. Now, according to the Ministry of Magic, I'm supposed to teach you counter-curses and leave it at that. I'm not supposed to show you what illegal Dark curses look like until you're in the sixth year. You're not supposed to be old enough to deal with it till then" said Moody "But Dumbledore has a better opinion of your nerves he reckons you can cope, and I say, the sooner you know what you're up against the better. How are you supposed to defend yourself against something you've never seen? A wizard who's about to put an illegal curse on you isn't going to tell you what he's about to do. He's not going to do it nice and polite to your face. You need to be prepared. You need to be alert and watchful" said Moody.

"So...do any of you know which curses are most heavily punished by wizarding law?" asked Moody.

"Weasley?" said Moody after some hands had been raised.

"My dad told me about one...is it called the Imperious curse, or something?" said Ron.

"Ah, yes," said Moody nodding "Your father would know that one. Gave the Ministry a lot of trouble at one time the Imperious curse"

"Yeek" said Ron when Moody had withdrawn spiders from his desks it caused most Ravenclaw's to roll their eyes. Everyone knew

Ronald Weasley's worst fear was spiders; they remembered the Boggart just last year.

Harry listened intently to Moody's lecture about the Imperious curse, he didn't laugh like the others did when the spider was imperious cursed. Eventually he stopped the spell after effectively scaring the day living shit out of everyone by saying he would teach them to beat it.

"Anyone else know another one?" asked Moody.

Hermione's hand was waving in the air as usual and Harry had to roll his eyes at her, for once he put his hand up hoping the teacher chose him spitefully.

"Aye?" asked Moody staring at Harry intently.

"The Cruciatus Curse" said Harry bluntly.

The spider was quickly 'Engorgio'ed and the curse was cast Harry didn't react but half of the class winced at the spiders actions. Twitching horribly, rocking from side to side, no sound came from it but Harry could imagine what it must be going through.

"Right anyone know another?" said Moody bluntly.

Harry wanted to laugh when Nick finally raised his hand he had his back ramrod straight and he had a smug smile on his face.

"Yes?" asked Moody both eyes on Nick Potter.

"Avada Kedavra - The Killing curse" said Nick.

The last spider was killed quickly in a flash of green light, Harry felt suddenly sick for some reason. He had to stop himself retching, he looked back at Nick he seemed unaffected by it all. A sigh left his lips and he turned back to his teacher watching curiously to see what would happen. Would Moody go on about his brother being the only survivor? Who was he kidding he knew it was coming.

"Not nice," he said "Not pleasant. And there's no counter-curse. There's no blocking it. Only one known person has ever survived it, and he's sitting here right in front of me"

Harry wanted to roll his eyes but that magical eye would probably detect it so he refrained from doing so.

Surprisingly enough he said no more about it, he went on to tell them the three spells were the Unforgivables. Before long they were taking notes on the unforgivables until the bell rang, Harry was glad when it was time to go. As soon as he was free of the room he ran for the nearest bathroom and was spectacularly sick all over the toilet.

Journal Entry

Professor Moody showed us the Unforgivables today; I couldn't eat my lunch or dinner. Luna understood though...I think she doesn't know that I was the one to really survive it though. Sometimes she has that twinkle in her eye as if she knew what I was thinking. It's impossible though right? She can't know! It's impossible. When I saw that green flash, I got this image in my head...of a snake like figure then that Muggle man. It wasn't a dream I did see someone die, I guess its just starting to sink in how close I came to dying when I was a baby.

It was me that was nearly killed, yet it's Nick that gets all the love and attention and fame. I don't care for that, I'm glad I'm not like Nick...but I'd have loved even an ounce of mum's attention. Sometimes I wished people knew so I could just get it over with.

I read in the library after school finished today, I could get myself emancipated early and get my share of the Potter inheritance. Then I wouldn't have to live with the Potter's anymore, I could get my flat right now if I liked. I'm seriously thinking about doing it, that way James or Lily couldn't drag me back out of spite. I don't know why but I'm getting a strong urge to go through with it.

Harry

His next defence class was just as bad as ever, not because of anything Moody did but because he had attention drawn to him. Everyone had been put under the imperious curse; no one other than Harry had been able to fight it off. Not only that but his legs felt broken, meanwhile Moody just continued singing his praises. He wouldn't have minded that but damn it, they were staring at Harry as

if they hadn't seen him before. The Ravenclaw's pure started cheering for their house mate, the Gryffindor's looked at Nick as if they couldn't believe HE didn't do it when his BROTHER could.

"The way he talks" growled Harry wobbling out of the defence classroom feeling very bloody weak "You'd think I was going to be attacked any minute" scowled Harry.

"You alright there Harry?" asked Luna, coming up beside Cho, Terry and Harry, Cho and Terry had a hold of Harry keeping him steady.

"No Moody broke my legs" said Harry simply.

"How?" asked Luna her dreamy look vanishing she looked furious.

"Put the Imperious curse on me" sighed Harry taking his hands away from Terry and Cho saying a quiet "Thank you"

"Welcome, I hope you get better soon" said Cho softly.

"Yeah mate, good luck" said Terry and they were gone. Harry seemed shock by the fact they were talking to him, hardly anyone spoke to him.

"He made you break your own legs?" asked Luna in mock shocked.

"Er, no" said Harry giggling slightly forgetting the soreness. "He told me to jump, but I didn't want to ended up crumbling to the floor! He did it four times! Now I can throw it off altogether! The only one too"

"Wow, Harry, that's really good!" beamed Luna happy for him.

"Thanks, now come on I'm starving" said Harry, happily dragging Luna along. He had his apatite back thank Merlin for that.

"What on earth is going on?" murmured Harry; people were crowding around the marble staircases instead of eating lunch.

"It's telling you about the Triwizard Tournament" said Luna simply.

"What does it say?" asked Harry curiously, as they slid into Ravenclaw not caring about the Triwizard Tourament like everyone else.

"The Wizards from Drumstrang and Witches from Beauxbatons will be here at 6 o'clock on Friday the 30th of October. Our lessons are finishing half an hour earlier to greet our guests at the Entrance Hall" said Luna.

"That's a week away, I didn't think they'd be here so soon" said Harry surprised.

"Yeah," said Luna nodding in agreement as she sipped her pumpkin juice.

Needless to say the teachers were pretty tense when the time came for the students of Beauxbaton and Drumstrang to arrive. The Entrance Hall was heaving with people, but Luna and Harry held back while Nick the idiot had stood in the front with McGonagall as if he was a school mascot.

"Miss Lovegood straighten your hat!" snapped McGonagall "Miss Patil take that ridiculous thing out of your hair!"

Then the commotion began Beauxbaton had arrived, in a massive house flying in the air. Palominos winged horses, only they were the size of elephants. Harry sighed wondering when this was going to be over with; students everywhere were gasping, awing and ahing as if they hadn't seen anything like it before in their lives. Even Harry could see the woman emerging from the carriage she was huge, possibly the biggest woman he had ever seen. She could stand beside Hagrid and be the same height he reckoned as he watched impatiently for everyone else to move.

Eventually Drumstrang followed, their big arrival was a ship in the middle of the lake. It certainly impressed everyone other than Luna and Harry. Who were actually just sitting talking quietly in the corner, about how their day went. Harry never mentioned the fact he had the Imperious curse on him again, but spoke about everything else. Luna may be a year younger but she knew a lot of spells, and she was getting to know a lot more talking with him. She would have no problem in her fourth year if she kept that up anyway that was for sure.

If the pandemonium was bad it was nothing when they found out just who from Drumstrang had come. Victor Krum. Nick was positively

drooling, grinning widely he had left his 'friends' and tried to see him but was too late. There were too many people milling around to even think about getting near him in time.

Finally Luna and Harry managed to get to the Great Hall for their dinner; the Ladies of Beauxbaton chose to sit at the end furthest from the first years on the Ravenclaw table. The Drumstrang students chose to sit at the Slytherin table where they were very welcomed. Once they had finished their dinner, they were shown the legendary Goblet of Fire. Then everyone was lectured once again on having to be seventeen to enter, honestly did Dumbledore think people didn't listen? He had just heard the same speech at the starting feast.

"Come on I've had enough for one night" said Harry looking ready to be sick. He saw everyone milling around Nick Potter. Ladies from Beauxbaton and guys from Drumstrang were sitting with him; he was explaining his adventures to them quite loudly. Most of it was a lot of bullshit but there was nothing HE could do about it.

"You're right let's go" said Luna seeing how her friend was reacting.

"Night Luna" sighed Harry going up the stairs.

"Night Harry" said Luna going up the right hand side of the stairs towards the girl's dorms.

As you can see the next chapter will be the choosing of the champions then possibly the first second and yule ball happenings. Then of course we will see the third task so it will be done in around three parts not 4 or 5 like I thought. Thank you all for the wonderful reviews I've received :) I'm very grateful to you all. Will Harry emancipate himself? and of course the important question...will everyone find out about Harry being the boy who lived during the portkey adventure to Voldemort's side? will Nick survive? Harry save him? it would be sweet justice plus Nick would be alive to see his popularity take a big nose dive! do you like how Harry's getting more friends? will the Ravenclaws all get closer to him now? help him during his tasks if he does get picked? will Nick get picked? will Cedric Diggory die? people asked me about Severus...I just don't want him to be a teacher when all is said and done he will become a mentor for a year or so before they become lovers I think when I do finally introduce him back into Harry's life! then Eileen will become

his mother in law :) eventually...will James try and disown him only to discover Harry's emancipated and can no longer be disowned because he's legally a fully grown adult wizard? thee-hee! Will Krum and Harry get along? would you like to see those two become friends? what about Fleur? who will she befriend? Luna? oh another thing will Nick have the invisibility cloak? or did Dumbledore keep it and not give it back and James forget about it? will the Marauders map ever make an appearance? R&R please!

Chapter 10

Harry Potter Year 4 Part 2 - Triwizard Champions and making friends

Harry had just come from the hospital wing; Luna was feeling under the weather so he had to keep himself happy. To be totally honest he was completely bewildered by the Ravenclaw's. He had known them for four years now, they hadn't ever spoken to him - yet since that class where he bet the Imperious curse everything had changed. He was more comfortable talking to the younger years they hadn't done anything to him. Right now he was dealing with the confusion by getting up early and found himself walking towards the huts nearby the Quidditch pitch. He took out one of the old school brooms and decided to fly. It had been a long time since he had flew, he knew exactly when - the day he got caught by McGonagall. Who then turned around and gave his position to his brother - Nick.

He didn't notice he had company until he had flown down twenty minutes later.

"That was some good flying, do you play for your school?" asked a Bulgarian accented boy, who Harry knew to be Victor Krum. The guy who had caught the snitch earlier that year during the Quidditch World Cup.

"No, it's only the second time I've been on a broom. I'll bet it's nothing like your flying, you were brilliant the dive you pulled off was awesome." said Harry. He didn't gush it or look at Krum in awe. He was just stating a fact he unlike most of the students at Hogwarts didn't care that Krum was famous. He was a seventeen year old wizard and that was all there was to it. In fact he liked Krum more than Nick, Krum had earned his fame.

"Thank you." said Krum in surprise. Normally they would hound him and ask for autographs especially the girls. He didn't like the attention that came with playing Quidditch professionally. This boy was the first person to treat him normal and it was a nice change.

"Are your parents proud of you?" asked Harry sitting down on the green lush lawn that never seemed to grow.

"Of course." said Krum looking at Harry a little weirdly.

"Do you have brothers and sisters?" asked Harry cocking his head to the side.

"Yes, a little sister." said Krum, obviously this boy wasn't obsessed nearly everyone knew he had a sister. There was plenty pictures in magazines with her and his parents.

"How do they treat her?" asked Harry curiously.

"She gets all the attention while I am at school, she writes about all the places they visit." said Krum he knew there was more behind the question. He noticed the boy's eyes were twinkling. They were beautiful; the boy was that is especially his eyes.

"That's nice" smiled Harry, it reached his eyes, but his eyes told a different story. They were full of pain there was no need to guess what he was thinking anyway.

"So who are you?" asked Krum watching the teenager closely. He had seen pain lingering in those eyes it wasn't what he expected to see on a student at school. That's the sort of pain you see when you loose all your family in one go - desolate hopelessness.

"Harry Potter." sighed Harry half bracing himself for the next question.

"Ah, well it's very nice to meet you Harry Potter, perhaps we can get to know one another better." said Krum his accent making it harder to get the words out properly. He had his hand out, waiting on Harry shaking his hand.

Harry looked at Krum and thought about it, was it worth it befriending someone famous? He already got badgered about Nick all the time. It would be just the same if he befriended Krum. A sigh left his lips, he did want someone to talk to other than Luna that is. He loved Luna don't get him wrong, but it just wasn't the same as having someone older to talk to. He loved his conversations with Eileen perhaps that would fill the void. He held out his own hand and shook his, and this a friendship was born.

"I think your flying would be better on a proper broom, do you want to try mine?" asked Victor Krum.

"Oh no, I've never been on a proper profession broom, I'd be too scared I'd break it!" said Harry wide eyed.

"Go on, I'd like to see you fly." said Victor kindly.

"Oh, all right then," said Harry "But don't blame me if something happens."

That was how they spent their morning, taking turns in flying around the Quidditch pitch. Harry though had gone beet red upon seeing Victor Krum's body. He had taken off his t-shirt; the weather was very different in Scotland compared to Bulgaria. Their clothes were much thicker so it came as no surprise that he would be too hot.

The next day was Sunday; Harry was up early as Luna had been released from the hospital wing. They had just sat down in their normal seats when Victor Krum came over. Harry had to stop the blush from enveloping him, he knew now he was gay he wasn't a stupid boy. Another thing for his parents to hate him for, not that it really mattered they didn't care anyway. He wasn't ashamed of who he was, he just hoped Eileen wasn't disgusted with him. Now that would hurt more than anything else in the world. He had written a letter of to her last night telling her, he hadn't heard back yet.

"Has anyone put their names in yet?" asked Krum helping himself to a large breakfast. The rest of the Drumstrang students surprisingly didn't follow him; they remained seated at the Slytherin side.

"I don't know," shrugged Harry "We just got here." he further explained.

"Ah," said Krum nodding his head. "Ah well, we all put our names in this morning."

"Do you really want to do it? I mean it's supposed to be extremely dangerous, and you are already famous." Harry couldn't help but point out.

"True but I'd like to prove I'm more than just a Quidditch player, you cannot play forever you know. One day I will need a proper job, the latest I've heard of someone playing Quidditch is their early thirties." said Krum in explanation.

"Very sensible." said a new voice sitting next to them. It was a blonde haired girl, very pretty dressed in blue silk. She was part Veela he could tell but he wasn't overly attracted to her. He could see nearly everyone, in the hall gaping over, at them.

"I am Fleur Delacour it's very nice to meet you" she said shaking their hands.

"Harry Potter." said Harry shaking her delicate feminine hand.

"Luna Lovegood." smiled Luna kindly.

"Victor Krum," replied Victor shaking her hand politely. "It's very nice to meet you."

"You too" she declared before beginning to eat her lunch.

"That is a very unusual necklace you wear Luna" said Fleur no expression on her face. So neither Luna nor Harry were sure whether she was mocking them or not.

"Thank you, my mother and I made it, she died three weeks afterwards. I saw it happen, it was a potions accident." she explained, straightforward without her dreamy look about her. She never normally bothered when people said anything, or explained but today she did.

Fleur smiled a kind smile "I would wear it too" she revealed softly.

"Thank you" said Luna after swallowing her piece of egg.

"So what are you doing today?" asked Krum.

Just then there was a commotion causing them all to look around, Fred and George Weasley had been thrown across the hall. When they stood up Harry laughed in bitter amusement. Both twins had Dumbledore's hair and beard; they had obviously tried to fool the powerful Goblet of Fire.

"Stupid idiots," said Krum shaking his head "They are brothers to the other red head aren't they? He wouldn't leave me alone until I had signed his autograph."

"Ronald Weasley you mean?" asked Luna quietly.

"Yes." nodded Krum to emphasis his answer.

"He's been alright lately actually, grew a brain over the holidays." said Harry snorting briefly. Anyone that stopped befriending Nick was smarter than he gave them credit for.

Suddenly the doors opened, giving a resounding bang when Madame Maxime entered. She truly did put Hagrid to shame, she was huge. Behind her trailed every single member of Beauxbaton academy. The ones that actually came with her. Other than of course, Fleur. In a single file, they all added their name, into the Goblet looking rather smug.

Harry was sitting in the library with Luna today; he was reading a book about wizarding custom. That was when he saw it - the choice of being emancipated and Harry's mind exploded with ideas. He could even legally change his name after being emancipated. It didn't matter that his family was alive! Better yet he would get his Potter inheritance. There would be nothing James could do about it; a smile broke out on his face.

"What's got you smiling?" asked Luna curiously.

"I can get myself legally emancipated." said Harry.

"Harry...I know you are unhappy but do you really want to do that?" asked Luna sadly. She knew about Harry's family, how they ignored him, never bought him anything. It was why she had spent all the money she had saved up to get them the Quidditch World Cup tickets. However, getting emancipated was a big thing, who knew how the Potters would react.

"I have to, I can even legally change my name...take any one of my ancestors names," grinned Harry feeling a weight coming off him. "As long as none of them are alive, like for instant the Black name or Weasley even."

"I see" said Luna quietly.

And that was it, later that day he sent off a letter to Gringotts asking about it. He wanted to know everything, before he risked doing it. He had to know what to expect and what would happen.

He got a letter for Eileen that day too.

Dearest Harry

I could positively feel your anxiousness when you wrote, do not fear just because you prefer your own gender that I will abandon you. Just remember it's widely accepted in the Wizarding world. Although there are always a few prejudice people, just like there are people who think it's horrible and wrong in the Muggle world.

I would take you over my knee and wallop you one, if you fear what your despicable family think. One day they will regret what they have done, you mark my words sweetie. They will realize what they have done, when you are a powerful known young man. I have a feeling you will go places Harry, you are a smart boy.

Smart people do not end up with regular jobs unless they do something silly. I did that in my youth, to spite my own parents. It's not something I want you doing sweetie, its part of the reason I helped you. To spite my own parents I left Hogwarts, and went straight to the Muggle world and married one. I cannot regret it completely, because I got a son out of it all. You see my parent's were pureblood's as pure as you could get. They disowned me, their only daughter because of it.

I miss you and your company,

I eagerly await your next letter!

Let me know who ends up the Triwizard Champions.

Eileen

Luna, Krum, Fleur and Harry were sitting at the top of the Ravenclaw table. They ate their food leisurely, although Krum and Fleur were eating quicker than normal. They must be excited to see if they would be picked by the Goblet. Everyone was craning their neck to see if Dumbledore was finished, waiting on him announcing the champions.

"Well, the Goblet is almost ready to make its decision," said Dumbledore. "I estimate that it requires one more minute. Now, when the champions' names are called, I would ask them please to come up to the top of the Hall, walk along the staff table, and go through into the next chamber" - he indicated to the door he was talking about - "where they will be receiving their first instructions."

Once he finished speaking, he waved his hands sweeping the Hall into darkness. The only light now shone from the Goblet and the candles in the pumpkins. Dumbledore really did have a thing for dramatics was all Harry could think.

"Any second" said someone but Harry wasn't sure whom.

He was right, a second later a tongue of flame shot into the air, a charred piece of parchment fluttered out of it - the whole room gasped. Dumbledore grabbed it before it could float to the floor. Holding it at arms length as if he was long-sighted.

"The champion for Drumstrang," he read, in a strong, clear voice, "Will be Victor Krum"

The cheering was loud and resounded all around the great hall. Harry was clapping enthusiastically; Fleur and Luna were a little more composed wincing at the loudness of cheers and screaming. Victor nodded at them before getting up, making his way to Dumbledore. Then around the head table, disappearing through the other room.

The clapping and chanting died down. Now everyone's attention was focused again on the Goblet, a second piece of parchment shot out of it, propelled by the flames.

"The Champion for Beauxbatons," said Dumbledore "Is Fleur Delacour!"

"Well done" said Luna over the loud cheering that had started up. She too got up from the Ravenclaw smiling warmly at Luna and Harry. It wasn't long before she disappeared from view joining Victor in the other room.

When she had vanished into the side chamber. Silence fell again, this time it was a silence so stiff with excitement you could almost taste it. The Hogwarts champion was next.

"The Hogwarts champion is," he called, but his face had gone funny, something was wrong. People could tell, they were whispering with their neighbours wondering what was wrong. Dumbledore cleared his throat and said in a voice filled with disbelief "Nick Potter."

"What?" whispered Harry wide eyed he knew his brother couldn't possibly have done it. Which brought him back to his dream, and he felt cold goose bumps rising.

Every head had turned to look at Nick Potter, who had paled a sickly white colour. There was no applause. A buzzing, as though of angry bees, was starting to fill the Hall; some students were standing up to get a better look at Nick. Professor McGonagall rose from her seat, passed Ludo Bagman and Professor Karkaroff to whisper urgently in Professor Dumbledore's ear. He bent towards her, frowning slightly. Suddenly Dumbledore straightened up and nodded grimly to Minerva.

"Nick Potter!" he called again. "Nick! Up here, if you please!"

Nick sighed before getting up; smirking smugly he knew his parents could get him out of it. He didn't have to worry, he was sure of it right now he had to make sure people thought him unbothered by these turn of events. The smirk made everyone furious, which caused Nick to falter in concern. No one had ever been like that with him! They seemed furious.

To Harry, Nick took his damned time walking towards Dumbledore.

"Well...through the door Nick." said Dumbledore but he wasn't smiling.

Everyone was still sitting there in stunned silence when the Goblet started yet again. Dumbledore looked worried and stunned; he snatched the piece of paper with dread. His long arms holding it away from him, just like he had with the other three.

The next name just left the Great Hall in stunned silence, completely bewildered by the new turn of events.

"Harry Potter!" shouted Dumbledore.

"Oh dear" said Luna wide eyed, eying Harry with worry in her grey eyes.

Every eye in Hogwarts was fixed on him, causing him to shudder. He felt as though spiders were crawling up his back - he didn't like it at all. His face emotionless he walked into the chamber with the others feeling dread washing through him.

Fleur and Krum were standing by the fire, staring at Nick frowning; Nick was just standing there looking stunned and wary.

"Do they want us in the hall? He's not speaking!" said Fleur sniffing in disgust.

"No, we've been entered into the Triwizard Tournament." said Harry bluntly.

"No way." was Krum's wide eyed respond.

"How did that happen?" asked a baffled Fleur she knew Harry better than to think he had put his name in. He didn't seem to care about the Tournament which was why she had chosen to talk to him.

"I have no idea" said Harry crossing his arms looking broodingly into the fire wondering what on earth was happening now.

"They said I've no choice but to compete, the rules are binding" snapped Harry bitterly coming and sitting down in the library looking like he was about to rage.

"We told you" said Victor pity deep in his eyes and voice. We as in Fleur and him, they had told Harry last night that it was binding.

"Even our parents can't get us out of it! They are raging at Dumbledore. Threatening to sue if anything happens to Nick" sighed Harry his shoulders slumped looking older than ever.

When he had gone up to Ravenclaw tower, he had been patted on the back. Every single Ravenclaw old and young had said they would be with him the whole way through. Supporting him, egg him

on to win, help him in any way they can. That had been even more freaky than what happened his first week! Things were going to fast for Harry and he didn't like it. People were gawping at him constantly; he could feel their beedy eyes analyzing him. He just wasn't used to it; the sorting had been enough for him thank you very much.

"Just Nick?" queried Fleur confused.

"Yeah he is the Boy Who Lived after all." said Harry emotionless.

Needless to say Fleur didn't say anything after that. Victor however, had the confirmation he needed. The conversation he had first had with Harry, out in the Quidditch pitch had always bothered him. It was beginning to make more sense the more time he spent with Harry, and his sudden remarks about his parents or Nick.

Mister Harry James Potter

You wanted information about Emancipation and the procedures done. You will find an enclosed booklet that will let you know about it. Send it back to me and I'll begin the process for you should you wish to go through with it.

Griphook

"Brilliant!" cried Harry digging into the book.

The booklet basically told him the same as the book, with added information. There was also the paperwork, and a list of names he could have from the Potter line. Harry smirked in bitter amusement, breathing deeply he began filling in the form. He chose his new name, and signed it before sending it off with Hermes.

Harry James Peverell he had signed.

Two days later they wrote back, it had gone through. He had also asked if it could get him out of the tournament. No such luck, his name will have changed if anyone looked. Harry didn't want anyone to know just yet, so his new name was only shared in secret with Luna. He didn't even need to change the P on his trunk.

He was also the proud new owner of an Invisibility cloak. And a large chunk of Potter inheritance and the Peverell money as well. He was a descendant nobody could contest it; it was in his blood - the name. James couldn't hope to touch the money; he wondered silently how long it would actually take them, to figure out what he had done.

His good mood was ruined every time he thought about the Tournament.

"Harry! Wait up." yelled Krum.

"What's up? I've got to go to class I'm already late?" said Harry cocking his head to the side curious.

"It's Dragons, the first task." said Victor whispering it into his ear. Harry's face had gone a little red at Krum's closeness. Swallowing heavily it took a few minutes for the sentence to sink in.

"How?" questioned Harry wide eyed, how on earth did Victor Krum know.

"Ronald Weasley told me about them, said he went to see his brother and Hagrid was there with Maxime too. Fleur probably knows I know so I'm telling you" said Victor quietly.

"Thank you Victor" said Harry smiling gratefully.

"No problem, if you need help I'm sure we can come up with something together. Or if you would prefer speak to Luna and Cedric alone, I mean whatever you want" said Victor smoothly. He wanted to help Harry, standing next to him he seemed awfully small, albeit gorgeous too.

"I don't want to think about it unless I have to, to be honest with you Victor. Classes are hard enough without worrying about things like that! Although I sure am glad they aren't treating me like Nick" conceded Harry. Nick was being ignored by every single Gryffindor. Whereas the Ravenclaw's were all packing around Harry helping him.

The Huffelpuff's were disappointed one of their own hadn't been chosen. It changed quickly when Cedric began hanging around with three of the champions. Fleur, Victor and Harry.

The Slytherins were jealous of Nick's fame always had been - so it was no surprise they were going at any length to annoy Nick. Calling him a liar, a sneak, a cheat anything they could. They never bothered him though; then again he hadn't truly existed until this shit all happened.

Victor just smirked "Well I've told you what I needed to. I'll see you at class. I've got ten minutes to get back on the boat for lessons"

"Sure thing. No problem, I'll see ya later!" said Harry running in the other direction hoping he didn't loose points for being late. He knew he would it was potions he had after all.

As much as he tried he couldn't keep his mind off the bloody dragons! What were they supposed to do with bloody dragons what kind of tasks were they having us perform?

Dun Dun Dun I'm so sick of the stories that still have Cedric in the tournament and him surviving. So I've done what i wanted Krum for Drumstrang Fleur for Beauxbaton Nick for Hogwarts and Harry for the unnamed school :) I've been changing little bits as well ... like how Krum found out ... through Ronald Weasley and that. Do you like Harry's new name? next chapter will defo be the first task then the second one and yule ball. When will James find out? before or after its revealed Harry is the boy who lived or straight after? Question Will Harry Potter get together with Victor Krum i've never written that pairing before (thank god its not permanant) it will only be a fling until he has to go home half a year if they are lucky! then Cedric unless you think of someone else! R&R PLEASE!

Chapter 11

Harry Potter Year 4 Part 3 - The Games Begin, A Yule Ball and Figuring Out The Clue

Harry woke up early the next morning; he went down to the common room and waited on Luna. It was something he had been doing for a while now; thankfully Luna wasn't like most girls. She was awake within fifteen minutes of him and dressed for the day. You didn't see any other girls down in the common room until five minutes before breakfast. Just because they were bookworms it didn't mean they didn't like to wear make up and gossip. Although the gossip was more academic related, but that was something else altogether. They were going down to breakfast before they knew it; as usual it wasn't long before his other friends joined him. Cedric Diggory was a new edition to their group; he had been very upset not to be chosen. Especially loosing out to Nick Potter of all people but there was nothing to be done about that. Cedric really liked Fleur, so that might have also been another reason for his joining. Cho had been practically glaring daggers at both Cedric and Fleur since then. She obviously liked Cedric but unfortunately she was nothing on a Veela.

"Did you get any sleep?" asked Luna as they sat down. No one else was there yet, apart from the teachers of course. None of the Drumstrang students had ventured from the boat nor had any of the Beauxbatons ventured from their carriage house. Luna had told him it was beautiful, she had gone with Fleur one time to see it. Or rather the horse creatures pulling it, she just loved magical creatures. That had already been firmly established; Fleur was used to them and didn't see them as magnificent creatures. She was proud of her school though and everything in it, hence why she hadn't had a problem showing Luna around.

"I suppose so." said Harry. Harry was so used to getting up early it was a habit. He had to get up early during the summer to open the shop and deliver the newspapers. The people of Diagon alley and Hogsmeade preferred their post delivered through their door. They saw enough owls without being woken up with them at six in the morning. Most of the people in Diagon Alley and Hogsmeade were mostly housewives with husbands working. It was hard enough looking after children without them woken up at the crack of dawn.

"What do you have first thing?" asked Luna, she always did despite probably knowing his schedule back to front.

Harry grimaced in distaste "Potions."

"Ah, good luck with that." she said knowing about Reese's hate for Harry. Although the teacher had cooled down somewhat in her regards of being nasty. It might have something to do with Harry no longer doing his best in her class. It was always the right colour and texture but never ever, to the extent of being perfect like before. He did however; continue reading his potions books, and keeping sharp with his written knowledge. He loved potion's it was by far his favourite subject. Or it had been, until Reese came along, part of him resented Professor Snape for that. He couldn't blame him though not really, given half the chance he would leave and become an apprentice to a Potions Master. Defence came next, he loved that at least his defence scores weren't bad like his Potions one. Reese was truly out to get him, and Harry couldn't figure out why. At least with Professor Snape he knew why he hated Nick. He remembered all the times James had spoke about him with disgust, he usually ended with trying to tell Nick a name he used to call him. Sniv something but Lily always shrieked at him for trying to do so.

Potions had just started; Reese kept staring at him while he was talking. Talking about poisons and anti dotes. He had a sinking feeling that he was going to be the test subject. He didn't let the teacher see how bothered he was, even if his heart was beating a mile a minute. He was just wishing he could fade away, when there was an urgent knock on the door.

The boy that came in was the same boy who followed Nick around all day. His brother had taken to do it too, they were both short, skinny little runts. Colin and Dennis Creevy he thought their names were, if he remembered the sorting properly. Colin was positively beaming at Nick as he went up to Professor Reese's desk.

"Can I help you?" frowned Reese confused, this was a fourth year class after all and this boy looked like a first year.

"Sir, I've to take the Potter's up the stairs!" beamed Colin.

"They have an hour of Potions to complete, they will come up when this class is finished" said Reese glaring at Harry before softening her eyes as she looked at the eager Gryffindor.

"Sir, Mr. Bagman wants them, all the champions have got to go, I think they want to take photographs" said Colin.

"Very well, Nick, Potter go" said Professor Reese curtly.

Harry and Nick quickly left the classroom, Harry eager to get away, Nick not wanting an opportunity to get his pictures taken.

"It's amazing, isn't it Nick" said Colin gazing up at Nick in hero worship "Isn't it though? You being champion?"

"Of course, if anyone's going to be a champion it's me!" said Nick smugly.

"What do they want photos for?" asked Harry curtly.

"The Daily Prophet, I think!" said Colin barely glancing Harry's way to busy staring at Nick in awe.

Harry grimaced; great he was going to have his picture across the bloody globe. There was hope that maybe they would only put Nick's picture up, he would sell more papers than him. So without more ado he crossed his fingers and prayed for the best.

When he entered he saw the classroom was rather small, Krum was staring moodily at the corner. Fleur was just standing there near Krum, he waved at them all feeling like copying Victor Krum. Who he had come to know hated all press; no wonder the things they do to get a picture of the Quidditch hero. He also saw Bagman sitting there talking to a Witch he had never met before. Nick had thought because he had perked up and straightened his robes.

"Ah here they are champion's number three and four!" beamed Bagman. "Come in, come in...nothing to worry about it's just the wand weighting ceremony, the rest of the judges will be here in a moment."

"Wand Weighting?" asked Harry frowning.

"We have to check that your wands are fully functional, no problems, you know, as they're your most important tools in the tasks ahead" nodded Bagman soothingly.

"This is Rita Skeeter she's doing a small piece for the Daily Prophet." said Bagman introducing the Witch.

"Maybe not that small, Ludo." said Skeeter's, Harry noticed she only had eyes for Nick and nearly whopped in relief maybe his face wouldn't be on display after all.

"May I have a conversation with our youngest champion?" asked Rita after a few seconds.

Harry didn't even bother to mention that he was technically speaking the youngest. He didn't want attention drawn to himself thank you very much. Before Ludo or even Nick could agree Skeeter's was dragging him along and pulling him into a broom cupboard.

Meanwhile, Fleur, Krum and Harry sat down on their chairs conversing quietly. Even as the judges came, Maxime, Karkaroff, and Crouch and of course Ludo Bagman was already there. He saw Madame Maxime and Karkaroff frowning at the fact they were talking to one another. The teachers were taking it a lot more serious than the students were anyway. Harry had no desire to win the Triwizard Tournament, even if it would prove he was better than his brother. They would assume it was a fluke, wonder how he had won and not his brother.

"Harry where is Nick?" asked Dumbledore kindly to his student.

"In the broom closet" said Harry bluntly, go figure Dumbledore would eventually talk to him but only to ask him about Nick bloody Potter. Sometimes he felt like strangling the old man, if Dumbledore had any brothers and sisters he pitied them. Having to put up with him, no doubt it was just like him and Nick all over again.

Dumbledore frowned before quickly making his way over there, he didn't pay attention to the conversation that had started up. Nick quickly joined sitting surprisingly next to him. He shifted a bit but not making it too obvious, he didn't want it in the paper he was jealous and envious of his brother's fame thank you very much.

"May I introduce you to Mr. Ollivander, he will be weighing the wands" said Dumbledore his eyes twinkling big time.

"Mademoiselle Delacour, could we have you forward first, please?" said Mr. Ollivander causing Nick to frown and twitch beside Harry.

Fleur smiled at them before sweeping over to the wand maker and handing him her wand.

"Hmmm..." he said.

He examined it for a bit more before stating.

"Yes," he said quietly "Nine and a half inches...inflexible...rosewood...and containing...dear me..."

"A hair from the head of a Veela," said Fleur "One of my grandmothers"

"Yes," said Mr. Ollivander "Yes, I've never used Veela hair myself, of course. I find it makes for rather temperamental wands...however, to each their own, and if this suits you..."

"Orchideous!" muttered the wand maker and flowers emerged.

"Very well, very well, its in fine working order" said Mr. Ollivander picking up the flowers and handing them to Fleur along with her wand. "Mr. Krum you are next"

Nick began tapping his foot impatiently he wasn't used to waiting Harry found it hilarious.

"Hmm..." said Ollivander starting over again. "This is a Gregorovitch creation, unless I'm very much mistaken? A fine wand-maker, though the styling is never quite what I...however...yes hornbeam and dragon heartstring. Rather thicker than one usually sees...quite rigid...ten and a quarter inches...Avis!" a number of small twittering birds flew out the end and disappeared through the open window.

"Good, now Harry Potter!" said Ollivander.

Harry stopped his snickers from breaking through at Nick's indignant look. He handed over his polished wand to the wand-maker and waited patiently.

"Ah, now this is one of mine!" said Mr. Ollivander with much more enthusiasm.

"Eleven Inches, Phoenix feather, griffon blood and unicorn hair! Very unusual combination!" proclaimed Ollivander.

Harry just nodded he already knew that.

The wand shot out wine before Ollivander said it was in perfect working order. Then he said Nick Potter, Nick got up huffing as he handed his wand over. Acting as if he was doing a great service to Ollivander by letting him touch the 'Boy Who Lived's wand.

"Ah, another of my own nine inches, Holly, Dragon Heartstring" said Ollivander using it to bring wine out of it much the same as Harry. Nodding his head he proclaimed it in working order. It wasn't long before Ollivander was gone and it was time for the dreaded photos. Harry almost wanted to beg Ollivander to do them all again. Then again he knew even Fleur and Victor would kill him if he did that. He could tell by their faces that they were getting very bored.

Harry was wiped out of his thoughts just to catch Rita saying individual photos. She was looking at Nick as if he was the holy grail of the Wizarding world. Harry just smiled almost smugly, he knew that Nick would definitely only be the only one on the front cover of the Prophet. He almost rubbed his hands gleefully putting up with the flashing pictures. Unlike the others he didn't even attempt to smile, not that anyone noticed of course.

Harry was right, the next edition for the Daily Prophet only had Nick on it. Not only that but she had spewed lies about Nick across the front page. Harry couldn't see Nick saying he was scared, or letting his 'green eyes glisten with tears' at the thought of disappointing his parents. Skeeter's was in for it that was for sure. James wasn't about to let that go, he may only be an Auror but he had plenty of connections. Mostly that was because of who his son was though.

"We are only mentioned at the bottom of the page." huffed Fleur her accent even thicker than normal as she tried to contain her fury.

"You get used to it eventually." said Harry softly.

"They had no right, he's stealing the limelight from everyone!" said Cedric furious on Fleur's behalf.

"How do you put up with it Harry?" asked Krum, not as bothered as Fleur he had been on the papers all summer back home. He was actually glad for the reprieve he was getting here.

"It's all I've ever known...so what can I say?" shrugged Harry, deciding not to tell them he was bloody glad his face hadn't appeared in the paper. It was a shame for Victor and Fleur he knew that, but he wasn't them - he did not want eternal glory. Fame wasn't everything and he loathed the thought of being famous.

"I still think it's wrong at least daddy did a good piece" said Luna. She had taken a picture of Victor, Fleur and Harry and sent it home. He had indeed done a piece, for those who actually bought the magazine.

"Xeno is great" smiled Harry nodding in agreement.

"Look at that, that's a good picture Luna! You might be able to go into that business." stated Fleur kindly.

"Oh yes, I plan on it I'd rather take pictures of magical animals though" she said dreamily.

Two weeks had gone flying by, between classes, homework and spending time with his friends he was exhausted. He had brewed two potions alone, one that would make him invisible, a potion he could take to repel flames off of him and found a spell to erase his scent so the Dragon couldn't hurt him.

Before long they were in the tent, listening to the roaring of the crowd. Crouch brought a bag forward, inside was mini versions of dragons and before long they were picking one out. Fleur got a green welsh Dragon, Krum ended up with the Chinese Fireball. Harry got the Swedish Short-Snout. Which left Nick with the most dangerous of all - the Hungarian Horntail.

Bagman took Nick outside; he came back in ten minutes later.

Harry barely heard the commentary that was being shouted. He was fluttering with nerves, he didn't want to do this but he had to. It was a magical contract; he nodded curtly to each of his friends as they went out to fight their own Dragon. Krum went first, ten minutes later he had successfully caught his egg if the crowd was anything to go by.

Fleur went next, she looked rather sick and clammy, Harry had to hand it to her though. She walked out with her head held high, even if her wand was held rather tightly in her grip.

Finally it was his turn; he gave one glance to his brother, who actually looked green. Shrugging his shoulders, he wasn't about to help him it wasn't his problem. His brother had never once helped him in their lives so why should he give him any comfort now.

Out in the arena he looked at everyone and swallowed thickly, they gasped in shock when he drank a potion and disappeared from view. They saw only a vial being raised to his lips as he drank the one to stop the fire hurting him. They never heard the spell he chanted, without more ado he went forward. Harry's hands were shaking, and his forehead was wet with sweat still he went on. He had to keep quiet, he hadn't thought about his footsteps. Swiftly he grabbed the egg and made a dash for it, the fire caught him but did no damage as the Dragon hissed and blew fire in every direction he could be in. They knew where he was; of course...they could see the egg clutched in his arm. They had gasped, and the stadium went quiet when the fire should have completely fried him. He still ran, once he was safe from the Dragon he raised the egg in triumph.

It was Nick's turn Harry never stuck around to see it happen, needless to say it was an hour before they could check their scores. Nick had eventually managed to summon the egg from the basket an hour later.

Fleur got a ten from Maxime, eight from Karkaroff, seven from Crouch, and eight from Dumbledore Bagman eight. = 41

Krum got seven from Maxime, ten from Karkaroff, seven from Crouch and seven from Dumbledore and seven from bagman. = 38 Mostly because he had caused damage to real Dragon eggs. The Dragon handlers were not happy in the slightest about it.

Harry got nine from Maxime, nine from Karkaroff, Crouch gave him ten and Dumbledore gave him an eight Bagman ten. = 46

Nick for three from Maxime, two from Karkaroff, four from Crouch and Dumbledore gave him ten points Bagman three. = 22

"Well done! All of you" beamed Bagman "Now just a quick few words. You have a nice long break before the second task which takes place in February. We have given you something to think about in the meantime! If you look down you will see the egg, see the hinges there? Yes it opens it will tell you how to solve the next clue and gives you time to prepare for it! Got it? Alright! Well, off you go!"

Of course Nick was picked on by Skeeter's once more, this time luring him in by acting shocked at his score points.

"He's an idiot isn't he?" said Krum watching Harry's twin ramble on with scorn.

"He can't help it...its how he's been raised it his parents hadn't done it...maybe he would have been different." shrugged Harry. They weren't his parents anymore, he had changed his name. He had wanted to use the cloak for the task but didn't want to risk it being set on fire.

"Ah Severus good to see you! Come in." beamed Dumbledore.

"How's it going?" asked Severus coming out of the floo.

"Terrible." sighed Dumbledore sadly.

"How's that? Did he die?" asked Severus dryly.

"Oh no, I was told by James and Remus that they had trained Nick during the summer. However I find it hard to believe, it took him an hour to summon the Dragon's egg to himself," said Dumbledore "Harry did it the quickest, and I hate to say it but very wisely too."

"What did he do?" asked Severus cocking his eyebrow curiously. Declining the sweets Dumbledore insisted on giving to everyone, he absolutely loathed lemon drops.

"He used two potions apparently, one to turn him invisible, the other to stop fire affecting him." said Dumbledore smiling almost proudly his customary twinkle was gone though.

"Smart." smirked Severus in amusement, and then again the boy was a Ravenclaw it was to be expected.

"I do not understand Nick at all!" sighed Dumbledore agitated.

"Do you know how the Potter's treat Harry?" asked Severus ignoring Dumbledore's pity party. He wanted no part in that, he was sick of it. Dumbledore's constant doubts that Nick wasn't the boy who lived. Severus couldn't care less...or wouldn't until Voldemort came back then he'd worry.

"What do you mean?" frowned Dumbledore not liking Severus' insinuations.

"Well you say he never spends time at home, the other brat does why doesn't Harry?" questioned Severus smartly. He wasn't about to tell Dumbledore that Harry was living at his mothers during the summers. Goodness knows what damage Dumbledore could do, the Potter's might even insist on Harry going home this year. If what his mother suspected to be true it wasn't advisable. If they continued down that road it was just asking for trouble, the boy could even go to Voldemort to get some bloody sort of attention.

He knew what it was like to go without a stable family or friends, and it had made him join Voldemort. He had even had his mother to go to, Harry Potter didn't have anyone. He didn't want that for someone apparently as smart as Harry Potter.

"All teenagers like spending time away from home." Dumbledore pointed out.

"True then why isn't Nick Potter doing just that?" asked Severus again.

"I'm not sure," said Dumbledore "I assume because he's getting training."

"Yet you just told me it took him an hour to get the summoning charm right?" asked Severus dryly.

Dumbledore just looked rather constipated at that.

Harry had been in Transfiguration when the unexpected news was told. He had practically run towards the lunch hall afterwards. Completely and utterly gobsmacked and furious for them just dumping that on them. Harry hadn't worn dress robes in years, his parents hadn't brought him a pair in long enough either. He didn't have the kind of money for a dress robe either! Life was going from bad to worse in his bloody book.

"What's wrong Harry?" asked Luna noticing Harry's sour mood.

"He's angry because of the Yule ball." giggled Fleur.

"Not funny." hissed Harry between clenched teeth.

"It's not so bad!" insisted Luna.

"Oh right? You think so? Try going to a ball with normal robes on when everyone else is dressed up!" huffed Harry his green eyes showing his apprehension instead of anger.

"You don't have dress robes?" asked Victor sitting down and joining them.

"No, and I am not spending a ridiculous amount of money to wear something for one night!" said Harry adamantly. He wasn't exactly rich, even if he now had the cloak and the Peverell money, and the money he had been saving up for years working his arse off. He had plans for that money all of it, getting himself a flat and also apprenticing himself cost a lot of money unless they showed 'great promise'. Which according to his academic records he didn't, thanks to Reese.

"I have a few sets with me, if you want wear them I'd have to shrink it for you." suggested Victor.

"That would be great!" said Harry his face lightening up, nodding eagerly.

"Cedric would you like to come to the Yule ball with me?" asked Fleur as soon as she saw Cedric approaching.

"I'd love to!" nodded Cedric not seeing Cho's defeated look.

"Very good" said Fleur smiling.

"It's a pity you cannot invite a champion" said Victor.

"Why's that?" asked Harry jealousy stirring in him thinking Victor wanted to ask Nick.

"I would have asked you" said Victor his face softer than anyone had ever seen it.

Harry flushed bright red, a smile on his face he nodded that he would have accepted.

"Luna I'd love to ask you but as my best friend of course" said Harry quietly.

"I'd love too" beamed Luna she wouldn't get to go if she didn't agree anyway so she might as well.

"Is there a boy you like Luna?" asked Victor.

"Neville" blushed Luna softly.

"Well ask him just say you are doing me a favour" suggested Harry.

"I think I will" said Luna grinning widely without her usually dreamy look.

"Now I just have to find someone who would rather go with someone else...who will put up with me just for one dance" said Victor his distaste for it evident.

"Thomas asked the Weasley girl...why not use her?" suggested Cedric.

"I guess I could ask" said Victor reluctantly.

Christmas morning was fun to say the least, Victor had given him the robes and shrunk them. He had also asked Ginny Weasley for the first dance with the champions. She had spoken to Dean Thomas and agreed, unable to pass up the opportunity to dance with Victor Krum. Fleur, Victor, Cedric and Eileen had all given him presents this year. Victor had gotten him an advanced Potions book, a very rare one at that, also a defence potion book. Fleur had given him a raven clasp, to put his hair up she was always complaining that he didn't do his hair properly. Fleur always had perfect hair whenever he saw her and it did make him feel rather messy. So she had gotten him the perfect gift, he wasn't surprised to find a comb next to it. Although it wasn't any comb but a blue jewel incrustated one. It wasn't one you leave lying around and it made Harry feel bad. He hadn't gotten anything as nice as that for her.

Cedric had gotten him a selection of chocolates, he had gotten him lots more of his favourites than anything else. Lots more chocolate frogs, sugar quills and exploding bon bon's.

Eileen had gotten him some casual wear, some chocolates and a few books. She had seen all the books in the room she lets him have, and gotten some really nice ones he didn't have yet. She had also given him a brand new journal. This one he had decided to use like the Half-Blood-Prince any new spells or potions he makes in the future would be placed inside this beautiful journal.

Harry had given Eileen a nice old fashioned locket he had found in the Peverell vault. It was embedded with onyx which was why he had given her it. It reminded him of her, plus it was a locket he wasn't about to go around wearing it. Fleur he had given a beautiful silver photo frame, extremely large and decorated. She had been going on about not having a picture of her family together on her wall because there wasn't a photo frame big enough. Why she didn't just put it up he didn't know but that's what he had gotten her. He had given her fudge too; he had seen her eating it numerous times before. Cedric he had given a toffee tray, and three bars of chocolate, white, dark and milk chocolate. Victor had been the hardest to buy for, he had given nothing away when he asked. What do you get a Quidditch star that has everything? So he had gotten him a dragon hide wallet. He noticed just a few days ago that his other one was very worn. He got him one that had a picture place in it, he knew Victor missed his family especially his sister.

Luna had gotten chocolates, a spell that would imbed in all her things so she could say the safe word and they would appear in her trunk. It had taken him a year to complete it but he had managed. Luna's things always seemed to go missing especially nearer the end of the year. Harry actually suspected Peeves the annoying pest that he was. He had given her a new camera, which he had gotten at a discount rate.

The day went exceedingly fast, it wasn't long before Fleur wandered off needing a few hours to get ready. Luna left half an hour later! Krum had to leave to get ready, as he had to go all the way back to the boat. So it was just Cedric and Harry, both left for their own towers might as well get it over with. Harry got dressed in the clothes Victor had given him, a light flush lighting up his features. He couldn't believe Victor Krum actually wanted to be with him. He wasn't special, or famous or even worth noticing really. Or that was how he felt, being ignored all his life didn't deter him with his assumptions. He was slowly beginning to realize he wasn't truly invisible, it would take a while for his self worth to be established. Perhaps Victor would be able to do that before the end of the year.

There hadn't been dinner and he was starving by the time it was eight o'clock. They met everyone down at the entrance to the Great Hall. Harry had Luna on his arm; she was dressed in a green gown that looked remarkably like a Christmas tree shape. She had some accessories on and she actually looked good in it if it was possible. Victor was standing next to him with Ginny on his arm. Fleur and Cedric were together; near them the only one that didn't look comfortable was Ginny. It didn't surprise any of them as she wasn't part of their group. He noticed Nick out of the corner of his eyes, he was with one of the Patil twins, and he wasn't sure which because they didn't have their uniform on.

Everyone else was allowed in bar the champions and their partners. They had to make a grand entrance, also dance; Luna was great to dance with much to his relief. Once that dance was over with they were allowed to sit down and eat.

"Sweet and sour chicken" said Harry, and the food appeared. All around him people were doing the same, and then digging into their food apparently ravenous. He decided on a chocolate log and strawberry tart and some ice cream for afters.

Once that single dance was over with Ginny had left to get Thomas. Luna approached Neville and they began dancing, poor Luna though Neville wasn't the best of dancers. Not as bad as Ronald Weasley though, who was stomping on Patil's poor feet. She was wearing an open toe shoe as well; they were already bright red along with her face.

Harry got with Victor, much to the surprise of nearly the entire hall. They danced most of the night, talking about things and in general having a good time. Eventually midnight approached, Harry was going to see Victor off to his boat.

"Thank you for the Wallet Harry, I needed a new one" smiled Krum. He had already added a picture of himself, Harry, Fleur and Cedric too it as well as one of his family.

"I'm glad you do!" proclaimed Harry relieved "I really wasn't sure what to get you and you wouldn't give me any clue!"

"True" grinned Krum.

"I'll see you tomorrow" said Harry softly.

"You certainly will" said Krum smiling softly, he didn't smile often and when he did it changed his entire face. Which Harry had realized was getting closer to his own. Harry automatically opened his mouth, and let Victor lead in the kiss. He was very inexperienced so he preferred it that way. Eventually they broke apart panting heavily; Harry had flushed red which caused Victor to smirk in amusement. Suddenly they heard a noise behind them and broke apart and said goodnight. Turned out it was only Fleur and Cedric doing pretty much the same thing as he and Victor had.

Harry practically floated all the way back to Ravenclaw tower, he wrote off a letter to Eileen despite having written one yesterday along with his present. He wrote about the Yule ball, Victor and of course he thanked her for the presents.

He wasn't surprised he had gotten nothing from his parents - again.

It was January before Victor and Harry tried to figure out the egg clue. It was actually one of the Ravenclaw's who gave him the idea to use the Prefects bathroom. She had commented that it sounded

like a mere person or something. Ironically enough the comment she had made as a joke was actually right. Victor and Harry had been spending a lot of time together by themselves. Luna had Neville to content herself with much to Harry's relief. He didn't want to feel guilty for leaving her like that; he would have stayed if she had been alone.

"You ready?" grinned Harry, his confidence had grown in leaps and bounds. He was finally comfortably in his own skin, by the looks of things.

"You're egg first." said Victor both of them had nothing on.

So they went under and listened to Harry's, Victor too put his under and found it was the same message.

"What do you think it means?" asked Harry curiously, wrapping his legs around Victor's under the water grinning mischievously.

"Well obviously something we value will be taken under the water" said Victor frowning thoughtfully trying to ignore Harry's actions which were getting harder by the second. It wasn't just getting hard to ignore Harry's actions but his body was as well.

"Hm...mine will be Luna then if it's a person" said Harry confidently. Rocking back and forth pulling a strangled gasp from Victor's lips.

"Hm...who could they use for me?" grunted Victor who just shook his head and took his boyfriend properly in his arms. Letting Harry have his wicked ways with him. For a virgin Harry seemed very experienced, he knew how to drive him mad with desire. If only he had seen the large selection of sex books Harry had been reading...he would have thought differently.

Victor turned them around; Harry grabbed the edge of the large bath, and wrapped his arms around Victor's torso more securely. Harry gasped feeling the intrusion, but when Victor hit that spot inside of him he pushed down delving them deeper into him moaning deeply. Two fingers were added rather quickly, Victor grabbed his wand and used a spell, lubricating Harry. The third finger hurt a little, but it was forgotten when he hit his sweet spot over and over again.

Victor withdrew his fingers, and replaced it with something much larger and thicker. Slowly but surely, he sank deeply into Harry, a tortured moan leaving his lips. Harry was going to be hard to leave behind, very hard indeed. Thankfully the bath was magical and didn't have the water spreading all over the bathroom. As they moved together, panting, moaning and keening in desperation wanting more and wanting to come. Fortunately the need to come became too much, with a groan Harry had spewed himself, his essence erupting in the bath. Victor followed close after only his seed was deep in Harry.

Victor sat there for an hour, holding onto Harry and basking in the afterglow. Eventually though their skin looked like prunes, they gathered their eggs, Victor banishing their activities from the water. Getting dry they quickly got their clothes back on, kissing a little more they realized Victor had to get back to the boat his own curfew was coming up quickly. Harry chummed him to the doors waved him away and made his way back up to Ravenclaw tower.

There we go! what did you think? did i do ok with the victor/harry scene? new to that! it felt weird writing it that was for sure! cant wait to get back to my normal pairing :P Snarry is well and truly my comfort zone. HELP! i've no idea who to use as Krums hostage! Luna will be Harry's goodness knows who i will use for Nick! cant take a lightening bolt from his forehead and put it under water after all haha! next chapter second task and the third one. who else would you like to see enter their little group? especially after the tournament? neville/luna/harry/Cedric who else? and who would you like to see harry have a relationship with next? i really cannot think of anyone else...dang hope you come up with some really good alternatives becuae i want harry really experienced by the time severus and harry hook up :) R&R please take care x Debs

Chapter 12

Oh yeah sorry about the mistakes I've made with the name! Victor/Viktor ouch! Thanks for pointing it out though! And thanks for all the wonderful reviews I've gotten from everyone! They make my day so much brighter.

Harry Potter year 4 part 4 - The second and third task - Something Voldemort this way comes...

New Year had positively flown in and the cold weather was beginning to be felt even in the castle. The months since then had flown in. Viktor Krum and Harry Potter continued their relationship; they were as close as Siamese twins. They were practically always joined at the hip; the same could be said for Luna and Neville, and Cedric and Fleur too. Fleur had been told what the egg was by Harry and Viktor since they wanted it to be fair. Of course they all just conveniently forgot about the other Potter twin - Nick. Harry was having the time of his life, for the first time he mattered not his twin. They didn't care that he wasn't the boy who lived, and for Harry if he had been standing in front of a mirror showing his hearts desire Harry reckoned he would see himself with his friends at his side. He had realized he had made friends for life, whereas Nick only had fans. Nick might have his parents wrapped around his fingers but he was going to have no one when he was older.

Only a week ago Nick had stuck up a conversation with Viktor as if they were best friends. Pretending to be sympathetic that Harry was stealing Viktor's fame, and that he, Nick was used to it. Viktor had just sat there stunned at the boy's audacity, saying such things when he knew that he, Viktor was going out with Harry. Viktor then promptly ignored the pompous windbag and left the table. Viktor had of course told Harry about it, the next day he received a letter from Lily and James. They were furious about who he was seeing, and reprimanding him for stealing Nick's limelight. Unfortunately for Harry, Viktor had been there when he read it, much to his shame. Viktor had gone nuts upon reading the missive; he was furious and rightfully so. He couldn't believe a parent could do that to their child, any doubts (if he had any) about Harry's statements regarding his parents were gone.

"So what are we going to use for the second task?" asked Dumbledore sitting down, his office was full of the Triwizard judges.

They were sitting discussing everything, now Dumbledore felt it was time to get down to the proper business of the day.

"Fleur's little sister will be hers" said Madame Maxime immediately.

"If that's the case I think its best we use Viktor's little sister also" muttered Karkaroff darkly.

"What about the Potter twins?" questioned Bagman.

"Ah, for Nick I think we should use his sister" said Dumbledore.

"Unfair! It's Harry's sister as well they might get confused" protested Madame Maxime at once.

"Oh no, Harry is very close to Luna Lovegood I think it would be obvious to him" said Dumbledore patiently.

"Would the Potter's agree?" asked Karkaroff curtly.

"Good question!" murmured Bagman cautiously. He knew they never seemed to let their children out of their sight. They were always in the paper together, it wasn't right fourteen year old children shouldn't spend so much time at home. His own children he had hardly seen them once they began Hogwarts. Always floo'ing over to friends to stay, of course his wife always made them stay the last two weeks of summer at home. They did reluctantly he saw more of them now they were grown up, than he had when they were teenagers. Didn't stop him from trying to help Nick, he actually felt sorry for the boy. Everything always seemed to happen to him; first you know who now bloody tournaments.

"They will or I shall find alternative means" soothed Dumbledore eyes twinkling that he had once again got his way.

"Very well then, we shall inform them the morning of the second task!" nodded Bagman grimly.

"Indeed, indeed!" beamed Dumbledore happily.

Yet another week later it was finally time for the second task, Viktor still wasn't sure what he was sorely going to miss. He assumed it was one of his friends, but he couldn't be too sure. Harry had told

him not to worry, if anything went wrong nothing would happen. It's not like Dumbledore would want Hogwarts to get a reputation for people dying especially innocents who hadn't entered the tournament.

"Well, all our champions are ready for the second task, which will start on my whistle. They have precisely an hour to recover what has been taken from them. On the count of three...One...two...three!" yelled Bagman a Sonorus spell on him making his voice heard even over the roaring of the crowd.

Harry downed a potion, one he had created himself, the first to be added to his journal. It didn't just work for an hour but twenty four hours. Nothing changed about his appearance or his insides. He just had the ability to breath underwater; the main ingredient in this potion was Gillyweed. An ingredient he knew let you breath under water and gave you gills. With the ingredients he added stopped the gills from advancing, yet still made it possible to breath underwater.

As he swallowed he looked over at the others, Viktor was now half shark half human. Harry had to stay and admire his boyfriend's awesome piece of magical transformation. Even McGonagall was looking quite proud of it, Fleur had wanted to use a bubble head charm but Harry told her not to. He had insisted it could be broken, and she and Cedric tested it and found Harry was correct. She was using Gillyweed instead, at Harry's suggestion. As he immersed himself he heard people laughing, he wondered why as he looked up he found out just why. Nick Potter was just standing there looking like a spare end.

So Harry began swimming, something he wasn't that used to doing in all honesty. It didn't surprise him as he was reaching the bottom that Fleur and Viktor were already grabbing their sisters and going. Harry gave them the thumbs up, they nodded (even his shark bodied boyfriend and began swimming once more. Harry smartly untied both girls at the same time and swam off with them before the mere people could think about it. He knew nothing could happen to them but really...Nick wasn't going to appear. He might as well save the sorry idiot who was going to have to retrieve Roxy.

It was a good thing, he wasn't sure why but Roxy began struggling along with Luna as they got closer to the top. What if they had still been down there? Would she have drowned? He didn't like the

thought of that thank you very much, he was glad he wouldn't have to find out. Despite the fact he hardly knew her she was his sister, even if it was just in blood only. It certainly wasn't in name, as was legally a Peverell not a Potter much to his pleasure.

Once they were at the surface, he helped them up, paying well more attention to Luna than Roxy. He went to grab towels when one was wrapped around him, then another for Luna. It was Viktor he had already dried himself off; Harry did the same instead of using towels beaming at his boyfriend in thanks. He handed his towel to Roxy and helped Luna up and sat her down away from the water.

Ludo Bagman's voice surrounded the air again, this time he was going on about a chief merperson, and awarding fifty points for the champions.

"To Miss Fleur Delacour, for her use of Gillyweed to great affect and for coming second we award her forty five points!" beamed Ludo Bagman as the cheering erupted.

Fleur now had eighty six points altogether.

"To Mr. Viktor Krum, for an excellent demonstrated piece of transfiguration we and coming first we award him forty seven points!" yelled Bagman, the cheering was louder for the famous Quidditch star. He flushed a little when Harry's cheer could be heard the loudest.

Viktor was now up to 85 points.

"To Mr. Harry Potter for coming third and the excellent use of an unknown potion and saving a hostage not his own we award him forty eight points!" yelled Bagman even louder. The cheering was loud but nowhere near as loud as Krum's had been not that Harry noticed. Viktor had just smiled at him, a proud glint in his eyes and it sent Harry's stomach turning to mush. It was then he realized why he refereed older people, he wanted approval and love, someone young couldn't do that for him.

Harry was now up to 94 points.

"To Mr. Nick Potter we award him Zero Points" said Bagman looking well and truly disappointed and a little embarrassed. Nick obviously hadn't managed to figure out the clue...whereas his brother had.

Nick remained at a low score of 22.

No one noticed just how furious Alastor Mad Eye Moody was about that. Moody had been so sure the boy had figured it out, his twin sure bloody well had. He didn't understand why his Master wanted both of them, instead of just Nick 'The Boy Who Lived' Potter. He would do as he was commanded he was a loyal follower and would remain so until his dying day.

"The third task will take place on the twenty-fourth of June" continued Bagman "The champions will be notified of what is coming, precisely one month beforehand. Thank you all for your support of the champions!"

It was finally over with...almost. One more task to go before he could fade back into obscurity. He spent the rest of that day, relaxing and getting to know Viktor's little sister. He could see why Viktor liked her, she was smart, quite powerful and a little hellcat when she wanted to be. She had no problem defending anyone who deserved it, and she knew quite a bit of magic for someone not yet in school. She was gorgeous too, no offence to Viktor but you wouldn't know that little girl was his sister. He had seen her of course, Viktor had plenty of pictures of her. He had shown Harry them while they had been on the Drumstrang's boat one time.

Not only did he get to know Velma Krum but Fleur's little sister too, no surprise that both Fleur's and Viktor's sisters got on rather well. So well that they were exchanging letters now, even to this day Velma was telling Viktor plenty of things about Gabe as she was called.

A curious thing happened weeks after the tournament, Barty Crouch showed up at Hogwarts. He had been in the papers, everyone was looking for him, he wasn't at home, St. Mungo's or anywhere else they could think of. Percy Weasley was working in his stead stating that he was 'overworked' and taking a break. Not that Harry knew much as it had happened to Nick; Nick had left to get Dumbledore. It was the worst kept secret in Hogwarts; apparently by the time anyone got there he had disappeared. It was supposedly after they

had been told about the up coming last task. Fleur, Viktor and Harry had left immediately, Nick stayed behind and it had obviously happened.

Harry silently wondered if Nick had seen it, or if this was another bid for attention. He and the others had come to the conclusion that Nick couldn't have lied. Not about something like that - he just wasn't smart enough to think up something like it. No, for attention he would have sought out Skeeter's or someone for an interview about how hard it was competing with seventh years.

Nick was getting very jealous of Harry; he glared murderously at him all the time. He hated it, hated his brother had figured out the egg clue, hated he was getting attention and acclamation. That was usually reserved for him, he was hurt, but at least he still had a few Gryffindor's on his side. Neville had even left him for the group! Neville had been his friend for nearly two years he didn't like it. Marcus seemed to be slipping off and befriending those his own age now. The only two people still following him around were the Creevy Brothers. The Gryffindor's were still at odds with him, even the Quidditch team too. He didn't realize his fifth year was going to be even worse, the team had decided that enough was enough. They were going to get a decent Seeker to play Quidditch next year. Some of them actually wanted to win before they left Hogwarts for good and joined the real world.

Harry, Viktor, Fleur, Cedric, Luna or Neville couldn't figure out why Crouch had snuck into Hogwarts and demanded Dumbledore. It didn't bode well with Harry though, as he thought more on his dream he had at the beginning of the year.

He had yet to even tell Viktor about that.

"You are in luck Wormtail," said Voldemort "Your blunder has not ruined everything. He is dead."

"My Lord!" gasped Wormtail "My Lord, I am...I am so pleased...and so sorry..."

"Nagini," said Voldemort "You are out of luck. I will not be feeding Wormtail to you, after all...but never mind, never mind...there are always the Potter boys..."

"Now Wormtail," said Voldemort "Perhaps one more little reminder why I will not tolerate another blunder from you..."

"My Lord...no...I beg you..." whimpered Wormtail.

"Crucio" snarled Voldemort.

Miles away a boy named Harry Potter screamed as his scar seared hot red as if a hot iron brand had been placed upon him. It was a good job he had a room to himself, still the same room he had acquired in his first year. As he lay there panting his palm squashing his scar as if to make the pain go away. It was a long time coming before it did, before Harry could truly think on what he had seen. He shuddered remembering the threat, Nagini, Voldemort planned on feeding him to a snake. He hated snakes or rather he didn't like them because of the Basilisk he had faced. He might have liked them if he met a nice snake that didn't intend to kill him.

He sighed softly; he sure wished he had someone to speak to, especially about those visions or dreams whatever the hell they were. He didn't trust anyone one hundred percent other than Luna, Eileen and Viktor. None of whom he could really ask to bear such a burden.

Added to it was today was the third task he just felt everything was wrong. His mind was screaming at him, but he couldn't understand why. So with great reluctance he got up to start the day. His mind was in overdrive, he was studying for his exams and studying for the up coming task, he would have no trouble with defence this year with the amount of spells he had learned; not that he ever had.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the third and final task of the Triwizard tournament is about to begin! Let me remind you how the points currently stand in first place Harry Potter with Ninety four points! For Hogwarts School! In second place stands Miss Fleur Delacour with eighty-six points for Beauxbatons! In third place Mr. Viktor Krum with eighty-five points for Drumstrang! In fourth place Mr. Nick Potter with twenty-two points!" said Bagman, if it was possible he had whispered the last part compared to the cheerful shouts of the other champions scores.

Harry went into the maze first, it wasn't long before another whistle surrounded indicating Fleur had entered, then Viktor it was a few minutes before another whistle surrounded the air.

Harry stumbled back in shock when he saw himself, grinning widely mouthing words. 'I'm Harry Potter I'm The Boy Who Lived' what on earth was happening? How could he be facing himself? Blinking rapidly he realised it must be some sort of spell. "Finite incantantum" it didn't even blink.

Just continued grinning widely, scar on display it was truly freaking Harry out. Seeing this version of himself like that, it was his worst fear for people to know he was the boy who lived...to become his brother. He choked when he realized the answer had just been handed to him. "Riddickulus!" and it disappeared in a puff of smoke.

So he continued on wondering what else he could come up with, shuddering slightly. He came face to face with a Blast-Ended Skrewt! With a swift Reducto curse it was splattered everywhere. He hoped Professor Hagrid didn't like them; he was just getting his own back for all the bloody burnt fingers he had to put up with. Or the stings he had received from the digesting things.

Five minutes later he took another turn, he was faced with mist, he tried getting rid of it but nothing seemed to work. Frowning Harry wondered if he should head back in the other direction or not. What made his decision was a scream from a female; it could only be one person. He bolted uncaring that he might come upon anything; Fleur was more important Merlin help anything that got in his way. He would blast it to kingdom come just like the Skrewt.

He ran into nothing other than two dead ends, which he just completely 'Reducto'ed' and continued on his way. It was ten minutes later when he finally heard voices; it was Fleur's she was begging someone. Frowning he kept up, it was then he heard his boyfriends voice growling out an unforgivable.

"Viktor, please! Come back, stop this please! Come back" pleaded Fleur.

"Crucio"

Fleur's screamed in agony as the Crucio curse tormented her body riddling it with pain.

Harry saw his boyfriends eyes were blank...just like everyone's had been that day they tried to fight the imperious curse.

"Stupefy" yelled Harry quickly.

Viktor fell to the floor boneless.

"Fleur are you ok?" asked Harry running over looking worried.

"My wand give me it" she managed to say her voice croaked and strained in pain.

Harry did as she asked, she sent sparks up, she couldn't even think about moving her entire body was still jerking and spasming in pain. Harry sent up sparks for Viktor as well, having every intention of staying there.

"Go Harry, don't let him win," said Fleur "Viktor wouldn't want that."

"I don't want to leave you" said Harry worriedly.

"Don't worry about us, the teachers are coming just go and finish this!" said Fleur softly.

"Oh all right" said Harry nodding admitting defeat.

"Good luck and be careful...there's obviously something here" said Fleur looking around worriedly.

"I will" said Harry adamantly, gripping his wand he began as he meant to.

Ten minutes he wandered, never seeing hide nor hair of his brother - not that he cared. He was just about to turn another corner when he bumped into a creature he had only ever seen in a book - the book of Monsters. This was a sphinx.

"You are near your goal, your quickest way is through me" she said.

"Okay how do I do that?" asked Harry knowing a riddle was coming and looking forward to it - he wasn't a Ravenclaw for nothing.

"Answer my riddle, get it right I let you pass, wrong I attack, remain silent and I shall let you by unscathed" said the woman/sphinx.

"Sure what is the riddle?" asked Harry eagerly.

"First think of the person who lives in disguised. Who deals in secrets and tells naught but lies. Next, tell me what's always the last thing to mend, the middle of the middle or the end of the end? And finally give me the sound often heard during the search for a hard-to-find word. Now string them together and answer me this, which creature would you be unwilling to kiss?"

"Hum...lives in disguise and tells naught but lies...a spy - er and a creature you would be unwilling to kiss...definitely not a frog then...spider! That's it a spider!" said Harry excitedly.

The sphinx smiled broadly and moved out of the way for him to pass.

"Thanks!" grinned Harry moving forward quickly, he had to get this over with he wanted to make sure Viktor and Fleur were alright.

He saw the cup, but just as he looked he saw a shadow, raising his wand he glanced around. Then he saw it, a huge spider coming out of the shadows, Harry promptly fired off five stunning spells in rapid fire. The huge spider fell and before Harry could even celebrate that, he felt his arm taken in a tight grip and hoisted towards the cup.

"Nick let me go!" snarled Harry furious at being manhandled by his brother. Who by the way hadn't listened, he continued on and touched the cup. As he did so Harry noticed two things, one Nick was also under the imperious curse, two the cup was a Portkey.

Hogwarts disappeared from view, and an abandoned run down graveyard took its place.

He felt his scar sear in agony but he was too scared to react, he knew what was coming, he could feel it in his bones. He was just about to grab his brother and the cup - he knew the Portkey would take them back. Before he could do that, he and Nick were levitated

from the ground and held against headstones. He could hear hissing, and he swallowed fearfully - Voldemort was back and if he had his way Harry would be snake food tonight. He didn't even listen to Nick's snivelling obviously the Imperious curse had worn off. It didn't surprise him Nick was a coward under all that swagger, but he couldn't listen to anything anyway as his scar continued to burn in agony. It was a good thing he couldn't clutch his head and give himself away, or it surely would have happened by now. His arm was trapped by the bloody bindings on him.

What did you think of that? like how it played out :P like how both of them got the cup *waggles eyebrows* i so enjoyed writing that! i'm gonna enjoy the next one even more! what will happen to Nick? will he KNOW Harry is the boy who lived and get back and lie about everything that happened? telling Harry's story as his? lie and tell Voldemort that Harry is Nick? Or will He pass out at the sight of his own blood? Harry get them back and make everything up? Will Dumbledore begin suspecting something? Will they all find out Harry is the boy who lived in the next chapter? did you like his boggart? :P i loved it! haha! xD will both twins survive? will they manage to get away before all the Death Eaters arrive? remember Harry doesn't have the holly/fawkes feather wand to protect him neither does the brother! so it will have to be during Voldemort's rebirth and the Death Eaters showing up if they are to survive which would you prefer? see the world drive into darkness when the real boy who lived was killed? having to live with the consequences of their own actions? will Harry ever find out Eileen is Severus Snape's mother? if so when? and how? R&R please!

Chapter 13

Harry Potter Year 4 part 5 - Lord Voldemort will they survive?

Harry grimaced, biting his tongue to try and redirect the pain from his forehead. It didn't succeed in making his head hurt even more, or rather the front side of his face. His brother didn't seem to be bothered by any pain, just peeing himself in fear if Harry wasn't mistaken he would say that was a yellow stain on his trousers. He was a Ravenclaw and a smart boy so he'd say he wasn't wrong but he didn't want to spend time thinking on whether his brother had peed himself or not.

"Pettigrew!" whispered Nick fearfully watching him wide eyed. He was carrying with him some sort of bundle. A bundle Harry knew to be Voldemort, he knew that from the strange visions alone. Although he hadn't seen Voldemort properly, his scar was giving it away.

Harry remembered James going on about Pettigrew, the look on his face; the scowl had been disturbing to say the least. They had tried for years to catch him, Black and Lupin that was anyway. Also a few other Order members chipping in now and again, Black had been given the task of tracking him down as an Auror. Of course a few other Auror's had been drafted in now that Black wasn't solely looking for Pettigrew anymore. Harry should have hated Pettigrew it all he had as well, it was his fault his family didn't care about him.

One day when he had been a little younger around nine or ten years old, he had come upon a trunk. Full of photo albums, he had looked through them, tears running down his face when he realized something. After Voldemort attacked, there hadn't been a single picture of him taken. He knew because his and Nick's scars were slightly different, his was a lightning bolt, Nick's was more of a zigzag than an actual lightning bolt really. Nick's was longer side ways and more to the left, whereas his was right in the middle of his forehead. Not one single picture of him was there to be found, he had flipped through thousands of photos desperate for at least one to be there. There was plenty of James, Lily, Nick and Roxy but none of him. It had broken his heart even more if it was possible, and he thought he had been done with feeling hurt when his 'parents' had did anything.

Harry shook of his thoughts; he looked down and saw the name of the graveyard he was pinned too. Tom Riddle. He wondered briefly and insanely why that particular tombstone but shook it off just as quickly. He didn't want to let his mind wander thank you very much, not right now ... maybe if he survived then he'd do it. He felt sick just thinking about being fed to a snake...what an excruciating way to die.

It suddenly dawned on him why the Riddle headstone, this was a Muggle graveyard. Riddle had been Voldemort's name while he was in school...there wasn't a Riddle line. Voldemort's father was a Muggle...he had an insane urge to giggle madly. He remembered reading about Voldemort's goals, to rid the world of Muggles and Muggle born's. He had all the Pureblood's working for him, did they even know they were bowing to what they themselves like to call a 'Mudblood'. He hadn't paid the slightest bit of attention to everything Riddle said during the Chamber incident...he had been concentrating on too much on how to get out of there.

Just as he thought that, he began hearing hissing at his feet, he barely heard Nick squealing like a little girl. The snake was circling the gravestone where he and Nick were tied. With great difficulty he managed to get his wand back into his pocket. It was a good thing he managed, because his hand began spasming because of the tension in them. Also good because he could hear something being dragged across the floor, twisting his head to the side, thankful that he didn't need glasses like his brother he saw what it was. Pettigrew was dragging a huge massive cauldron across the graveyards; Harry silently wondered where he had managed to get it. Pettigrew was the most wanted man in the world there was no way he just Willy nilly walked into a shop to purchase one.

Another thing occurred to him, whoever the spy was - he was someone at Hogwarts. Which right now could be anyone, but that wasn't strictly true, whoever it was had handled the Triwizard cup. Was also circling the maze or wouldn't have managed to use the imperious curse on Viktor, Fleur and his right now smelly brother. He frowned remembering who was patrolling the maze, McGonagall, Dumbledore, Moody and Flitwick.

He felt a sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach, he remembered Reese accusing him of stealing ingredients. Ingredients associated with the poly juice potion, if he remembered it correctly. Moody, it

had to be Moody otherwise Hogwarts was well and truly compromised if it was McGonagall, Dumbledore or Flitwick. They controlled the wards of Hogwarts, as Headmaster and head of Houses. If one set of wards were weakened Hogwarts would be penetrated.

He came out of his thoughts to bubbling, the cauldron was heating up fast, and there was a fire beneath the cauldron now. He also saw a bundle hissing beside it, persistently as if it was getting agitated. His scar burned hot searing red across his forehead; he looked away hissing in pain trying not to bring attention to himself.

Steam billowed out of the cauldron as a voice hissed "Hurry!"

"It is ready, master" said Pettigrew.

"Now..." said the cold harsh voice of Voldemort.

The bundle was put into the boiling water unceremoniously, Harry could hear Nick murmuring 'let it drown, let it drown' and he wanted to laugh. Pettigrew wouldn't risk something as stupid as letting that thing drown. If he didn't know any better he would have said that's what something would look like if a snake and a human got together. He wondered what kind of name they would come up for that, like he knew half human, half horse were called Centaurs. Snakemen? He knew immediately he was getting hysterical with his nonsense.

At least he wasn't expecting Voldemort to drown - the thought of it actually happening was enough to make him laugh uproariously. Then again it would have added a sense of irony to the whole thing.

"Stop it Nick" hissed Harry utterly humiliated that he had began whimpering now.

Nick just stared at him as if he had lost his mind.

Pettigrew began speaking, his entire pudgy form quaking in fear "Bone of the father, unknowingly given, you shall renew your son!"

The surface under Harry and Nick's feet quivered, horrified Nick and Harry watched as a fine trickle of dust rose into the air at Wormtail's command. It felt sizzling into the cauldron which hissed and

steamed some more. The water had turned a very poisonous blue colour.

Harry eyed the dagger that Wormtail had just produced warily, meanwhile Nick just whimpered some more. If Harry hadn't been wondering what would happen next he would have rolled his eyes at his brother. That wasn't to say he wasn't scared, because he was there was a difference between being scared and being a coward. Nick's wand was over by the Portkey if any indication he was truly stupid. He wondered silently though why they hadn't taken his wand yet.

Another whimper brought him out of his thoughts; he realized right away it wasn't Nick. It was Wormtail, and he was cutting off his hand and Harry gagged in disgust unable to look away. The man was actually cutting off his arm, and Harry had never seen anything more gruesome in his entire life. "Flesh - of the servant - w-willingly given you - will-revive- your master."

Fantastic thought Harry glancing at Nick quickly his eyes where closed and he was very pale. The cauldron water had turned a bloody red, no surprise there considering what had just been added. Harry's heart was thumping a mile a minute, he knew what was coming before anything happened.

"Blood of the enemies, forcefully taken, you will, resurrect your foe."

"No don't!" shrieked Nick loudly, trying to move in the bonds but having no luck. He was stuck just as tightly as his brother with no chance of getting away. Tears were running down his face, as his upper arm was sliced into.

Harry was next; he bit his tongue and glared at Pettigrew, a glare that promised death. The man had the nerve to squeak before returning to the cauldron where he added both their blood. The cauldron turned instantly blinding white, nobody could see at all.

The next thing they could see when the light disappeared was lord Voldemort standing nude in a cauldron. Harry actually gagged at that, unfortunately he hadn't been able to hold back. The man was disgusting; you couldn't tell me was a man anymore either...if you get the drift. Voldemort was more Snake than human and it was rather disgusting sight to behold.

"Robe me" hissed Voldemort, Wormtail still sobbing did as he was bid. Harry was actually quite grateful for that Harry didn't think he would be able to sleep for a long time.

Voldemort, thin and bony stepped out of the cauldron and stared between Nick and Harry. An unholy gleam in his blood red eyes, he was doing something with his mouth but Harry wasn't sure what. It looked like a thin line, no lips nothing he could have been grimacing or grinning for all Harry knew. The eyes though made him shiver; he felt something in the back of his mind. Memories were floating to the surface, breaking eye contact with the man. He closed his eyes and concentrated on shutting that presence out before it saw the memories.

He wanted to shout, tell Nick to stop looking but he couldn't, he wasn't given the chance. Wormtail interrupted them begging Voldemort on bending knees for goodness knows what.

"My Lord..." he choked "You promised...you did promise." the nasally voice was getting on Harry's nerves.

"Hold out your arm" said Voldemort sounding as if he was granting an honour than anything else.

Wormtail held out his bleeding stump saying "Thank you Master, thank you." but Voldemort just laughed.

"The other arm Wormtail"

Harry bit the inside of his mouth to stop himself from laughing; the idiot had brought it on himself. He spitefully hoped Wormtail would bleed to death, this was the second time the bastard had almost killed him. This time he might succeed he didn't see a way of getting out of here alive.

"Master, please...please." whimpered Wormtail his arm was extended nevertheless. Voldemort pushed the sleeve up.

"It is back," he said softly. "They will all have noticed it...and now, we shall see...now we shall know..."

He pressed his long, white forefinger to the brand on Wormtail's arm. Wormtail howled in fresh pain. Harry didn't even get a sense of satisfaction because as Voldemort pressed that mark, Harry's scar flared in agony and it took every ounce of control he had to stop himself screaming too.

"How many will be brave enough to return when they feel it?" he whispered his gleaming red eyes fixed on the stars "And how many will be foolish enough to stay away?"

Harry's eyes widened, it finally dawned on him what Voldemort was doing. He was calling his followers to him, they had to get away soon or they were in trouble. Snaking his hand down into his pocket once more, he grabbed the end of his wand. Grabbing it he chanted in his head "Finite incantantum" the bindings holding him disappeared into nothingness.

He didn't count on his brother screaming as they fell with a thud from the stone. Using a curse word that Eileen definitely wouldn't approve of he grabbed his brother and was about to run. However, Nagini had wrapped herself around his foot; he had to bite his lip from actually telling the thing to get off of him.

He let the thing get inches from him, before he blasted it with a Reducto curse, he vaguely heard Voldemort's horrified screech as he kicked the dead snake from him. Both Nick and Harry were running, ducking behind gravestones, Voldemort was sending killing curses at them. None of which were finding their target thankfully, Harry was throwing anything he could think of. They were however, getting cuts and bruises from the debris that was getting flung everywhere.

Harry managed to hit Pettigrew in the chest with another Reducto curse. Unfortunately for him, just as he was about five feet from the Portkey, Voldemort hit him with a Cruciatus curse. Nick continued running and grabbed the Portkey and he was gone.

Voldemort stopped the Cruciatus curse, and walked towards the fourteen year old who lay panting in pain. Harry was actually feeling quite shocked as well, he couldn't believe Nick had actually gone and left him. He shouldn't have expected anything less but damn it, it bloody hurt.

Not as much as the Cruciatus curse that's for sure.

"Imperio" hissed Voldemort his eyes gleaming maliciously.

Harry decided to go along with it, decided not to fight it for now. He was only told to walk so far then stop, suddenly swishes filled the air. Voldemort's Death Eaters had finally arrived. Harry had no wand, it was way over there, and he had no reason to think he'd survive now. The only available transportation was gone, the Portkey was gone.

Nick fell with a grunt outside the maze; everyone was huddling around him wondering what had happened. Obviously deadly confused, the stands were full off cheering that slowly died down seeing the state of Nick. Dumbledore for an old man began going down the stairs at an alarming rate.

"Voldemort's back, he killed Harry, he's back" he sobbed hysterically.

Viktor's eyes widened in fear, what had happened to Harry? Could they trust that Nick was telling the truth? Nothing but lies came out of the boy's mouth. Fleur looked like she was about to burst into tears. Cedric brought her into a hug, comforting her while he looked pale himself. The rest of the staff and students as well as visitors didn't know just what to do. They had heard Nick Potter loud and clear, and just stood there in confusion.

Moody grabbed Nick and started dragging him to the school; James wasn't having any of that. He grabbed his son right back; he didn't want Nick out of Dumbledore's sight. He was after all the only man Dumbledore ever feared, he realised Moody of all people would know that.

"Who handled the cup last?" demanded James.

"Alastor" said Dumbledore confused as to where James was going with that.

"Stupefy!" shouted James quickly; Moody moved out of the way grinning maliciously.

Dumbledore was finally realizing something was wrong; Lily, James and Dumbledore cast the stunning charm at him. Two managed to hit their targets sending the man flying five feet.

"What exactly is going on here Dumbledore?" demanded Fudge puffing up like a peacock the only problem was he didn't look as good as one.

"I intend to find out" said Dumbledore grimly; going over to Moody he raided the man's pockets. He found what he needed and brought it out. He poured the contents out and said loud enough for everyone to hear "Polyjuice Potion." he said grimly.

"Who is it?" asked James.

"We need to get Nick to Poppy James! He's in shock" sobbed Lily, who had brought her child into her lap and cuddling him for all he was worth. She wasn't even paying attention to what was happening around her.

"Take him I'll take care of this" said James nodding grimly to his wife.

"Roxy come!" demanded Lily; she was unable to lift her son so she used a stretcher instead. They disappeared into the castle, Dumbledore grimly waited on the potion to wear off. It was getting dark but the students didn't move even when they were told to. Everyone seemed in a state of shock, even Fudge was afraid to say anything - he didn't know what to do.

Eventually the potion wore off; James took a double take and Dumbledore's eyes widened in shock. Whoever they were expecting it to be - it obviously wasn't him. The students whispered to each other, Fudge paled when he saw who it was. He wasn't stupid; he knew good and well who it was. Barty Crouch Jr.

"Colin do you have Veritaserum?" asked Dumbledore, calling his potions professor - Reese by his first name.

"Of course" said Reese handing over the potion without even blinking.

"This cannot be happening" said Minerva looking shocked.

"Do you even care that your son is dead?" snarled Viktor furiously trying to get at James Potter. Cedric Diggory surprisingly managed to keep the furious Bulgarian back.

"Don't Viktor please!" said Fleur looking devastated if she hadn't told Harry to go on he would still be here.

"He doesn't give a damn! I read the letter you sent him! Just because he was going out with me you thought he was stealing his brothers fame!" snarled Viktor viciously.

Dumbledore looked stunned at the accusations going James Potter's way. He wasn't the only one, everyone had drawn a breath stunned they couldn't believe what the Bulgarian had said but believed it nonetheless.

Dumbledore shook his head; this wasn't the time for arguing among themselves. Harry Potter's death was regrettable but he was very glad it wasn't Nick or things would have gotten messy. Nick was after all the boy who lived, the one destined to save them all from Voldemort.

"What's your name?" asked Dumbledore sternly.

"Bartemius Crouch Junior" intoned Crouch.

"How did you get out of Azkaban? How did everything think you had died?" demanded Dumbledore.

"My mother wanted me out of there, it was her dying wish. So my father agreed my mother took Poly juice potion and so did I. We switched places; she died in there and was buried. My father kept me in the house with the imperious curse on me...eventually I began to fight it and made my way to my Lord" said Crouch madly.

"Do you have proof Voldemort is back?" asked Dumbledore, this way if everyone heard they couldn't deny it - or rather Fudge couldn't deny it.

"My mark burned not even half an hour ago, he's back and called his followers to him...I shall be awarded for bringing him the Potter boys" he hissed madly even under the Veritaserum.

Everyone gasped as one, screaming was heard and even a child or two burst into tears.

"This isn't good" said James looking terrified. He knew the prophecy so did his wife, their son's childhood was going to be cut short.

"Master...Master" said every Death Eater as they fell to their knees at Voldemort's feet. Kissing the hem of his robes, obviously very willing to bow to the half blood. Harry grimaced in disgust, he was kind of glad none of them were looking at him to be honest.

"Welcome Death Eaters," said Voldemort "Thirteen years...thirteen years since last we met. Yet you answer my call as though it was yesterday...we are still united under the Dark Mark, then or are we?"

"I smell guilt" he said sniffing the air "There is a stench of guilt upon the air."

Maybe Voldemort was more snake than human....if he could smell emotion. Harry just wished he wasn't so scared, he hated the thought of Voldemort smelling his fear.

"I see you all, whole and healthy, with your powers intact - such prompt appearances! - and I ask myself...why did this band of wizards never come to the aid of their master, to whom they swore eternal loyalty?"

Harry wanted to snort Voldemort had a flair for dramatics that was for sure.

"And I answer myself" whispered Voldemort "They must have believed me broken, they thought I was gone. They slipped back among my enemies, and they pleaded innocence, and ignorance, and bewitchment...and then I ask myself, but how could they have believed I would not rise again? They, who knew the steps I took, long ago, to guard myself against mortal death? They, who had seen proofs of the immensity of my power, in the times when I was mightier than any wizard living?"

Harry wondered if Voldemort was ever going to stop talking, he was terrified...so perhaps the longer Voldemort spoke the safer it was for him. He would survive just a little bit longer right now though his hate for his family sizzled any fear out of him. As he thought of what his cowardly brother had just done.

"And I answer myself, perhaps they believed a still-greater power existed, one that could vanquish even Lord Voldemort...perhaps they now pay allegiances to another...perhaps that champion of commoners, of Mudbloods and Muggles, Albus Dumbledore?"

Everyone there began shaking their heads and denying the possibility.

"It is a disappointment to me...I confess myself disappointed" muttered Voldemort.

"Master," someone suddenly shrieked falling out of the circle and right in front of Voldemort's feet. "Master forgive me! Forgive us all!"

Voldemort laughed and Harry associated that with pain...he knew what was coming. He was just a teensy bit glad that it wasn't him...yet. No doubt Voldemort would get around to it and Harry wished for nothing more than to die quickly...maybe the killing curse would work this time...should he be so lucky. That wouldn't happen, he knew deep down he was going to be made an example off. He had killed Nagini and Pettigrew... and helped his brother escape (the arsehole that he was).

"Crucio" snarled Voldemort, a few minutes later he stopped it "Get up Avery, I do not forgive, I do not forget! Thirteen years of repayment then I shall think of forgiving you."

"Macnair...destroying dangerous beasts for the Ministry of Magic now? You shall have better victims than that soon, Macnair Lord Voldemort will provide..." hissed the snake voice.

"Thank you Master, thank you" murmured Macnair.

"And here" he said "We have Crabbe and you, Goyle? You shall do better this time, will you not?"

"Yes Master..." said Crabbe dully.

"We will, master..." grunted Goyle.

"And here we have six missing Death Eaters...four dead in my service. One, too cowardly to return...he will pay" hissed Voldemort thinking of Karkaroff. "One who I believe has left me forever...spying

for the commoner Dumbledore...Snape will be killed. And one, who remains my most faithful servant, and who has already re- entered my service"

Voldemort wondered silently if he was still alive, he hoped he would take care of Nick Potter before it spilled out. Damage limitation of course, he didn't want anyone knowing he was back so soon.

Harry blinked in surprise...Snape was a spy? Well that took guts his respect for old Potions Master/professor grew. He had always respected him for taking Nick down a peg or two in potions. It was immature he knew but he couldn't give two fucks especially not anymore. He was going to die because of Nick Potter his own brother - who had abandoned him to save his own arse.

Harry was brought of his musings when he felt his scar beginning to burn; he wasn't surprised at how close Voldemort was to him. It took him everything he had to keep his face neutral. Not to give away the agony in his scar, he didn't want Voldemort finding out he was the boy who lived. He couldn't live with that, he would be killed ten times quicker if he found out.

....I could not touch the boys" he heard Voldemort finish.

Harry couldn't hear anything other than the blood rushing through him. It was agony at its finest when Voldemort touched him. His entire body was shaking, it was a good thing it was just suspected to be the after affects of the Crucio curse. He didn't listen as Voldemort went on about how his curse had reflected, how he had been abandoned, how he had used Quirrell. How Wormtail had found him, how Bertha Jorkins had been killed. Harry barely noticed that he failed to mention that Wormtail was dead or that Nagini was. They weren't there, they had obviously been banished or something, obviously Voldemort didn't want to be embarrassed that a fourteen year old had outsmarted him.

Voldemort removed the imperious curse and demanded Lucius give Harry back his wand. Harry was confused, why was he being asked to fight? Voldemort couldn't possibly know he was the boy who lived! Or was it just bloody stubborn pride. He knew spells but nowhere near as many as Voldemort. He wasn't about to cast the unforgivable curses - he wasn't evil like Voldemort. So there was no

way he was going to be able to survive, his wand was pressed into his hands by a grinning gleeful Lucius Malfoy.

Before he could even raise his wand or tighten his grip on it he was on the floor screaming as the pain of the Cruciatus curse washed over him once more.

"Get up Potter..." said Voldemort looking amused.

Spitting bitterly, he stood up determinedly if he wasn't going to give Voldemort the satisfaction. The red eyes just gleamed maliciously and Harry silently wondered if he had done what Voldemort...WANTED him to.

"Crucio!" snarled Voldemort.

And Harry was down once more, he wasn't sure how much he could take. His head was splitting open in agony. His scar had literally split open, blood was running down his forehead. His bones felt like they were being burnt with acid, pricked with needles and scraped with a cheese grater all at once. He wasn't sure but he could feel the pain becoming less...Harry became fuzzy and his vision distorted and Harry fell unconscious his body still jerking and writhing under the curse.

Well things arent looking good for Harry! Admit it you werent expecting that were you? for Nick to take the cup like that! haha! :P Will Harry separate away into the muggle world and hide? or will he die and the world descend into darkness? Snape coming back in time to save him from his worse than death fate years later? or will Harry manage to get himself back and kick the hell out of his own brother? will I show Lily and James even showing a little regret that they are relieved it wasn't Nick? will Dumbledore be shocked and horrified by their behavior and not be as close to them as before? will a few Order members go to bring Harry's body back? and find him still at the graveyard with the Death eaters? what's it going to be? R&R please! I'll update tomorrow for ya if ya do! :) bye!

Chapter 14

LambolsAnIdiot - I do not make you read the bottom of the page if it bothers you that much stop reading my stories or the bottom of the page. This is something I do ok? It's always been done unless I'm in far too much of a hurry and the story has been edited. So stop asking me to stop putting the questions at the bottom. In all actuality there's only one spoiler with lots of other options for you to think on until it's updated.

Harry Potter year 4 part 6 - things go from bad to worse - Nick lies and Harry's taken

"You already know" said Severus narrowing his eyes when he finally got to Hogwarts. He had felt his forearm burn for the first time in thirteen years. His trial had been too public to ever conceive being welcomed back into the fold with open arms. No, he would be dead before he could protest that he was only doing his 'Lord's' bidding. He was confused as to how Dumbledore already knew though; he knew he was the man's only spy so again how did he know. He could tell by just looking at the old man, he looked like he had aged twenty years since he saw him last.

"I do indeed" said Dumbledore grimly; he had just gotten everyone settled down. An hour ago he got everyone off the pitch; Crouch Jr was arrested once more. James and Lily refused to leave the hospital wing despite it being improper; parents weren't allowed to stay over night like that. Given the circumstances and the fact everyone was shaken up nobody bothered complaining. Dumbledore had been furious when he got to the hospital wing, Lily and forced Poppy to feed Nick a dreamless sleeping potion. He wasn't going to get any answers from the fourteen year old until he woke up.

Once the Minister had stopped floo'ing him for advice and his teachers had finally left him alone. Only then did he allow himself to think about Harry Potter and with great shame too. He had ignored that child in favour of his brother and it seemed his family had too. The words Severus had asked him came back to haunt him, and that wasn't the only thing. He was having flash backs to when he was seventeen years old, just left Hogwarts...being with Gellert and hating his sister for being such a downer. For hating magic, for letting the Muggle boy's win, for embarrassing him. In the end he

had lost her, the saying was true unfortunately You have to lose something before you realize just how much you'd miss it/and or them.

That was how Severus Snape found him - catching him off guard for the first and probably only time in his life.

"How?" asked Severus sitting down curiously had someone else deflected? Did Dumbledore have a spy? Then again he knew if Dumbledore did he wouldn't ever know the name. It was just too dangerous especially with him who was already wanted no doubt on Voldemort's hit list.

"The Triwizard cup was a Portkey, somehow both twins took the cup no doubt for a shared victory," was his voice truly as hollow as his thoughts? He didn't even have the heart to defend Nick Potter not after what Viktor Krum had implied. Severus snorted quietly, shared victory indeed that certainly wasn't the Nick Potter he knew.

"Somehow Voldemort brought himself back, Nick got back in the brink of time I think...and Harry Potter was killed." said Dumbledore.

Severus looked startled at that, nothing much could make Snape show anything other than disgust or seriousness. However, right now Snape looked worried and a tad bit upset. Severus didn't know how his mother was going to take this latest blow. He wasn't stupid, Severus knew she loved the child like a son or grandson or thereabouts.

It was going to devastate him to have to tell her this; it was something he wasn't looking forward to. The first casualty in the war, and it had to be a bright willing to learn Potter, who liked Potions.

"You would have liked him Severus...do you know he created the potion that let him breathe under water?" questioned Dumbledore, the ache he felt growing more pronounced.

"Did he indeed?" asked Severus curiously, but his voice was a little flat. He wanted to get this over with and ensure his mother's safety. Nobody knew that Eileen was his mother, not many people did. Which was why it helped her be safer in her little shop, she already had a Portkey that would get her out of there too. Severus was a

suspicious man, so it was no surprise really. The Prince broach Eileen always wore hidden under a cardigan was a Portkey.

"Look" said Dumbledore handing over the journal. He had looked thorough Harry's things, he as headmaster had that right. Before giving it back to the parents just in case there was something disturbing. Like a journal full of depressed thoughts, if the wizard or witch had been suicidal and killed themselves. Or Dark Arts, anything really that would upset the parents. He noticed though that he couldn't read one of the journals, no doubt it was Harry Potter's diary. He didn't know why but he had slipped it into his drawer, not even attempting to look at it. If Harry had been treated as he had, he didn't want the confirmation in the scribbling's of a scared hurt teenager/child.

"That is a very good combination...no doubt the gills wouldn't even form it's very good indeed." said Severus his black eyes reading over the ingredients and notes Harry had written down. It would be quite popular for those who liked swimming but suddenly had a phobia of it. Or parents who wanted to make sure their children didn't get hurt; it was useable even in the Muggle world...as there would be no gills or attachments that gave anything out of the ordinary away. Unless of course the child stayed under and gave the Muggles heart attacks.

"It contradicts his potion grades" said Dumbledore sadly as he pulled out the results for Harry Potter's tests over the years.

Severus' eyes widened, Troll indeed, what a lot of cow dung Harry Potter had gotten Exceeded Expectations from him. It was a well earned one too; unlike most of his students Harry had a flair for potions.

"Obviously there's something wrong there" snorted Severus bitterly. The Potions teacher had thrown decent students grades down the pan. It was a shame and now Harry Potter would never get to fulfil his potential in anything. He wondered again if anyone would care that Harry Potter was dead. How many people around the UK were glad it hadn't been Nick? That thought alone left him cold and disgusted. Savior or not Harry Potter was a fourteen year old boy who had died painfully no doubt at the hands of Voldemort. Voldemort didn't know the meaning of killing without a dose or two of Cruciatus curse. He shook off his disgusting horrific thoughts and

concentrated on Dumbledore. As hard as it may be, there was nothing he could do for the child.

"I was wondering if you would come back to teach? You will need somewhere safe...where better than Hogwarts herself?" asked or rather pleaded Dumbledore.

"I'll see" said Severus with a note of finality in his voice.

"Thank you" said Dumbledore, he knew that tone of voice, even if he asked for an answer by the end of tonight Severus would still take his time. No amount of begging, cajoling or asking would get him his anger. Like any Slytherin Severus seemed to think all his options over before deciding something.

Severus took one last look at the journal of someone who could have made a great Potions Master one day and put it down. As much as he wanted to put it off he knew he couldn't, his mother deserved to find out from him not the newspapers. He knew it would be in the newspapers, no doubt about it. How much would it be about Nick surviving and Harry dying?

Eileen heard a pop as she was getting dressed, spelling her clothes on which included her broach. She walked out of her room with her wand at the ready, slipping the light switch and light flooded the house. She let out a breath of relief when it was just Severus, who had never done that before.

"What is wrong with you Severus?" asked Eileen sternly her hands on her hips; she trailed off though when she noticed his face. It looked pinched, drawn as if he was...going to tell her something she wouldn't like. Her obsidian eyes narrowed upon her sons a mirror reflection of her own.

"Sit down" said Severus softly, putting the kettle on with a flick of his wand.

It boiled within seconds; he put the hot brew in her hands wondering why he was having to do this. Oh right, Harry Potter had stayed with his mother, without anyone even realizing it. Nobody knew just how much his mother loved Harry, apart from him and perhaps Harry had known too.

"The Dark Lord came back tonight" explained Severus grimly.

"You cannot go back! I mean you...your trial" said Eileen wide eyed, concerned for her sons life.

"I wish this was all it was about, but no. Someone died tonight when Voldemort was brought back" said Severus sadly. Knowing without a doubt his mother would realize who without him having to say the damned words.

"No!" said Eileen her voice thick with disbelief, tears already entering her obsidian eyes.

"I'm sorry mum" said Severus quietly, before pulling her into a hug. He wasn't by anyone's divination an affectionate man, but his mother needed him right now. He put his own discomfort aside and helped her as best as he could.

"This cannot be happening Severus!" whispered Eileen shaking her head. "I refuse to believe he's gone."

"He's gone." repeated Severus grimly.

And Eileen sobbed inconsolably. Miles away at Hogwarts, a girl named Luna Lovegood was sobbing in her own dorm. Those that usually bullied her felt a big lurch of sadness for her. In a boat on Hogwart's lake a boy named Viktor just stared at the ceiling wondering where it had all gone wrong obviously in shock, it didn't help that their Headmaster was missing.

Together in Huffelpuff dorm two people called Cedric Diggory and Fleur Delacour cried for their friend. Fleur felt inconsolably guilty - she had told him to go on. If only she had said nothing, he would have stayed and maybe her fourteen year old friend would still be alive today.

"Ah Nick, it's good to see you awake and well" said Dumbledore with forced kindness.

"Hello sir," said Nick smiling slightly at Dumbledore.

"Can you tell us what happened last night?" asked Dumbledore sitting down looking worried. Lily and James sat grimly and worried

on the other side of Nick and Dumbledore couldn't even bring himself to look at them.

"Someone put the imperious curse on me, forced me to take my brother and I to the cup," started Nick, not looking at Dumbledore it was a good thing for nothing but lies were about to spew from his lips. "We were then tied to a headstone; I managed to keep a hold of my wand. Harry had dropped his, we were forced to watch Voldemort brought back. I got a grip of my wand, and ran my brother was behind me he fell, I looked back he was just lying there not moving. I dropped my wand as I ran avoiding curses and grabbed the Portkey."

"What ritual did he use?" asked Dumbledore pensively.

"Bone of the father, flesh of the servant and my blood" whispered Nick thickly.

"Who did he use for the flesh what exactly happened?" asked Dumbledore.

"Pettigrew, he cut his own hand off..." shuddered Nick sick to his back teeth.

"Don't worry, everything is fine now Nick" soothed Dumbledore kindly. This time it wasn't so forced, Nick couldn't help how he was brought up. He chose instead to not even look in the Potter's direction as he walked away.

"I'm going to ask them if we can stay here this summer...Voldemort won't attack Hogwarts" whispered Lily adamantly. She didn't see her son flinching a mile at the name.

"I don't think they let people do that Lily" cautioned James but he was inwardly agreeing with her. He wanted his son safe, and perhaps he could get him trained properly this time! So he was ready for facing Voldemort at the end of the day.

"Can I help you two?" asked Dumbledore, his face neutral he couldn't outright be nasty to them. He had to ensure their son was getting the support he needed for his battle with Voldemort. He would however, show his disappointment on how they had chosen

to raise those two boys. He had seen the letters Viktor had spoke about last night when he looked through Harry Potter's trunk.

"Albus can we stay here during the summer? We need somewhere safe...and we are hoping some of the Order members would train Nick with us" said Lily sitting proud and tall. She didn't even look slightly upset, they had lost a son last night and they were despicable in his eyes.

"I see...I shall find out if I can get permission from the board of governors." said Dumbledore.

"Can't you just say yes?" asked Lily indigintly.

"No, during the summer they come to fix the wards...they would realize right away. For those days you will have to leave the school grounds, the wards cannot be strengthened if anything is inside the building. I help strengthen the wards, everyone else leaves no exceptions made." explained Dumbledore, James Potters should already know this after he was a member of the board of governors.

"Well we can go to Hogsmeade or Diagon Alley on those days or visit Molly Weasley." said Lily nodding. She didn't even know that Ron had stopped being friends with her son she was that self absorbed.

Dumbledore realized that also but refused to even try and tell her.

"I shall see what I can do." repeated Dumbledore gravely.

"Thank you." sighed Lily.

"We are grateful Albus." said James his brown eyes full of worry.

"I have one thing to ask you...the Daily Prophet want a picture of Harry with his family for the announcement page." said Dumbledore steadily.

"We shall look for one...but I don't think we have anything recent he's been staying at friends houses he was hardly ever home." said Lily, not displaying her shock and worry at what was being asked. She didn't think she had any pictures of Harry come to that, and that actually shocked her a little.

"Come, Lily. I want to get back to Nick." said James.

Nick was unhurt just a little shocked yet he was still in the hospital wing. Which was full of sweets and cards from Gryffindor's who had miraculously made up with him and forgiven him. No one had seen Viktor, Luna, Cedric or Fleur since it had happened they hadn't even been down to breakfast or lunch that day.

Pomda and Filius had sent food up to them, understanding how upset they were with what happened. The Ravenclaw's were all subdued; they had just started to get to know Harry. Now he was gone and they'd never be able to make up for all those years of practically ignoring him.

Harry woke up slowly, his entire body felt as if it was on fire, Harry half expected to be burning. However, he wasn't, he was in some sort of Dungeon. That caused him to sit up; a moan of agony slipped passed his lips he didn't want to move ever again. He hurt in places he weren't sure had existed before today, he could tell one of his ribs were broken. He could feel it, at least it was one at the bottom, not too near his lungs, but it was still agony at his finest. He wondered how long he had been there and why he hadn't been killed.

A house elf popped into the dungeon, his ears flat and eyes wider than normal. He had with him some food on a plate, and Harry felt like choking on laughter he was being fed by Death Eaters. When his own family could barely remember to feed him, the ironies of life didn't fail to humour that was for sure. He was always given food yes, at meals anything in-between was a no-no. It didn't help that his family didn't call for him and by the time he got there the food was mostly all done.

"This is for you...Is managed to sneak some Mr. Potter..." said a house elf placing the tray with the food beside Harry, its eyes wide and fearful. It was obviously going against its master to give Harry food, and Harry found that odd. Most house elves would never do such a thing, if he was found out he would be killed for sure. He somehow doubted house elves were cared for in a Death Eater dwelling.

"What's your name?" asked Harry his voice hoarse and raspy. He suddenly realized how ravenous he was, and he practically gobbled the soup down. He knew it must be lunch time, this wasn't dinner food in a pureblood home, and it certainly wasn't breakfast. Unless of course it had been re-heated and given to him but he couldn't see that happen any time soon.

"My name is Dobby Mr. Potter sir" said Dobby very quietly his small body trembling as Harry ate his fill. Dipping the bread in like a starving man stuffing his face. Normally Harry had more manners than that but right now he couldn't care. Everything hurt; he was scared, cold and wary.

"Nice to meet you Dobby, how long was I out?" asked Harry, the bowl was empty but at least his stomach was temporarily satisfied. He wondered what he was going to do and where he was he couldn't rely on this Dobby for food. He had to find a way out of there, he really didn't want to die starving to death or tortured to death in some dungeon.

"You have been here for two day's Mr. Harry Potter sir" said Dobby eyes wide and solemn.

Harry swallowed sharply he had been out of it for two days? That was unexpected to say the least whatever he had expected to hear that wasn't it. Two bloody days, no wonder he had been so starving but why did the pain still feel so fresh? Everything still hurt. Surely the pain would have abated by now.

"Jesus where am I?" asked Harry slumping with a groan against the stone wall near him.

"Malfoy Manor Mr. Potter sir" said Dobby his ears twitched up, listening intently, he disappeared abruptly, the tray of food disappearing too. Harry blinked in confusion, until he heard it himself. Footsteps were coming down the stairs; towards him no doubt a broken sigh left his lips.

"Well well Potter I hope you're enjoying your stay" sneered the anything but dulcet voice of Lucius Malfoy.

"What can I say? I'm very comfortable and warm I don't even want to move" sneered Harry sarcastically hiding his worry.

"Oh don't you worry, I'm sure you won't be able to move soon" said Lucius smoothly, his voice might be smooth but his tone was dangerous. Harry felt the soup quivering dangerously in his stomach.

He was right, Lucius Malfoy had left him unable to move or even breathe without agony ripping through him. He didn't know how much more of this he could take; he was after all only fourteen years old.

Harry was curled up in the very corner shaking and shivering, Avery and Macnair as well as Malfoy had been at him today. Macnair had gotten physical with him, not just cursing him with spells. The things Macnair had said made his skin crawl and he wanted out of there. He knew he wouldn't last much longer, not if they did what he suspected they would. Macnair had leered at him unpleasantly, suggesting that he might as well get some 'enjoyment' out of him being there.

Dobby had showed up half an hour ago with some food, unfortunately Harry just didn't have the stomach to eat anything. He had tried some of the bread but he just couldn't eat anything else. He was in too much pain to even contemplate anything else, the only relief he had gotten was that Voldemort wasn't there. His scar didn't hurt, and they obviously didn't think he was 'The boy who lived' so he was grateful for that.

Dobby popping in and out had given him a great idea, he had read about apparating. Name a fourth year Ravenclaw that hadn't, he was trying to ignore the pain and concentrate on remembering what the book said. Draw the magic from your magical core; concentrate on where you want to go. When it reaches what feels like your heart you concentrate even more firmly and apparate.

He sat there in agony and tried to apparate out, to no success nothing worked. He either wasn't successful or the manor was warded to stop apparation. There was also the possibility his magic was trying to make him better to think about apparating. Lucius Malfoy appeared in the doorway, sneering nastily at him. Harry wished he would live to see that smug smirk wiped off his face.

He was grabbed harshly by the arm; he practically wrenched it from its socket to drag him away. His scar began burning ferociously; it

had gotten worse since the re-birth that didn't sound good at all. He let himself be dragged as his mind whirled in panic; he was dumped unceremoniously in the middle of the room. Death Eaters circling like vultures dressed in black. Lucius joined the circle again, putting on his Death Eater mask and looking like everyone else.

He concentrated on apparating hoping against hope it would work - this was his very last chance of survival. He concentrated on his magic, forcing it up to help him, to leave his injuries for the moment. His magic seemed to know what Harry wanted, and did what it was commanded to do.

Harry opened his eyes and prayed as he wished more than anything else in the world to go home.

Severus had ended up spending the past few days with his mother; she wasn't coping very well with her loss. Her shop hadn't been opened in the past two days, and she had avoided looking at the papers like they were the plague. Severus hadn't realized just how Harry had helped his mother. He had wrongfully assumed that his mother was helping Harry.

Harry had apparently got up every morning at five, sorted the papers and advertisement leaflets out. Bundled them into groups, got the shop ready to open, brought Eileen a cup of coffee and then delivered the papers. Opened the shop, only taking a break from the shop when it was three o'clock time for the Evening Prophet to be delivered. Eileen gave him somewhere to stay, paid for his work and of course cooked his dinner. Sometimes Eileen would look after the shop with him, or other times she'd tell him to take a break and look after it herself.

She had thought she could handle such a job, but now she knew it wasn't true. Severus had suggested her getting a new worker in, and regretted it seeing the pain shine through his mother's familiar obsidian eyes. She had proceeded to ignore him for an hour, until Severus worked up the courage to apologize. Apologizing wasn't something that came easy to a man such as Severus Snape. He knew when he was wrong though, and his mother was all he truly had so he had bit back his pride and said sorry.

It was now three days since it happened - since Voldemort had returned and Harry had died. Severus had been told by Dumbledore

he was furious with Lily and James, for giving Nick dreamless sleeping potion. For once Dumbledore had wanted to do the right thing by Harry Potter. He had wanted to retrieve the boy's body; instead he had found Pettigrew's and Nagini's. Dumbledore hadn't been sure what to make of it, but knew without a doubt Harry was probably dead. Severus kept to himself just what the child had probably gone through. It had given him nightmares, that badly he had hardly had any sleep in the past two nights. He doubted he would get much sleep tonight either, Voldemort never usually tortured children. This wasn't any child though it was Harry Potter the brother of the one destined to kill him. No doubt he would send the child's body back in a right state. As a warning to the Potter's of what was going to happen to Nick Potter when Voldemort got his hands on him.

He shuddered anew at his thoughts.

Just as he was going to tell his mother to get some sleep, and give her a dreamless sleeping potion. A pop resounded the flat; Severus was on his guard immediately, pushing his mother behind his back.

"Stay." said Severus his voice cold and hard. One he used on first year students to ensure they did what they were told. His mother didn't even twitch at his tone, even if she was unhappy at being spoken to in such a way. She knew it was only out of concern for him; he frowned when they both heard a low moaning sound.

Severus ventured further; the noise was coming from the living room peeking around the door. He saw something that made him want to be sick, there wasn't a part of the child unharmed. Stalking forward quickly, he got down on his hands and knees and felt for a pulse. There was one, weak and fast but it was there raising his wand he summoned his potions kit to him.

"Severus?" asked Eileen her eyes wide and completely stunned.

"Get some water and a basin" said Severus curtly, his fingers grabbing a pain relieving potion first. It was hard to get the uncooperative child to swallow it; he seemed to be half conscious and half unconscious. Knowing something was happening but not sure what, he had to rub Harry's throat to get the potion into him. Almost immediately after consumption the child went lax as the pain

disappeared completely. Harry struggled to stay alert, awake but the potion and his exhaustion was too strong.

"Sleep Harry, you're safe." said Severus softly, which was very unlike him. However the child had been tortured and had probably been in agony for three days. It seemed perhaps his accidental magic had saved his life - if it was accidental at all.

Harry must have believed him, either that or the potion had won because he stilled completely. Severus grimaced at the state of him; his face was black, bloody and swollen. He didn't want to see the rest of him but need's a must he wasn't about to let the child die.

He didn't even need to spell a medical scan to appear, he knew the Cruciatus curse after affects when he saw it. Considering he had been put under it often enough when Voldemort had been in power. It was a good job he always kept a few vials on him just in case. With the war on going he had no doubt that he would be supplying it to everyone. He wondered silently just who had gone back to Voldemort, and who had stayed away. He knew Karkaroff would no doubt be one of them to stay away, he also but who else was the question. Who had taken part in hurting a fourteen year old boy? Most Death Eaters had sons that age. It disgusted him to no end that they could do such a thing, which was why he hadn't been cut out to be a Death Eater. It was why he had left and seeked redemption from who Voldemort liked to call 'the champion for Mudblood's and Muggles' Albus Dumbledore.

Even as he sat there deep in thought his fingers were busy, he was of course healing the worst of the injuries first. Many of them were surprisingly physical wounds made by some sort of dagger or knife. He knew immediately who had been part of the proceedings - Macnair. He was the only one sick enough to actually do that, he had watched him work too many times. To many times to ever forget the screams of his victims, even in his nightmares while Voldemort watched like a proud father grinning insanely.

He wondered if the boy would have him arrested, at least that would be one less sadistic Death Eater around to torture people. He knew the Ministry had declared Voldemort's return, it was hard not too. Crouch junior much to his surprise (because he was thought dead) and everyone else's was sentenced to Azkaban. Crouch Junior was the most hated and most sadistic Death Eater right next to Macnair.

He liked cursing Muggles with the Crucio and turning them insane. They had mercifully been killed with a painless potion to bring about their demise. Dumbledore had protested against it but the Ministry had overruled him. Fifty Muggles in total had been given the potion, which would see them dying in their sleep after five minutes. He had created the potion, one that wasn't published. It didn't mean others didn't know about it, Lucius Malfoy did with his connections in the Ministry unfortunately.

"Will he be ok?" asked Eileen her voice tremulous. She had watched her son feed Harry pain reliever's, Skelegrow, blood replenishes, and put wound sealers on his open wounds which sizzled unpleasantly sounding. It did its job though, and a few other potions she was unfamiliar with. One of them stopped the trembling quite noticeably, and she realized it must be the Anti torture/Cruciatuus curse potion Severus had created.

"He will be fine" said Severus adamantly. He wasn't going to fail Harry Potter, not now not after all he had been through.

Severus Snape healed the boy because he wanted to, not because he was a hero, or because he was Harry Potter or because of his mother. He healed him just like he would have healed anyone else who had apparated to him, nobody deserved to be tortured or hurt like that. Not by anyone's hands ever mind Lord Voldemort's, and so it was without even realizing it Harry had found a new protector...and maybe some day something even more.

I've had a great idea for this story so I've decided the Horcrux's stay! nagini is already gone as is the diary so there's not many left anyway. It's not a big part of the story so I don't mind revealing this to you! :) so what did you think? I did promise you an update so here it is! :) Harry survived! will Harry heal and go back to Hogwarts and attack Nick in public? or will the school already be finished by the time he's healed? will Harry be 'disowned' by his parents for attacking his brother? only to have it thrown in their face that he was Lord Peverell? only to have James go nuts about it? will the Potter money be dwindling down? after all Nick demands the best of everything...James and Lily have ensured that! will the money be getting squandered enough for James to worry? with Harry taking his inheritance as well as the Peverell title/money/vaults? will it be bad enough that James has to deny his son the star chaser? newest broom on the market? first time ever being denied anything? would

you like to see his reaction? what will nick do when the truth becomes known? throw a tantrum? expect everyone to believe in him or ignore everyone smug in the knowledge he was the one everyone loved? how will nick feel about training? will the pressure get to him? will he run away or is that too out of character for a spoiled brat like him? R&R PLEASE!

Chapter 15

Harry Potter year 4 part 7 - Harry get's better and Nick get's a fright and er...a broken nose

Harry felt himself waking up, and like the past three days he kept still wondering where he was. He could feel a soft bed under him, and taste the residue of potions on his tongue. Not only that but the excruciating pain he had been feeling for three days was gone. That's not to say he wasn't in pain it was just dull throbs right now, there was something familiar about the smell of where he was. The throbs were getting worse stealing his attention from the familiar smell. He tried to open his eyes only to wince he couldn't open them at all. They felt glued shut; they were probably swollen as well, very badly. His whole face hurt come to think of it, damn Macnair to hell and back he'd see that bastard in prison. He was a Ravenclaw, a Lord the Ministry wouldn't have a choice but to meet with him. Pensieve memories didn't lie, couldn't lie it was Veritaserum of the memories instead of words.

A groan left his lips when a vicious jab of pain penetrated his side, his ribs still hurt that was for sure. As he groaned he heard something stirring, someone was obviously next to him. Where was he? He must have escaped he doubted very much Voldemort would heal him. Which meant he had successfully apparated, and he was obviously somewhere magical.

"How are you feeling Harry?" asked a soft feminine voice Harry knew very well - Eileen.

Harry only croaked in reply, he couldn't speak his mouth was far too dry. His tongue was literally stuck to the top of his mouth.

"Squeeze my hand if you are in pain" said another voice, it was as smooth as Eileen's but different it was male. He recognized the voice, but he couldn't place it at all he had a feeling he knew it though. Now that the voice mentioned it he could feel someone's hand in his, and did as instructed squeezing lightly.

There was some more shuffling before a cold vial was pressed to his lips; he knew he was safe if he was with Eileen. Without more ado he opened his mouth and let the pain reliever course through him.

"Here some water" said the male voice once more.

Harry practically inhaled the water, his thirst finally quenched after what felt like months to him. He jumped when he felt long fingers touching his face; he winced when it began to burn.

"This will sting some but the bruising will all but fade." said the male voice as he continued to rub it in.

Sting it did, but he could feel the bruising receding and his swollen eyes weren't so swollen anymore. In fact he could finally open his eyes five minutes later, but the paste stung his eyes so he kept them closed. A warm cloth across his face took the potion residue off, and a minute later his face was pretty much back to normal. The first thing he saw when he did open his eyes, was his old Potions Professor and felt like hitting himself. So that's where he had recognized the voice from, then again he shouldn't have because the Snape he knew didn't speak softly like that. In school he was curt, witty and snarling as he should be because Potions was a dangerous subject.

"How do you feel?" asked Eileen her face was bright and cheerful.

Harry blinked, that was a very good question how did he feel? Oh yeah like killing his brother for a start. Then getting revenge on those three Death Eaters, nothing would please him more than to see them in Azkaban. It was a good job you could tell when someone was under the imperious curse. Their eyes were sort of glazed over and their voice was like a monotone. They had been excited and their voice and eyes would give them away.

He didn't want to curse at Eileen, but he did want to tell her he felt like shite.

"I'm alright all things considered" grunted Harry, he was a good liar but not where Eileen was concerned.

"What happened?" asked Severus sitting forward, Eileen quickly scrambled away to grab a tray. Forgetting to use magic, she never had been all that powerful - probably due to the inner breeding with Pureblood's. Her son though she was proud to say was very powerful, and it goes to prove that you did need new blood now and

again. Any son she would have had with a pureblood would have been a squib or had hardly any magic she could bet.

She put it in front of Harry, and Severus helped him sit up stacking a few pillows at his back for support. Severus actually surprised him by how un-awkward it was to help the teenager. He wasn't a hands on man; he preferred his solitude and was not a person to comfort another. Yet he didn't have a problem helping Harry, his thoughts should have been grumbling that he wasn't a nursemaid. It wasn't he was just mighty concerned for the teenager right now.

"What's my brother been saying?" asked Harry scowling darkly, his emerald eyes went dark at the thought of his twin. He quickly ate the food in front of him utterly starving once more.

Severus noticed this and became slightly alarmed just what the hell had happened that night? "I don't want to know his version of events I want to know yours. Look at me when I am talking to you and you to me" said Severus his voice soothing but tone adamant.

"Nick somehow ended up under the imperious curse like Viktor who was cursing Fleur. I stunned Viktor but Fleur was too hurt to continue on, Fleur sent up two sets of sparks and she told me to go on. Neither Viktor nor Fleur wanted Nick winning, and to be perfectly honest I didn't want him to either. I sent six stunning spells at a gigantic spider...and I was grabbed pretty strongly as well. I told him to let me go, but he wouldn't I couldn't get out of his grip for some strange reason." sighed Harry, Nick wasn't the strongest person in the world. He was looking Snape straight in the eye as he spoke, wondering why slightly but not arguing the man had saved his life after all. He drank the rest of the pumpkin juice and pushed the tray away slightly. Severus with a flick of his wand had it levitated to the sink and it was cleaning itself and placing itself neatly back into the appropriate cupboards.

"While you are under the imperious curse, you can do things you normally couldn't. Which no doubt includes strength and agility, it was nothing to do with you being weak." said Severus his eyes solemn.

Harry nodded his head curtly "I only noticed he was under the imperious curse when we had actually grabbed onto the cup. It was

a Portkey, I was about to get the cup and get us out of there when we were tied to a headstone."

"You are leaving something out." observed Severus his eyes narrowing dangerously.

Harry was breathing heavily now, how did he know he was leaving something out? That thought left him chilled to the bone what could he do? Just avoid the question and continue? He somehow doubted it would work.

"Nick realized it was Peter Pettigrew...James' old friend the one that had been our secret keeper." continued Harry avoiding Snape's eyes.

"Why didn't you just assume it was a part of the task? Why reach for the Portkey immediately?" questioned Severus "And look at me when I am speaking to you."

Scared green eyes met his and Severus knew it was something important and probably life altering that the child was hiding. He got the feeling it was something he had kept to himself for the longest time. He had also realized that Harry was referring to his father by his given name...not as 'Father' 'dad' or anything else. It told him just how much the child must hate him, he hated his own father Tobias and he did indeed also refer to him by his given name.

"Oh Harry...you can tell us we wont let anyone know" said Eileen looking heartbroken.

Harry knew he could trust her but could he trust Snape? He took another look at Snape's eyes and gasped. It was a revelation a long time coming, Eileen was Professor Snape's mother...he was her son. Which would of course explain why he was here, both of them, instead of being in St. Mungo's or Hogwarts. If Snape hadn't been here Eileen wouldn't have been able to help him. The half blood Prince...Harry hadn't realised just how literal it was. Harry felt very foolish indeed, he had known Eileen along time and hadn't guessed.

"My scar started to hurt as if someone had applied a hot poker to It." confessed Harry his eyes falling immediately to his hands afterwards.

"Your scar?" asked Severus his obsidian eyes larger than normal. Never let it be said that Severus Snape was stupid. He made stupid choices but he wasn't a stupid man not now anyway. He understood all too well what Harry Potter was saying, and if he had avoided telling them it could only mean one thing. He had already known before the tournament that he was the boy who lived. The true savior of the wizarding world and NOT Nick bloody Potter. "How long have you..." he ended speechlessly.

"I've always known..." said Harry uncomfortably, although his heart had burst with adrenaline. They actually believed him, it was a difficult concept to accept especially now.

"Why didn't you tell anyone?" gasped Eileen shocked. There was an undertone in her voice which told them 'why didn't you tell ME' as well.

"Who would have believed me? They would have just accused me of being jealous of Nick." sighed Harry sadly, but biting out the word 'Nick' as if it were a curse. It was the same way Severus Snape used the word 'Potter' much to the obsidian eyed males amusement.

"Indeed." said Severus dryly knowing it was nothing but the truth.

"So your scar hurt, you realized something was wrong. You were bound to a headstone along with your brother then what?" asked Severus sitting even further forward he wanted to know every detail that had happened.

"Nick had dropped his wand, I still had mine, and Pettigrew dragged a man sized cauldron next to us. He did a ritual to bring Voldemort-"

"Don't say his name." hissed Severus unable to help himself.

"Does the mark hurt when people say it?" asked Harry, thinking back to tonight when Pettigrew had screamed in agony when Voldemort pressed his finger to it.

Severus' eye twitched a sure sign of shock how could this boy possibly know?

"It does." said Eileen for her son when he didn't answer. Not many things could shock her severe stoic son into silence.

"Oh, well Pettigrew dropped Voldie into the cauldron, and said with his wand; bone of the father unknowingly given you shall revive your son. Then flesh of the servant willingly given you shall revive your master. Pettigrew cut of his entire hand and it dropped into the cauldron. Then he said blood of the enemies forcefully taken you will resurrect your foe and took mine and Nick's blood." said Harry heavily.

"I see I shall need to speak to Dumbledore about getting those remains destroyed to ensure it doesn't happen again." said Severus smoothly.

"Voldie appeared in the cauldron," said Harry his face going pale and sick looking as he remembered the disgusting thing. "He looked more like a snake than human, slit for a nose and red slits for eyes. He used Pettigrew to call his Death Eaters...he touched the mark on his forearm."

Severus nodded grimly and Eileen had her hand over her mouth in silent shock.

"I knew we had to get out of there, Nick was no help at all - he had peed his pants!" cried Harry indigintly. "I managed to grab my wand from my pocket despite being bound. I held my wand and kept chanting Finite incantantum until the bonds gave way. Nick cried out as he fell...alerting them. We were about to run, Nick ran I was caught up in Nagini's hold...I waited until he or she whatever it is, was about to bite me then I hit it with a Reducto curse."

Severus' lips were drawn in a faint line either in disgust or amusement at Harry's proclamation of Nick peeing himself.

Eileen however sounded like her son at that moment when she snorted in derision.

"We ran, ducking behind headstones and dodging curses...I kept flinging spells back um...I hit Pettigrew with a Reducto curse in the chest I think. Nick was three feet in front of me when Voldie hit me with the Cruciatus curse." Harry couldn't help but wince painfully at the reminder. Eileen whimpered softly, smoothing out the bedding stopping herself from smothering Harry in a hug.

Severus barely withheld a wince himself; it wasn't pain he'd wish on a fully grown adult never mind a fourteen year old boy. Mind you he wouldn't mind James Potter being held under it so his thoughts weren't strictly accurate.

Harry shrank in on himself when he whispered the last part "Nick grabbed the Portkey and left."

"He what?" shrieked Eileen her obsidian eyes just as large as her sons were at this very moment in utter shock and disgust.

Harry brought up his legs and wrapped his arms around himself; part of him was of course rightfully furious. Another part of him, the more innocent part despite his life, that had remained, was shocked by his brother's actions. He wouldn't have done it, he didn't think not if his brother had only been three feet from him.

"He just left you there?" asked Severus in disbelief, he believed the boy, and he had seen the truth of it in his eyes.

"Yes. I was trapped there with no way out, Voldie used the Imperious curse on me...he didn't know I could fight it obviously. I decided to go along with it...try and see if I could work something out. Get out of there, then the Death Eaters began showing up and Voldie began his speech I never realized he had a flair for dramatics" commented Harry itching his head.

Severus didn't know whether to snort or laugh either way he was greatly amused with this fourteen year olds guile. Especially considering he had spent three days in the bastards company no doubt.

"He went on about Death Eaters that hadn't turned up, four dead in his service...one too cowardly to return and you...he said he was going to kill you." said Harry watching his old Potions Master curiously.

"That doesn't surprise me, it was a good thing I did not attend the summons." said Severus smoothly a perfect black eyebrow arched.

"I cannot remember much else...apart from trying to stop myself screaming in pain...the pain in my scar was at its worst. I didn't want to give myself away...I don't think he realizes I was the boy who

lived. I don't think he would have let me survive that night if it were true," said Harry. "He put the Cruciatus curse on me until I passed out...I woke up two days later still in agony as if it had just been applied. A house elf brought me some food...it disappeared when it heard footsteps...turned out I was in Malfoy Manor. He cursed me with loads of different spells...um then left again."

"Malfoy will be a fool then should he go anywhere in public" said Severus curtly.

"He brought Macnair and Avery the next time...at least that's what I think they were called...they didn't have their masks on and they were calling each other by their last names," Harry shuddered in disgust remember Macnair. "Macnair was the worst...he said he might as well have some fun with me while I was there."

Severus' eyes widened once more at the implication "Were you?" asked Severus swallowing nervously. There were a few sadistic Death Eaters who liked that, Macnair was one of them Avery was the other. Lucius refused to touch anything that wasn't pure or he would be doing it himself too.

"No...um...I had read about apparation at the start of the year, I tried while I was in the dungeons but I couldn't."

"No you couldn't. Malfoy's dungeons were warded against apparation and Portkey's. Otherwise it wouldn't be a very affective prison, it was no fault of your own" said Severus quickly.

"Lucius Malfoy dragged me out and up the stairs into this big dining hall...I've never seen anything like it before. The Death Eaters surrounded me at every angle, Malfoy then went back and put his mask on and took his place in the circle. I felt my scar flare and I knew he was there...I tried to apparate and that's the last thing I remember." said Harry honestly. He still had his arms wrapped around his legs, his head was lying on his knees but his eyes met Snape's all the time.

Severus sighed silently; he wasn't looking forward to telling the teenager about what Potter was telling everyone. He had to tell Harry of course, the world thought he was dead for goodness sake. He realized with a start that he wasn't exactly terribly shocked now that Nick had left his brother. Whether he had known Nick was a

coward or whether it was just because he believed the worst of all, the Potter's he didn't know. Well not this one, this one was different from the lot of them. He had known that by being his teacher for only one year at Hogwarts.

"The world believes you perished the night the Dark Lord returned...your brother has taken the credit for killing Nagini and Pettigrew" explained Severus softly - he was interrupted.

"Not surprising he's taken credit for everything I've done, the night Voldie died, my flying, the troll...I guess I'm used to it now." sighed Harry morosely. Not only had his brother left him to die...he had taken credit for something not his own doing - once again.

"You bloody well shouldn't be!" snapped Eileen furious on Harry's behalf.

"What date is it?" asked Harry.

"It's the fourth day since you were taken...it's the last day of Hogwarts tomorrow. Just relax and get yourself fit again I shall contact the headmaster to let him know." said Severus.

"DON'T! I mean please don't I'll go to school tomorrow." said Harry his green eyes gleaming like emerald stones.

Severus narrowed his eyes, before grudgingly nodding his head.

"Promise me you won't tell anyone about me being you know..." said Harry warily, shuddering as he remembered the Boggart.

"This cannot be kept secret Mr. Potter." said Severus severely.

"Please...I don't want anyone to know." whispered Harry panting in fear as his heartbeat sky rocketed at the thought.

"On one condition...you allow me to train you." said Severus.

"Why?" demanded Harry warily.

"Because I know of...something you don't something important...it's nothing a fourteen year old should know." said Severus somewhat cautiously.

Harry narrowed his eyes that didn't sound good at all. "Meaning what exactly?" Harry didn't like how weak his voice sounded there but it couldn't be helped.

Severus looked deeply conflicted, the boy had a right to know...but should he? As young as he was. He could tell Harry wasn't going to be satisfied with half truths or avoidances. He decided on the truth, he had kept his mouth shut about him being the boy who lived, also managed to keep Voldemort ignorant of that fact too. Perhaps he could be trusted with this information also.

"There was a prophecy created about a year or so before you were born, I was still...loyal back then. So when myself, Malfoy and another Death Eater overheard Trelawney a seer predicting the Dark Lord's downfall we immediately told him. We only ever heard the first half of it...the one with the power to vanquish the dark lord approaches...born to those who have thrice defied him...born as the seventh month dies this is all we heard. The bartender had caught us lurking and accused us of spying...quite rightfully so I suppose." said Severus his obsidian eyes watching Harry's emerald ones cautiously as he told his story. He felt relief flood through him when there was no accusation or hurt in them. "I did not expect the Dark Lord to start hunting unborn children down...he became obsessed, with finding out who it was. He finally narrowed it down to two families. The Potter's and the Longbottom's who by the way went into hiding. When...you defeated the Dark Lord the Longbottom's went straight back to Longbottom manor. It was a good thing as Bellatrix Lestrange and a few other Death Eaters entered the home intending on getting information. They were captured instead, and sentenced to Azkaban along with a lot of other Death Eaters."

"When did you become a spy?" asked Harry his eyes wide as he digested this new information. He had the power to vanquish the 'Dark Lord' as it said that was unexpected to say the least and he didn't know what to make of it.

"When I realized he was going after your family, I went to Dumbledore to protect you all. This was my way of repaying the life debt I owed your father but I was also good friends with your mother when we were children." said Severus his lip still curled in disgust.

Harry blinked at that new information "You were friends with my mum? Why aren't you friends anymore?"

"I knew her from we were eight years old until we were sixteen...I called her a 'Mudblood' when she tried to help me when your father was humiliating me in front of the entire school before your godfather was bored." sneered Severus.

"Sirius Black? Hum...I've not seen him since I was a little boy three or four years old if I remember right." said Harry cocking his head to the side.

"You don't know the mutt?" asked Severus taken aback.

"Nope, and Lupin pretty much ignored me when he taught last year spent all his free time with Nick." shrugged Harry his eyes briefly displaying the hurt before it was gone.

"They will regret it one day you know..." said Severus trying to comfort and renew the teenager.

Harry smirked almost feral "I know and when I'm ready for everyone to know they will."

"Drink this and get some sleep." said Severus handing over a purple potion. Not only did Harry need sleep, Severus and Eileen did too, they had spent the entire night healing him. Eileen had left so Severus could remove his clothes and wash him down. Once that had been done pyjamas had been conjured and placed on the teenager. Thankfully not too much physical damage had been done to his body. Just three slashes from a knife or dagger to the chest. Which had been cleaned out and healed, they were scarred unfortunately, but the scarring would fade with time. The knife or dagger had been magical and you couldn't make magical made scars disappear. Especially not dark ones anyway that was for sure.

"Dreamless sleeping potion, goodnight." said Harry as he opened it and drank it down in one go. Almost immediately he began feeling drowsy, a yawn left his lips as he snuggled into the pillows. He fell asleep feeling so much better, a burden had been erased from his mind. As he fell asleep he realized Fleur, Cedric, Viktor and Luna all thought him dead and he hadn't even asked how they were. The thought that he would be going to Hogwarts tomorrow consoled him.

He wondered if he should perhaps tell Luna now...Eileen and Snape had believed him...perhaps others would. He could trust Luna with his life, but to be sure he should perhaps get an oath from her first.

Severus looked down on the fourteen year old and noticed he looked very innocent and childish lying like that. When he was awake and aware, he had this presence around him that showed he had seen too much. Which when you think about it shouldn't be possible, but it was and he was going to help him in any way he could. He needed all the help he could get, Severus couldn't help but think perhaps even Dumbledore wouldn't believe him should he tell him Harry was the boy who lived. He had invested too much in Nick Potter, ignored Harry Potter too much to ever want to admit it even to himself.

"I should have guessed...he seemed so bitter towards his brother every time he was in the paper...not bitter but disgusted and let down maybe?" mused Eileen, she had a glass of sherry in her hand. Severus had a whisky they were both just sitting there stunned with this new information they had digested.

"I always knew Pot...Nick didn't defeat the troll I kept my silence...I knew it had been my spell used. Which means Harry Potter has been using the Half Blood Prince Book." said Severus shaking his head wryly.

"You didn't start that until your sixth year..." frowned Eileen confused.

"I know he must be able to create sixth year potions by now I'd imagine. He recognized the dreamless sleeping potion if that's any indication." smirked Severus in bitter amusement. He wondered what James Potter thought of his son liking potions that much it turned into a grimace when he realized the bastard didn't care. Nor did the boy's own godfather come to that, Black he could understand he was a fame magnet always sucking up to the most popular boy even as a kid. Anything popular and light he attached himself to as if he was scared he was accused of being...dark. Lupin though had always been the smart one, or he had thought so until that very moment the teenager had told him about being ignored by the werewolf.

"Severus...I can't let you teach him if all you see is a way for the Dark Lord to be defeated." said Eileen putting her foot down. Her obsidian eyes glaring determinedly at her son as if daring him to declare otherwise.

"I am not Dumbledore, I'm not just doing it to that end, and I want the teen to survive. He will need training when the time comes, if he doesn't plan on telling anyone any time soon then it's a good thing. It will give him the element of surprise, and ensure his survival. I also want to teach him Potions, I've never seen anyone with the same aptitude as Harry in Potions." confessed Severus.

"Good," sighed Eileen gratefully. "Apprenticeship?" she then questioned.

"I think so; it's probably the best way to go about it. When he passes his mastery even earlier than I did he will have a lot of options." said Severus.

"Good I will feel better he isn't at that awful school with that nasty brat." said Eileen. It was probably the nastiest thing Severus had heard her utter in years, ever since Tobias really. His mother didn't like bad language at all, which was why he tried and failed not to curse or snarl things in front of her.

"Harry has something planned for tomorrow night...I could see it in his eyes." said Severus.

"Then we shall accompany him...I do not want his mother or father to harm him." said Eileen she might not have much magic but she had enough - she was a witch for a reason. Lily Potter would regret it if she even attempted to hurt Harry verbally or physically.

Severus Snape couldn't help but wish James Potter would try something. Under the law he had the ability to protect his apprentice from harm. Even from his or her own parents, it had been that way since Merlin time. Legend suggested he had taken an apprentice under his wing, against the wishes of the parents and made the law. The best thing about Merlin laws - they couldn't be changed they were the very foundation of magic.

"Do you think he will accept an apprentice? He seems to like Hogwarts now that he has friends and a boyfriend" said Eileen.

"I do not know, I suppose I could accept my post at Hogwarts again and teach him there. It will make everything more complicated but life is, I could ask Dumbledore to keep Reese on." said Snape.

"He hates Harry! I've gotten a few letters about him Harry's grades are suffering because of it. He has told me he fears he won't be able to get an apprenticeship because of it. I hadn't realized it was Potions he was talking about. It could have been any of the teachers at Hogwarts...I don't keep up with the teachers...I know about Filius, Minerva and Dumbledore only because you mentioned them from time to time." said Eileen.

It wasn't long later they finished their drinks and went straight to their beds or rather Eileen went to hers and Severus slept in his conjured bed in the living room. If anyone had cared to look, they would have found Severus Snape sleeping, his wand clutched firmly in his hand under his pillow. He would have willingly given his life to protect the two others in the house.

Harry had accepted his apprenticeship almost straight away, when Severus had brought it up. He hadn't even needed to think for a few minutes, if that was any indication of his dedication to Potions then it was immense. Severus would of course give him a choice of whether he wanted to go back to Hogwarts or not during the summer. Dumbledore could wait on his answer until then, Harry needed time to himself. To come to terms with what had happened, what was going to happen and then decide. It wasn't something to be taken lightly attending the same school as his twin who had essentially left him for dead. Then took credit for kills that weren't his own, just like the other times he had done so.

Harry looked much better now; he could walk without stumbling or shaking. He was healed, and his blood was back to normal after the amount he had lost. His ribs were healed and cuts and bruises were almost completely gone. There was nothing to suggest he had been hurt apart from the scars on his chest and yellowing bruises on his face.

It was indeed the leaving feast tonight and they were leaving together - Harry had protested that Eileen didn't need to come. However, she only proved that she had given her son his stubbornness. Inwardly though Harry was warmed with the worry

she displayed for him. He wasn't used to it; any fourteen year old would have been embarrassed. Having looked after himself for so long now - it was nice to not have to do everything himself.

Both Eileen and Harry were side along apparated by Severus, before long their trek led them along the gravelled path to Hogwarts entrance. The doors were open, so they passed without problem. The doors to the Great Hall were open; it didn't take them any time at all to get to them. Eileen and Severus slid in and watched Harry approach the Gryffindor table. Nick was sitting beside Ronald Weasley again, whether they were friends or not again remained to be seen.

Harry tapped his brother on the shoulder, who turned around frowning at the impertinence of someone. Nick took one look at him and paled drastically, he looked ready to be sick. Everyone was frowning, wondering who it was that made Nick look so worried. Lily, James, Minerva and Dumbledore were making their way down to the Gryffindor benches worried about Nick and who the cloaked stranger was.

Harry had his entire face and body covered by a thick cloak; nobody could possibly guess who he was.

He lowered his hood and the entire Great Hall breathed as one shocked to their cores. Their eyes were almost popping out of their sockets; several cries were heard from the Ravenclaw table, as Fleur and Luna rushed from the Ravenclaw table to get to him. Viktor was more composed as he just smiled in relief - he knew something was going to happen and remained seated for the show.

Eileen and Severus came forward enjoying the look of bewilderment, shock and much to their disgust sadness in Lily and James Potter's eyes that Harry Potter their son was still alive. Severus had his wand already in his hand, watching the proceedings, Dumbledore much to Severus' surprise - his eyes were twinkling brightly as if he was relieved to see Harry alive and well. Perhaps Dumbledore had truly been regretful at Harry Potter's death after all.

The shock lasted even longer when Harry drew his hand back and smacked his fist right into his twin's nose. With a sickening crunch Nick began scream, cry his eyes out as blood gushed out of the

wound. Spraying several close people with droplets of his blood, making them blanch in disgust.

Sorry I can't update anymore it's three o'clock in the morning here and I cannot write anymore. I am also sorry if you think this is out of character for Harry but come on! he had just been left for dead by his own brother! then to be told Nick took credit yet again for his work! it's all too much for an adolescent teenager...he had to snap at one point. This is the point, he has reached it he has well and truly snapped. Would you like to see Lucius, Avery and Macnair in Azkaban? will Harry go to the ministry and have them arrested? would you like to see the Potter's almost penniless with reckless spending? they after all don't get money for Nick anymore it was just the first year after the war was over! he gets sweets and small trinkets from his 'fans' at Hogwarts for Christmas and birthdays but that's it! will anyone believe him? will Eileen sneakily get a journalist to come? by hinting of something happening that night? will it be in the papers? will Harry succeed in sending his 'attacker's' to Azkaban will Lucius manage to get off? R&R please!

Chapter 16

Sitriel- I cannot see the email address unfortunately so i hope i get you through here! I'd love to see some fan art based upon my story! :)

Someone mentioned that Viktor didn't cry so he wasn't upset Harry was dead - that isn't the case people deal with grief in their own way. Some cry, some get angry, some go very quiet, some eat, some just want comfort. Plus Viktor was in shock and he couldn't believe it happened or that's my reasoning he was closer to Harry than the others so it makes sense for him to not want to believe Harry was dead more than Fleur.

Summer Trials

Lily and James raised their wands as if to curse their son, Severus had his wand pointed straight at James' forehead before he could blink. Eileen much to Severus' amusement had Lily disarmed and her wand pointed straight at the red head's heart. Her face though was extremely bitter and angry as she glared at the emerald eyes woman. Fury still coursed through her when she thought of everything Harry had been through because of this woman.

"That was for leaving me at the graveyard to face Voldemort alone after I got us untied!" snarled Harry furiously, his magic swirling around him cloaking him in awesome magic. Nobody could say Harry Potter wasn't powerful, not anymore as he stood proud and tall glaring at his brother ferociously.

"Now...calm down let's take this elsewhere" soothed Dumbledore watching everything wide eyed. His own wand in his hand, trying to get people calmed down and away from the students before something happened. He didn't like to think that Harry Potter was telling the truth, that Nick truly left his own brother for dead. The hall was deadly silent everyone staring at Nick in shocked bafflement. Minerva stood beside him and nodded in grim agreement, her own wand of course at the ready.

Fleur and Luna were standing behind Dumbledore, Lily and James looking at Harry cautiously. They weren't scared of him by any stretch of imagination; Luna had expected this for a long time...Fleur on the other hand just looked shocked now. She believed that Nick

would leave her own brother; he was just that kind of person. Spoiled, cowardly, without a backbone boy who had gotten everything handed to him on a silver platter.

Harry drew back his foot and kicked Nick straight in the balls; Nick was now singing a soprano instead of sobbing and whimpering. Every male including Dumbledore winced in sympathy for Nick. "That was for taking credit for something I did again!" hissed Harry.

"What the bloody hell are you talking about?" hissed Nick his brown eyes flashing furiously behind his eyes though lay true panic.

"Harry stop it at once" snapped James. They were surrounded by people and he didn't like what Harry had just implicated - especially in front of everyone.

Harry glared at his father in disgust "It was me that defeated that snake and Pettigrew" spat Harry. "Not only that but I defeated the Troll, I was the one seen flying, I was the one who stunned Quirrell to stop Voldemort...I was the one that did all those things and I don't care if you don't believe me" he finally screamed at the top of his lungs.

Severus didn't make any attempts to stop him if anything it had been a long time coming. Harry needed to get this off his chest whether people believed him or not, he had remained silent for far too long. No doubt Harry would feel much better when all was said and done.

"Right" scoffed James screwing his face up in disgust.

"It's true, the spell used to take down the troll was one of my own making," said Severus his voice grave and sneering. "I could recognize the signature...hence why I asked Potter if he had a new Potions book that day Albus. My spells had been in my old Potions book which Harry took."

"Nick did it, I don't care what you say the world knows the truth." said Lily calming down looking benevolent like the Headmaster when dealing with first year children.

"We lied; we never did go after the troll we were only trying to get ourselves out of trouble. We hadn't gone back to our common rooms

like we were told, I didn't want to be expelled or accused of anything." said Ron his face as red as his hair.

"Just when we thought you were cool..." tutted Fred.

"You turn out not to be little brother" sighed George.

"But you are..." said Fred

"Still our brother...and we" said George gesturing between himself and his identical twin in every way.

"Are proud of you" grinned Fred wickedly.

A few people twittered but mostly it remained stunned silent.

"If you don't stop these lies I'm going to disown you!" snapped James furious that Harry was ruining his son's reputation. He knew Nick had done all those things after all he had done magic first, he had defeated Voldemort, and he was the prophecy child. No other child would be able to do all those things otherwise, he was sure of it.

The hall gasped as one unable to believe what they were hearing, they knew they didn't seem that bothered their son had died but this...disowning someone wasn't done often. Not for telling the truth...even if it was lies Harry didn't deserve to be treated like that.

"Now James...let's not say things we don't mean" soothed Dumbledore trying to get back in control.

"I do mean it!" snarled James angrily.

"I hope you do it anyway! He better not get away with this!" hissed Nick who was on the floor clutching his 'manhood' through his trousers if one could call it that. He couldn't see properly through all the tears and blood crusting and still gushing down his face.

"He won't, you are coming home for the entire summer and you are grounded." said Lily her hands on her hips looking at Harry in disappointment as if he had only just lied and not embarrassed the family name.

Severus snorted not if he had anything to say about it, Harry was now under his protection as an apprentice. His parents now no longer had a say in his life, Harry had after all signed the contract. Until he passed his mastery he was now under Severus Snape's care and instruction as his master.

They were confused when Harry burst out laughing then proceeded to grinned ferally at them.

"That won't be happening either." said Harry smugly.

Severus was under the impression he was about to tell them about his newly apprenticed status. When his jaw dropped incredulity sweeping through him, also pride at Harry's Slytherin ability despite being a Ravenclaw.

"Not on your life." said Eileen grimly.

"You have no say in this!" hissed Lily; she knew who Eileen was probably only one of the few who actually did. Severus narrowed his eyes dangerously at Lily, ex-best friend or not no one spoke to his mother like that - except him.

"You will find that I am legally emancipated." smirked Harry.

"Impossible! I'd have known I'm the head of the Potter family." snapped James thinking Harry was bluffing.

"Not when I declared myself Lord Peverell, you might recognize it as the top of the family tree." grinned Harry in amusement he had been waiting for this day for so long.

"No" gasped James wide eyed, he knew what that meant, he couldn't contest it, he knew half the Potter money was already in the boy's hands and what's worse all heir looms were Harry's too.

"Yes" said Harry excitement thrumming through him like never before. Oh he had waited so long for this. To tell them what he thought of them and throw something back in their faces.

"Good at least he's not a Potter anymore." huffed Nick.

The students just continued looking at one another utterly stunned, too stunned to talk among themselves. They were now looking at Nick with openly hostile and disgusted looks which he didn't see still unable to see.

"That's shocking, my mother would never do that and I wouldn't do that to any of my brothers. Even if they do prank me all the time...one day you will regret it and I hope I live to see it." this statement was made by surprisingly - Ronald Weasley much to the surprise of everyone.

That started everyone talking; the hall was loud with questions being shouted. Muggle born's were asking why it was so bad, pureblood's were hissing at James Potter and the half bloods were just disgusted.

"SILENCEEEEEEE!" boomed Dumbledore's voice it vibrating around the room. Students nearer to Dumbledore winced at the sudden loud voice, even if everyone had been talking.

"Prefects take your students back to their common rooms immediately!" snapped Minerva crisply.

They did as they were told, in a line they walked back to their common rooms. The prefects made no move to stop them gossiping! But only because they wanted to join in. they had the grace to wait until they were actually in their common room. Hell even the head boy and head girl joined in, one in Ravenclaw tower and one in Hufflepuff common rooms.

"Poppy please see to Nick, Severus, Eileen lower your wands" said Dumbledore demandingly he was getting things under control right now if it killed him. Severus pulled his wand away from James but didn't put it away. Eileen did the same thing snorting in disgust not as composed as her son.

"Now Harry why would you want to disown yourself?" asked Dumbledore softly. Looking away from where Poppy was healing Nick, who was looking much like his normal self already. Although his nose wasn't sitting quite the same was as before, magic wasn't a miracle worker unfortunately.

"You are joking right?" said Harry choking back a laugh of pure astonishment nearly slipping past his lips. Dumbledore was stupid, hadn't he listened to a word he had just said? And that's exactly what Harry asked him next.

"Of course I heard, I just think there's been a big mistake," sighed Dumbledore "Family if family at the end of the day."

"If you want them then have them, I don't want them," snapped Harry an ugly sneer on his face. "I shan't need them, ever, haven't done since I was one years old."

"Now Harry no one year old can take care of themselves" said Dumbledore patiently a condescending note in his voice.

"I did, I had to I've fed myself, dressed myself, I even had to learn to read and write myself." hissed Harry furiously.

James and Lily blanched their faces going white in shock.

"What?" cried various voices simultaneously in shock. Meanwhile James and Lily seemed to slump onto the Hufflepuff bench in defeat.

Dumbledore had frozen in shock, McGonagall looked stunned, Severus looked at Lily as if he hadn't seen her before Nick just pouted. Eileen looked mutinous, her hand clenching into a fist as fury bubbled under the surface.

Harry looked taken aback by his own words, as if he hadn't actually meant to say it out loud. He had avoided thinking about it for years; the only remembrance was in his little diary Remus gave him when he was a little boy. It was probably until now the thing that had ashamed him the most. Made him realize his parents truly didn't care or want him in their lives.

"What do you mean by that Harry?" asked Eileen going over and hugging him, her restraint completely broken. She had wanted to hug him for days now, after everything he had been through. Harry leaned into Eileen's affection completely unused to it, affection from a lover yes but not this. Not someone selflessly giving him affection with nothing wanted in return.

"Nothing can I go home now?" asked Harry his voice sounding tired and impossibly young.

"No, I demand an answer." said Severus adamantly.

Harry swallowed sharply, the pain was coming back his chest and head was beginning to hurt. He had slammed his head repeatedly under the Cruciatus curse bouts very hard so it didn't surprise him that it was sore.

"Nick got private tutoring, I didn't I snuck in on his lessons and copied the books...just so I could learn then Roxy's too." sighed Harry sadly.

Lily and James flushed in humiliation they had never in a million years expected that to get out.

"You denied your own son an education?" asked Dumbledore his jaw on the floor a very unusual look for him.

"Just so you know the Ministry will know what happened...I'm bringing the Death Eaters up on charges." said Harry before he began walking out of the Great Hall Eileen followed him keeping an eye on the boy's back.

"Oh no you wont!" snarled James raising his wand.

Before he could even think of getting a word out, Severus followed Harry's lead he punched James Potter in the face. What could never be denied was the supreme satisfaction on one Severus Snape's face.

"I'll have you for this Snape" snarled James; unlike his son he didn't start crying. However his nose was undeniably broken. No one other than Lily seemed to care; Poppy had left without a backwards glance. The information she had learned tonight had shocked her, no one noticed the black beetle flying from Poppy's hair when she left to settle on the window sill.

"No you wont, you tried to harm my apprentice it's within my rights to protect look up Merlin's law if you don't believe me," sneered Severus grinning wickedly. He too turned to leave, following Harry and his mother. "Oh and Albus, I wont be returning I'm afraid I have

an apprentice to teach." before even the headmaster could protest they were gone just as quickly as they had come.

"Albus wants to talk to me, no surprise there." said Severus as he ate his toast. It was early in the morning but he was up nonetheless, he was a morning man despite what his personality might say.

"Stupid old fool." said Eileen as she smeared butter over his scone. Freshly baked by Harry none the less.

Severus had stayed once more at Eileen's flat; he was there more often than not these days. He couldn't help but think it was a good job he had an accumulated amount of potions lying around. Even if he wasn't brewing potions, people were still demanding them. He always cast very strong preservation spells on his potions so they lasted so much longer than normal. It was something he had advised Poppy to do, but she just didn't have the time to do everything. The thing was the preservation charm had to be cast within a day of the potions being created.

"Old fool he may be mother, but he isn't stupid...just blind." sighed Severus pushing the rest of his breakfast away.

Eileen never responded.

Both of them had been utterly surprised at what they had learned last night. Harry emancipating himself and becoming the Peverell heir a Lord at that. At such a young age and Severus knew it couldn't be contested no matter what James might try. The fact they had denied Harry his education had shaken them badly. They hadn't realized just how badly the abuse was. That was what it was, psychological and emotional abuse at its finest. What better way to tell a child that they don't care than by not giving him an education and ignoring his very existence.

Just then the boy they were both thinking about entered in pyjamas that were getting to small for him.

"Morning" said Harry, sitting down at the table feeling awkward for the first time since he had known Eileen.

"Why didn't you tell me everything?" asked Eileen more hurt than angry.

"I guess I just got so used to keeping secrets that I don't realize I'm doing it." confessed Harry his green eyes full of sadness and pain.

"Oh Harry, you don't need to go through everything on your own anymore, I'm here and everything will be fine I promise." said Eileen softly.

"I'll try" swore Harry feeling a warm glow settle into his heart. He began eating his breakfast feeling famished. He felt better today a lot better than he had ever felt before in his life.

"Good" sighed Eileen smiling softly.

"We are going shopping today Mr. Peverell" smirked Severus in bitter amusement just saying that name. Then they would go to the Headmaster's office, get it over with the old fool was probably going to try and talk him into going back.

"We? Why?" asked Harry curiously, grinning a little bit at his new last name.

"I'll be right back dear, that's the Portkey with the papers" said Eileen patting both Harry and Severus on the shoulder before leaving.

"You need clothes that will reflect your status as my apprentice also a status fit for a Lord" said Severus smoothly.

Harry looked like he wanted to argue, but he just bit his lip and asked his question "Am I not supposed to pay you?" asked Harry curiously.

"No, it's up to myself whether I take on an apprentice and it's my decision regarding money. You have already signed the document and become my apprentice, no money will ever change hands." explained Severus.

"Don't all Masters do that? I read a book...about it it's why I've saved so hard over the years. So I could get myself a flat and pay for an apprenticeship when I left school...Professor Reese doesn't like me much and she keeps grading me a T" replied Harry shrugging his shoulders. He was used to people being horrible now; it didn't seem

to matter much to him anymore. Or that is what he liked to tell himself.

"I know I saw your grades, which I know are graded unfairly, Potter keeps getting Exceeded Expectation...I'll believe that when I see a blue moon" scoffed Severus.

Harry sniggered softly, drinking the rest of his milk.

"Well it looks like the proverbial cat is out of the bag" said Eileen putting the newspaper down on the table between them.

Harry practically gaped at it. Bold letters kept changing the headlines there were lots of them. Rita Skeeter had indeed been busy, and for once she seemed to write truthfully.

Boy-Who-Lived-To-Be-A-Coward - Leaves His Own Brother To Save His Own Skin!

Boy Who Lived Took Credit Not His Own! Brother Killed Voldemort's Snake And The Most Wanted Wizard Peter Pettigrew

Potter's Neglect Their Own Son - Harry James Potter!

Harry James Potter - No Longer A Potter James And Lily Disown Their Fourteen Year Old Son? - No Harry Did It Himself Before They Had the Chance - New Name Harry Peverell!

Just What Other Credits Has Nick Potter Taken?

"Oh Merlin, how did they find out so soon?" whispered Harry staring down at the paper. A picture of him in the tournament was in front of him, or rather he knew he was there. The picture of him kept trying to hide, just like he had tried to hide when the picture was taken.

"Calm down, they don't know the most important bit that's all that should concern you" said Severus cautiously. Calming the teenager down, breathing deeply Harry agreed with that information.

True to Severus' word later that day he did indeed take Harry shopping, they spent hours and hundreds of galleons buying things. Journals, inks, Quills, quill sharpeners (knife), parchment, folders. Then to the potion shop, vials, travel potion kit, stirrers, rods,

cauldrons, professional scales that would last years. Then the actual potion bag you could carry around, obviously with a higher capacity to expand than the travel kit. Severus got some ingredients while he was there and also glass jars for ingredients he needed to harvest. You could of course conjure a glass jar but it didn't last forever, it could stop working any time. Then you would have a spilled wasted ingredient to deal with, so Severus never did anything like that. Then it was for the clothes shop, much to Harry's embarrassment Severus bought him absolutely everything he'd ever need. Severus had noticed how much Harry had liked his (Severus') cloak, the one he had worn to go to Hogwarts, probably how it had concealed him, cloaked him in the shadows. So Severus had gotten him two, one black the other dark blue. One was cotton the other was silk two different, one for winter one for summer.

They then entered the bookshop, got every single book Harry would need during his apprenticeship. They left with about fifty seven books, thank goodness for shrinking charms. Severus decided at the last minute to get Harry a new trunk even if his name was still HJP ironically enough. The one Harry had was just normal, practical but sturdy trunk and also very cheap. Severus rectified that and got him a compartmentalized trunk for everything he needed.

He paid for absolutely everything he wouldn't hear of Harry paying. Despite the fact he was a Lord, it wasn't Harry's place he shouldn't have to. It was the duty of the 'Master' to look after the 'apprentice' no matter their age. It's probably why not many people took apprentices on these days, most Potions Masters preferred their silence and solitude. There were of course Potions Masters that did take others on, make no mistake but the Potion industry was a dying art.

Not only wasn't it Harry's place - he was only fourteen year old he shouldn't be bloody paying for his own clothes. He almost wished Potter would try something so he could do what he wished to do.

"Is there anything else you'd like?" asked Severus biting back his sardonic tone; he didn't want Harry to think he regretted buying it. No doubt the child probably had big confidence issues, ones he would address in time.

"No sir," said Harry his eyes wide he hadn't expected any of this at all. He had been buying his own things for the longest time it was ... weird having someone buy his things for him now.

"Good, then let us floo to Hogsmeade, and make our way up to Hogwarts" said Severus smoothly.

"Yes sir" said Harry eagerly.

Before long they had shot out of the floo and making their way through Hogsmeade.

"When you told Potter that you were going to the Ministry did you mean it?" asked Severus as they stalked along.

"Yes, I'm going to give Madam Bones copies of my memories and a signed statement...I have sent her a letter. Malfoy goes to the Ministry and I don't want to go there yet." said Harry.

"Good idea is there anything else you'd like to do today?" asked Severus.

"Have the students from Beauxbaton and Drumstrang left yet?" asked Harry curiously.

"No one has yet Mr. Peverell, the train will depart in two hours and fifteen minutes" said Severus looking down at his watch.

"And the others?" asked Harry.

"At the same time I'd imagine." said Severus. He wasn't a teacher now he didn't know for sure, for all he knew they could already be gone.

"May I go and see them? I've not even had the chance to write to any of them!" sighed Harry guiltily.

"After everything you have been through Harry, you are entitled to be a little disoriented for a few weeks." said Severus soothingly.

"Thank you, Sir." said Harry smiling slightly.

Severus just nodded curtly. "So when is Madam Bones coming?" asked Severus.

"I don't know if she will sir, I've only asked her to meet with me but I think she will...she will realize it's me who's Lord Peverell and I know the name means a lot in the wizarding world." said Harry.

"It does indeed, they are one of the first lines in existence descendants from the founders." explained Severus. Gaunt was a descendant from that line, which essentially meant Tom Riddle was related to the Potter's distantly. It's always been said that the Potter line was actually a Gryffindor line as well. Gaunt was a Slytherin line, so the lines had mixed with the founders descendants. The other Peverell brother had died before siring any children the one who had at one point owned the Elder wand.

There we go now heading up for the trial the conversations with his friends and Viktor has to leave :(You know this story i feel like is dragging now? what do you think? will i just have a passing commentary on what happened or would you rather see the conversations written out? its entirely up to yourself, but once we get back to school the story will be more planned out thankfully! haha... so will harry start having dreams about the prophecy in the MOM? will he go down to the rooms while he is there during the trial? will there be a trial? will there be Death eaters watching it that early on? will Harry be captured again? will Voldemort have seen it? becuse if so...he will know that harry's the boy who lived after all it will have HIS name on it! will harry get to it before even voldemort sees it and hears it all? will he confide in Severus about it? severus already knows half of it! R&R PLEASE!

Chapter 17

Meetings, Arrests and Dreams

Once Severus and Harry were at Hogwarts they parted ways temporarily. Severus had told Harry to be back within two hours, no longer than that because he didn't want to hang around. He knew no doubt that Dumbledore would spend about an hour beating around the bush, and then talking about the real deal for the next hour. He knew his employer far too well now after spending all those years with him. Now Severus found himself stalking up the moving gargoyle stairs being told to 'come in Severus' before he could knock. He remembered a time when it had annoyed him to no end that, not even being given a chance to knock properly. Such trivial things had stopped annoying him as the war progressed, and he was under even more pressure from the Dark Lord.

"Severus it's good to see you!" beamed Dumbledore, his usual twinkle was noticeably absent today. He had small bags under his eyes, as if he had, had trouble sleeping. He wondered briefly why Dumbledore hadn't taken a pepper up potion. It's what he (Severus) always done when he didn't have much sleep. It gave him energy and the bags under his eyes disappeared along with the tiredness. Although he had used it a lot and built up immunity to the full affects. Hence why he didn't use it as much but Dumbledore didn't have such problems.

"Indeed." said Severus taking a seat; he saw Dumbledore's eyes widened. He presumed it was because of what he was wearing. Instead of his stiff teaching robes he had a pair of black jogging bottoms on and a white t-shirt on under his cloak. Really, Dumbledore honestly didn't think he wore his stiff teaching robes all the time surely? He might not like colour but it didn't mean he didn't wear decent clothes or comfortably closed when he wasn't near potions.

"Thank you for coming Severus, I am really grateful you could spare the time." said Dumbledore gratefully his twinkle coming back as he regained his composure after seeing Severus the boy he thought of as a son dressed so casually.

"Mr. Peverell wanted to see his friends before summer began." said Severus flippantly enjoying the twinkle-less eyes staring at him put

out. Dumbledore did not like being reminded that the carpet had been pulled from under his feet thank you very much.

"I see" said Dumbledore sadly "Coffee? Lemon drop? Cake? Biscuit?" he gestured to the large tray on his table, the pots spelled to stay warm and food fresh. Which only lasted around five hours before it wore off and couldn't be applied again.

"I shall" said Severus smoothly, taking a mug of strong black coffee. Jamaican blend he loved it more than any others, he also picked up a few chocolate digestives. He then proceeded to relax back, if he was going to be here he might as well get comfortable. Although he was a tad worried about his mother, being alone in that flat by herself. There were Death Eaters roaming around freely now, trying to impress the Dark Lord once more. He didn't want them to stumble upon his mother; it would be hard pressed to deny that she wasn't his mother if they saw her. Severus had known from a young age that he got his looks from his mother, especially the undeniably pale skin which irritated him to no end.

"Did you know what he was going to say last night?" asked Dumbledore quietly, after swallowing his lemon tart. He was undeniably fond of anything to do with lemon; he specially loved those Muggle sweets called Lemon Drops and skittles. Thankfully most packets seemed to have more lemon than any other kind which delighted the old man to no end.

"Some of it." admitted Severus drinking his coffee, once it was down near the bottom he dipped in his chocolate digestive and ate a bit. Repeating it a few times then wiping the crumbs away as he watched Dumbledore emotionless.

"Why did you let it come out like that?" asked Dumbledore, he hadn't meant to whine really, he hadn't but damn it he had. Didn't Severus realize Nick was important in the future, not only would he defeat Voldemort but he would also give hope to millions of people in those dark times. Not only that but with Nick by his side, him guiding the boy more Order members would join and they would actually have a chance to defeat Voldemort. He had to get Severus to see that, unfortunately the damage had been done and he didn't think there was anything he could do. He had seen the paper this morning, everything, every word that had been said was reported - even after

he had sent the students away. It baffled him, he knew his staff would not have told, or at least he assumed so.

"Harry needed it; he's kept it in for so long it was going to come out explosively one way or another. I wanted it somewhere I could keep an eye on him and make sure nothing went to far." explained Severus refilling his cup and sitting back watching Dumbledore contemplate that.

"I had to stop Nick from trying to press charges." sighed Dumbledore.

Severus snorted in amusement "Doesn't the boy realize what hold Harry has over them?" asked Severus incredulously.

"He does now." said Dumbledore cautiously.

"And his reaction?" asked Severus genuine curiosity splashed across his face.

"He stomped out the room screaming!" chimed in Phineas Nigellus Black a former Headmaster of Hogwarts.

Severus quickly smothered his amusement at Dumbledore's cross look.

"He was understandably upset!" hissed Dumbledore at the portrait.

"Indeed the knowledge that Harry can leave them moneyless and nameless must have left a foul taste in his mouth." the sour man was grinning behind his cup. Harry was the Peverell heir; the Potter's were Peverell's under a different name. It was their direct descendants, basically what he was - was the heir to the Potters his own parents and siblings. Potter really should have kept a closer eye on his vaults and properties, also making sure the goblin assigned to your accounts liked you helped too. If they had liked James they would have been 'obliged' to inform him. As it stood the goblin hadn't told them, which told Severus he didn't care about the goblins. Severus had a good relationship with his goblin, and that's the way it would remain. Not that he would have to ever worry about anyone doing that to him, he was essentially the last of his line. His mother had been cut off, she didn't have a vault, and she hadn't received anything from her parents. The Prince's hadn't forgiven her for leaving, but they were willing to give it to their half blood

grandson, which Severus had believed it more to do with not wanting the Ministry to get it or some really distant relative. Of course he ensured his mother had enough money to do her, he had told her to buy something out a house, manor whatever she wanted. She had picked a two bedroom flat with a shop to boot, and she had adamantly made her own money.

"Can you ensure that doesn't happen?" asked Dumbledore quietly. Not only that but he wanted to ask Severus why he hadn't told him he knew Harry. Why had he kept it secret from him all this time? Was that where Harry had been going? To Severus' it did make sense really because Harry was admittedly good at Potions despite his grades.

"Harry Peverell is an emancipated fourteen year old, who will be fifteen in a matter of months. He is as independent as they come; no doubt you realized the extent last night. If I tell the boy not to he would go and do it just to spite them. Not that I ever would because I do not care for the Potter's Albus, and I never will." said Severus honestly.

"How long have you known Harry...outside of Hogwarts I mean" clarified Dumbledore seeing Severus frowning in confusion. Severus took a deep drink of coffee before he answered Dumbledore.

"He came back to my mother's flat...three days after he had been 'killed'" sneered Severus his lips curled up in disgust at the thought of Nick Potter. Dumbledore flinched as if he had been struck; he seemed to shrink in on himself it was almost like something had just occurred to the older man. "Tortured, bleeding and half dead, I spent the night healing him, he's just gotten better."

Dumbledore looked queasy, torture never had sat well with Albus. Dumbledore he didn't like hearing about it. It was his option that he didn't like hearing about it because he is allowing it. Dumbledore no doubt felt like he was letting it happen for 'The Greater Good' as he liked to sprout. Well it wasn't Dumbledore that actually had to do any dirty work it had been him. He was just grateful his trial had been too public, or he would have had to return once more.

"He was tortured?" gasped Dumbledore his face pale, he looked a little sick if Severus was honest.

"Indeed, even now he still shakes a little he had been under the Cruciatus curse for a long time." said Severus as if they were discussing the weather. He wasn't about to censor himself, and let Dumbledore feel all uppity. He was telling Dumbledore the facts and hoping he would give Harry a break. He had noticed that it was Harry this Harry that since he had arrived in this office. He wasn't happy that once again Dumbledore was undeniably taking Nick Potter's side once more. He knew Harry wouldn't be surprised; nothing seemed to truly surprise the teenager anymore.

"I see" said Dumbledore swallowing thickly. He put down the cake he had been holding on to and pushed his plate away. He suddenly didn't want to eat anyone as the true implications on what Harry went through for three days were brought to light.

"Mmmhmm" said Severus finishing his cup and putting it down he wasn't hungry himself anymore.

"Was it true about the apprenticeship?" asked Dumbledore his voice strained.

"Yes, your teachers are pathetic; I won't let Harry suffer because one of his teachers had a vendetta against him. You will notice that ironically enough Nick gets Exceeded Expectation in all potion assessments whereas Harry gets Troll...in first year it was the other way around. Just remember when it comes to Nick Potters' O.W.L.s do not be surprised or shocked to find he does inadequately." scorned Severus. He had a reason for loathing Nick, he was absolutely dreadful in potions, had blown enough of them up.

"Now Severus...there's no need to insult him." soothed Dumbledore.

"No? He left his own brother to die...who by the way was only three feet from him. You cannot say it's a lie he was looking practically straight at you and James Potter when he confessed. Even if it wasn't the case he was looking me in the eye when he told me what happened." said Severus abruptly angry deep in his voice.

"We need him Severus don't you agree?" asked Dumbledore his eyes wide again.

"No? He's a coward and if the world relies on this boy then god help us we are screwed. He left his own brother just to save his own

neck! His own bloody brother! You think he won't do it again and again?" scoffed Severus grimacing in disgust at just the thought of Nick bloody Potter. He truly loathed the loathsome, disgusting cowardly little cockroach and was glad to knowing that...the idiot wasn't responsible for the wizarding world. He had meant every word he said to Dumbledore, being misleading but telling the truth nonetheless. He had promised Harry he wouldn't tell, and until the child is ready it was a promise he was willing to keep. It would keep Harry safe until it was time; no one cares if Harry gets trained so he could train him in whatever he liked. Without people watching like hawks no doubt that's what was going to happen to Nick Potter now.

"How are you going to cope with an apprentice and teaching Nick?" asked Dumbledore.

"What?" asked Severus choking on his own air and spit utterly shocked. After everything he had just said Dumbledore had turned around and asked him that. He sometimes wondered if Dumbledore was all there, and right now he was beginning to believe he wasn't.

"Nick will be getting trained for this war...during the summer here at Hogwarts. Filius and Minerva have already agreed. No one is better at Defence than you, he might also need taught about counter charms on true Dark Arts" said Dumbledore, he didn't realize Severus didn't want to do this, not now not anymore. He was just about to be turned down again within a matter of days, and he wasn't going to be happy about it at all.

"I'm sorry Albus but what does that have to do with me?" asked Severus incredulously.

"You promised to help...you made a vow" said Dumbledore taken aback.

"I did, to help in any way I can to protect the boy who lived even if it meant my death. Something I am willing to do but I cannot teach the boy, it would interfere with my vow because I'd want to kill the brat!" sneered Severus. No names had been mentioned, so without even knowing he had been violating the vow. Nick wasn't the savior; he wasn't supposed to be protecting him it was Harry he was supposed to be protecting. Which made everything all the easier for him, it was just making sure that Dumbledore didn't learn the truth in the progress.

"Kill? You don't feel that negatively about him surely?" spluttered Dumbledore his half moon glasses were perched dangerously low on his nose. He didn't even think about pushing them up he was too busy just wondering what on earth had happened to the world.

"Albus...aren't you listening to a damn word I have to say?" sighed Severus in exasperation.

"Well...yes." admitted Dumbledore slumping in defeat, he would just have to teach Nick himself then.

"Good, then we are finished, yes I will be taking Harry on as an apprentice, and no I won't be teaching Nick Potter. I will help keep the boy alive, nothing more nothing less; the boy who lived won't perish. Now if you will excuse me I believe my apprentice will be waiting on me." said Severus standing up wrapping his cloak tightly around him before stalking out.

As Severus walked out, he passed the Great Hall as all people would; much to his amusement James Potters supported a black nose still bruised. He wondered why Poppy had felt the need to continue his punishment. Judging by his sour mood and the look of the nose it had been healed the crude Muggle way, or er, rather pushed back into place. A sadistic smirk broke out across his features as he walked away, James did see him as his face twisted in shock, anger and disgust.

Later that night Harry lay in his bed mulling over that days events, Fleur as soon as she had seen him had reverted to apologizing in both English and French. It was a good twenty minutes before he managed to reassure her he didn't blame her. Asking if he could keep in touch with her had calmed her down and finally reassured her he truly didn't hold her to blame. Luna had hugged him for half an hour, just about choking him to start with until Viktor pulled her off eventually. Once the 'I'm glad you didn't die' speeches were done with they had all sat at the lake and he had told them his story minus the boy who lived stuff. Harry had been speechless to learn that Karkaroff had disappeared suddenly of the radar. It was a good job one of the Drumstrang students knew how to control the boat so they could get home.

Viktor's goodbye had been bittersweet, as much as he would have liked to have stayed with Harry he couldn't. He had a Quidditch career which didn't see him in any place long enough. He travelled all over the world, and it was only going to get more hectic now that he had finished school. When he wasn't playing he confessed that he wanted to spend some time with his family. He did promise to keep in touch and gave him a two way book, so no owls would be killed (by exhaustion) flying to and from England and Bulgaria. They had known it was going to be this way from the beginning, but Viktor had promised to visit. He had told Harry not to wait, to find someone who could be with him properly the way he needed. Viktor had been happy for Harry when he said he had become an apprentice anyway and they wouldn't have seen each other much.

Harry wanted to concentrate on his apprenticeship anyway, he had plenty of time to settle down once he passed it...or at least he hoped so. If that prophecy was anything it seemed like he was the one that was going to have to defeat Voldemort. It wasn't a comforting thought by far, having people in his life that he loved - ignoring the prophecy wasn't an option.

Once they were back 'home' he had put his stuff away, Harry was completely chuffed to bits with his new trunk. His owl hooted from the corner of his room, and Harry smiled softly. There were few people he loved, his beloved owl was one of them, Eileen was another, Luna, Cedric, Fleur and Viktor were the others. Severus was growing on him fast, but only because he always said what he thought and because he reminded Harry of Eileen.

Harry's thoughts as he slipped into bed were about the trial; Madam Bones had come to visit him. Eileen had been with him, Severus had left half an hour before she came. He had left with a bunch of letters, claiming he had potions to send out. Harry was thankful Eileen was there, Madam Bones seemed very stern and a no nonsense sort of woman. Not that he was particularly intimidated, or felt the need to rely on someone he was very independent but it wasn't a tea party. He was sharing memories with her, and showing her what happened to him during his captivity.

Madam Bones had looked sick and shaken with what she had seen, Macnair was a Ministry employee. Lucius Malfoy was on the board of governors a very influential man, who wouldn't get out of this. She knew good and well people couldn't display emotion under the

imperious curse. Sure it left no residue that it had been applied, but there were ways especially viewing it through a pensieve. Since Harry was very willing to do so she was going to see a trial set forth immediately.

Harry had been ecstatic with that news.

"Alastor!" shouted Madam Bones, Alastor Moody was the best Auror the Ministry had ever had. He had brought in many Death Eaters during his rein as Head of the Auror division. After being caught of guard by a Death Eater no less he had wanted back in, more to prove himself than anything else. Fudge had hired him on the spot just yesterday, and he was already back to work. He was mostly in charge of the new recruits, and training them as well for what was to come.

"Aye?" barked the man in question his eye whirling around fast. His eye was very useful to him, had been over the years too. It stopped anyone being able to spy on him, it could see through walls, doors down corridors it was very handy to have.

"I've got a job for you," Madam Bones said a smirk on her face, Alastor frowned deep in thought. He had never seen Madam Bones with any sort of emotion on her face least of all a smirk. It must be big - he had no idea just how big until she said it and his mind went blank. "I want you to bring in Malfoy, Avery and Macnair for being a Death Eater and using unforgivables and the Dark Arts."

"What?" breathed Moody stunned. He had of course tried his hardest to get scum like Malfoy off the street during the last war. He had been beyond furious that the Ministry had brought that he had been 'Under the imperious curse' all along. He knew some had been but the likes of Malfoy the idea was just laughable to say the least.

"You heard" she said her smirk gone her face emotionless once more.

"Do we even have the appropriate evidence? Because if he walks again...that will be it" said Moody, his face twisting at the thought of the bastard getting off once more. It would make his day to see scum like that in Azkaban; it would be well worth coming back for anyway lets just put it that way.

"Pensieve memories" said Madam Bones her lips quivering in what could only be described as excitement. Madam Bones hated Death Eaters; they had killed her entire family. Mother, father, sister, brother the only one that had survived was her niece whom she was raising as her own. She hadn't believed that Malfoy was under the imperious any more than Alastor had.

"Brilliant!" cried the Auror making Amelia jump almost out of her skin.

"Well you have work to do, so I shall see myself out," said Amelia Bones, handing him the paper - the permission to arrest those three on charges.

"Shacklebolt! Dawson! Smith! Get out here" barked Moody his body quivering with anticipation.

"What's up?" asked the smooth tones of Kingsley Shacklebolt as he entered the room. He was without a doubt the tallest Auror in the division. He was also a force to be reckoned with extremely powerful.

"We have new arrests to make" said Moody handing over the three pieces of paper. It was proper paper shaped parchment.

"You are joking right?" asked Smith gawping at the paper as if he couldn't believe his eyes.

Moody just glared at him in disdain. Smith was a good dueller but very bloody mouthy, which Moody was determined to get out of him. He had a son if Moody recalled correctly, Zacharias Smith, Huffelpuff at Hogwarts. The way Smith spoke of him no doubt he was just as bloody mouthy as his father.

"Macnair is here, it's just getting to the other two that will be difficult" sneered Moody.

"Will I get Stutler?" asked Shacklebolt, he was a curse and ward breaker the best there was. Or rather the second best in Shacklebolt's opinion, Bill Weasley was better but he worked for Gringotts.

"No, hopefully we won't need him" grunted Moody.

Needless to say it wasn't long before the three Death Eaters had been arrested, sitting uncomfortably in the cells in the Ministry of magic. Not even his contacts could help him now, not with a warrant been issued for his arrest. Not even Cornelius Fudge had the power to free him; it was down to the Wizengamont.

Harry was having the weirdest dream of his life, he was walking past doors. One kept catching his attention, when he tried to open it he found he couldn't. Then his thoughts would revolve around getting the door open and getting inside. Just as he woke up scar blazing with pain he saw a sphere glass looking object.

Rolling out of his bed breathing heavily, he walked out of his room rubbing his scar. He went into the fridge and got himself a glass of milk, hoping it would help sooth him. He had just placed the glass in the middle of his forehead when a voice spoke.

"Is it sore?" asked Severus watching the teenager with those obsidian eyes of his.

"Yes" sighed Harry sitting down drinking his glass of milk wincing slightly.

"What were you thinking about before it began?" asked Severus curiously, his potions journal forgotten. It was twelve o'clock at night and he had just been about to finish the article and go to bed. This potion journal was actually from the Masters at the Potions conference academy. He never visited when they were having his meeting but did buy the monthly prescription of it. It always inspired him in creating new potions, or helped him make one better at least.

"I was sleeping..." said Harry looking pensive.

"Then it began burning?" questioned Severus. There were many cursed scars but no one knew what exactly a killing curse type scar could do or would do come to that. So this was a new territory and the fact he was getting to see the affects of it was rather intriguing to say the least. Potion ideas were already beginning to emerge to stop the pain dull it to a tingle at least.

"No...it started after I began having this really weird dream," said Harry thoughtfully "About this long corridor...just as I woke up the image of a sphere made my scar burn even more."

"A sphere?" asked Severus his eye full of intensity his skin going pale.

"Yeah, a glass looking one" said Harry nodding his head.

"That wasn't your dream" said Severus his eyes wide.

Harry blinked in confusion what on earth did he mean by that.

"I told you about Voldemort's obsession with gaining the prophecy didn't I? Well he tried many times to get his Death Eaters to enter the Ministry to retrieve it. One almost succeeded, he went insane and resides in St. Mungo's. No one other than the person it's for can enter the Ministry to retrieve it...Voldemort never worked up the courage to collect it. He was too terrified he would be caught I always assumed...the Ministry is very well protected. Which isn't like him at all, he doesn't give us reasons as to why he did what he did" shrugged Severus helplessly.

"How do people know who it's for?" asked Harry cautiously.

"Their names are on it" said Severus sardonically. Harry paled drastically at that, only then he thought about his own words and realized the boy had a right to be as pale as a dead corpse.

"Then he will know!" gasped Harry his green eyes wide with fear, not fear of death but ironically enough fear of discovery.

"He will" said Severus honestly.

"I can't let that happen," said Harry his heart hammering in his rib cage. "We must retrieve it." it also helped that he was undeniably curious to know the actual contents of the prophecy.

"You will have the opportunity, when you go to the Ministry for the trial, we shall arrive twenty minutes earlier than anticipated. You can sneak off to retrieve it I suggest once you hear it you break it." said Severus soothing the frazzled teenager. It was then Severus realized just how hard it was for the teenager. He didn't seem to care about anything other than keeping the fact he was the one that defeated Voldemort a secret. He knew the boy wasn't scared of death, he didn't seem scared of Voldemort - he was scared of the

repercussions of the news coming out. The news that he in fact had been the one to destroy Voldemort when he was one year and three months old.

"Good" sighed Harry relief flooding his emerald eyes.

"Why are you so scared about people knowing?" asked Severus asking the question that had niggled him since he had found out. Since Harry had begged him to keep quiet about it, he had been serious though if Harry hadn't wanted to learn from him he would have told Dumbledore at least. Whether he had believed him or not the consequences would have been upon him. Thankfully he hadn't had to take that route, he would train the true boy who lived for this upcoming battle of darkness. He would make sure he survived and lived to tell the real tale of what happened. Severus had no doubt sooner or later it would come out, people would find out. He just hoped he could get Harry used to the idea for some reason he loathed the idea of others knowing. He must after keeping it a secret for thirteen years of his life.

"Do you know I saw a Boggart in the maze before anything began happening?" said Harry, seemly out of the blue to Severus who frowned in confusion. Harry was staring at him with those eyes of his, so young and vulnerable but so damn old looking. Severus just cocked his eyebrow in curiosity not blessing Harry with a verbal answer.

"I was confused at first...I only saw me...but I was grinning shouting for everyone to hear I was the boy who lived...that silly grin that my brother likes to put on when he's getting his picture taken...it was then I realized it was a Bogart" sighed Harry warily.

Severus eyebrows had disappeared into his hair in disbelief it seemed to him to be a very childish fear. Then again it wasn't as stupid as something like spiders or cockroaches and the likes he had seen before. He didn't understand Harry's fear; he truly didn't would it be that bad if it got out? It seemed to be. Then again Voldemort was back, and if he found out his first thing would be to kill Harry. Then again he was already a target, but Severus knew better than anyone that it would turn even more vicious if he found out Harry was the one destined to bring about his downfall. Especially considering Harry had killed Nagini and Pettigrew, apparated out of a warded manor and survived three days of torture.

He had seen grown men break in less time, by any of the Death Eaters hands.

"I see, would you like another dreamless sleeping potion?" asked Severus smoothly, indicating that the conversation was over with and to get to bed without demanding or even saying.

"No thanks, I should be fine," said Harry, getting up he washed his glass and put it back before going to bed slipping into his room with a very quiet "Goodnight sir." and all was quiet. Severus went to his own bed wondering what was going to happen in the coming summer.

He had no plans on staying here permanently; he had his own manor, Prince Manor. One with a brilliant Potions lab, and a decent bed in it and that's where Harry would be coming. He hoped perhaps to convince his mother to move in as well, it would be much safer than the wards on the flat. Not that the wards on the flat were by any means inadequate but the wards at Prince Manor were older and more secure.

Once summer was over he would ask the boy what he wanted to do, go to Hogwarts and work on his apprenticeship during summers or just full time apprenticeship. Severus couldn't deny that he hoped he chose full time, Severus had a lot to teach him with Voldemort back it was obviously critical to learn everything he could. Hogwarts wasn't going to give him that, he mind also circled over the prophecy, which kept popping up at the most annoying times. He couldn't deny he was curious about the full contents of the Prophecy he had heard all those long years ago.

Another thing he was unable to believe - that Harry Peverell didn't blame him for how his life had turned out. If he hadn't overheard, the Potters wouldn't have had to go into hiding. Pettigrew would never have had the chance to betray them and Harry would have had a normal childhood. Then again Severus should have known better than to think destiny didn't get its own way.

Will Harry start his training soon? will he get defence first? or both together potions and defence? defence during the day and potions during the night? or just random with whatever severus feels like it? or is severus to hm...organized for such a thing? will Reese go apeshite when he hears about harry? will he try and kill him? under

the impression hes irriplacable and the best? will harry go to Hogwarts? do you want to see him back? will he only learn potions and defence on a friday sat and sunday? will Umbridge be there? will she use the blood quill on Nick? if so will she get away with it? will nick be accused of lying? umbridge doing something that makes them invisible to all of them bar her? or will his parents believe him and have her arrested before the first week is out? will the dementors make an appearance? who will they go for Nick or Harry? or will they not appear at all will voldemort gain control of them or not? R&R please! hope you enjoyed that chapter!

Chapter 18

BY THE WAY PROFESSOR REESE IS A MAN SORRY FOR MY MISTAKES HIS NAME IS COLIN REESE!

I want to thank everyone for their reviews! They make my day and when I saw how many I had gotten my eyes just about shout outta my face! Wow I hadn't realized I had gotten so many! With that I decided to update for everyone that had reviewed! Goes to show It can be rewarding reviewing someone lol :P

Sitriel - They do not let email address coming through whole on . Not on Private Messages and not on Reviews which makes everything more complicated. You have sent your email twice and I cant see it! So darn complicated. You will have to give the email address to me in bits. Such as if it was yes I put at instead of the proper because as I've said it doesn't show actual email addresses instead you could put I love tigers at hotmail .com split up so I could see it. I've tried going on the website you said you were a member off but nothing happens I'm afraid. Can you give me your email address and the website when you review please mate? I'd like very much to see a picture of Harry as we have him in - invisible. Take care!

Paty - ah but they haven't in their mind done anything to make him miserable they just forgot about him. Which is sometimes worse than physical abuse, but that's not here nor there. Their mind has constantly streamed about Nick for the past thirteen years. In their mind he just about died, in their mind he still could...in their mind they had to make sure their son got enough attention love and training to defeat Voldemort.

Adenoide - I don't know Narcissa never cared much for Voldemort that much was obvious. As much as Draco thinks he's the hard can't he's not and maybe without trying to impress his father he could change his way. There is also the thought that he will actually become a Death Eater who knows? I don't even know if I'm making Draco good or bad or even Severus' godson in this. In most stories these days he is was it even confirmed in the books that he was Severus' godson? Hm that's a good question I think to myself... I'll need to look it up lol.

Blaze - Dumbledore is under the impression Lily Evans/Potter saw what happened that night. He is sure that Nick is the prophecy boy

only has one small measure of doubt which is just flickering away never getting bigger or being snuffed out. He won't even see it coming! Mawwhhhahahah!

JTFLAM - Huh... :O I'm er, afraid I don't read French I know the basics but that is about it. I'm not even sure what your review said whether it was an insult or a good review! But thanks regardless though! Take care!

Slayen - Thank you very much for taking the time to log off then review :) I really appreciate it! Take care x

Harry's Summer and Eileen needs a new assistant - attending a Death Eater Trial

"This is your room for the duration of your stay," said Severus smoothly, opening the door and showing Harry in. Harry gasped, his breath catching in his throat as he looked in. Walking in he looked around, the room was very light and airy. Two sets of massive doors led out to a huge balcony to his other side there was a door leading to a large spacious bathroom. The bathroom was done in a very light lavender and white colour. A shower was attached to the wall where the bath was. The bath itself was white, with gold coloured taps the sink and toilet were pretty much the same. Retreating from the bathroom he saw the bed was done in colours that complemented the room's neutral colours. The walls were white meaning the bedding could be any colour it wanted. The bedding at the moment was cream also, the carpet was a lush shag that was toffee coloured. The furniture was dark, which made them stand out in the very light and airy room. The furniture consisted of a double wardrobe, a five set of drawers, a small cupboard for books and such. A dressing table, a unit, a couch and small table for everyday use. Of course then there was a bed and a bed side cabinet.

It was twenty times bigger than his room in the flat, and ten times bigger than the actual flat itself. There was also a table with all sorts of stationary, parchment everything he could need. A huge shelf for no doubt his books which pleased Harry greatly. He had gotten used to putting his books on shelves back 'home' at Eileen's.

"It's beautiful" said Harry his green eyes twinkling with awe. Even his brother didn't have a room this good. He had the biggest room in the house after making their parents swap with him. However, for some

reason Potter Manor wasn't as extravagant as this place. He had ironically had the smallest room in Potter Manor as his school letter testified to that. Smallest room in Potter Manor it had read. Roxy had been furious even at her young age when Nick actually managed to get his parents to swap rooms.

"I'm glad you approve," said Severus dryly, although it hearted him to see a Potter (even if he wasn't one now) humble. Harry was different from his family, always had been he had noticed it right from the start. He didn't know why he had given this one a chance but he was forever grateful for it. Now he had someone to pass his potions knowledge onto, someone whom he could maybe one day see doing great things. He could get half the credit being the boy's 'Master' which didn't hurt.

Harry had done well in Potions because his brother hadn't, and his teacher hadn't cared for his twin either. So in Harry's young mind it was his chance to shine even for a brief shining moment. He wanted to prove that he wasn't Nick and he could do well. The fact Severus Snape hadn't been nasty - Harry had assumed he had indeed proven himself. Then that was that, he read all the books he could, he remembered even now quite vividly what McGonagall did his first ever transfiguration class. She had practically spent the entire double class period standing beside Nick and encouraging him. Leaving the whole class to fend for themselves, awarding Nick points for getting it first. When himself and Hermione Granger had done it before Nick Potter. Granger had actually calmed down and stopped showing off. She didn't get in his face all the time anymore, he was grateful to it and he knew even more what was probably going through her mind. Why weren't they paying attention to her? Why was it always Nick Potter. Well it wasn't something she could find the answers for in any book or answered at all come to that.

"I do! Its great thank you sir!" said Harry enthusiastically.

"You are welcome, before I forget here is your trunk," said Severus taking out a very small square box. Setting it on the floor he spelled it back to its normal size and watched expand. Earlier on he had floo'ed here, asked the house elves to prepare the room, which meant just airing it really. Making sure everything was there and working. He remembered the child not having his trunk and floo'ed to Hogwarts. He had been furious when Dumbledore extracted Harry's journals from his desk drawers. The old fool had no right

taking things like that, even if Dumbledore said he couldn't read it as if defending himself. He had used a summoning spell just to make sure everything else that was Harry's ended up in the trunk. He had left Dumbledore's office without even speaking to the old fool again

"Oh I had forgotten about that!" said Harry almost sheepishly.

Severus just smirked sardonically.

"I shall leave you to get settled in then, we aren't doing anything today so you can spend the rest of the day getting familiar with the grounds and manor" said Severus smoothly. He had asked his mother if she wanted to move in, unfortunately she had adamantly refused. Too many bad memories were in this place for her to ever be comfortable. It was the reason Severus never went near Spinner's End so he knew what she meant and dropped the subject. He had just made sure the wards were in tip top shape and left it at that. She hadn't been happy about having to get a new assistant but she was too happy about Harry finally being happy to truly care about losing him.

"Yes sir," said Harry nodding his head. He was now officially an apprentice and that was the appropriate response he was supposed to give. Plus he had been his teacher during his first year so it wasn't hard to slip into that role.

"Good" said Severus nodding his head curtly before closing the door with a soft click as he went down to the dungeons. Despite the fact that Reese was the Potions Master at Hogwarts, Severus still supplied Poppy with the potions needed for the hospital wing. Poppy didn't trust anyone else other than Severus to supply them. He of course got paid for it, it came out of Poppy's budget she had for the year. She got so much to run the hospital ward, for potions, diagnostic wands and the such. Each and every potion she used had to be marked down, it was annoying to say the least but Poppy was used to it now. The most expensive thing she had to buy was probably the Skele-grow. Skele-grow was hard to make, extremely sophisticated and one wrong move and the potion was useless. They never learned to make it at Hogwarts, Severus had learned it during his Mastery, if anything it was more complicated than Veritaserum which people of course found hard to believe.

This was what Severus was brewing first, the other potions he was going to be able to do with Harry. If the child could recognize dreamless sleeping potion, perhaps he had already made it. He would find out soon enough, whether he had or not he still had to make everything. Start from the bottom all the way to the top. Yes he was even going to have to re-make the potion to cure boils. It helped you become more adept at it; in the end it would ensure you can brew it in your sleep or even more than just one cauldron of it.

The next morning Harry was up for six o'clock, before even Severus Snape and the dark clad man was an early riser. Harry had indeed spent yesterday night wandering around the manor. To Harry's surprise there were horses and a stable to the left of the manor. There was also a herd of strange winged creatures Harry knew to be Thestrals. They had learned about them in third year, in book only. Harry wouldn't have been able to see them back then even if Professor Hagrid had given them a chance to 'see' them. Now though he could, he had killed Nagini and Pettigrew and in turn he had seen death.

The manor itself was beautiful; there was a music room with a very grand piano, and every other musical instrument in the world. Most of which Harry could never hope to begin naming. He noticed that this manor didn't have the relative pictures up either. James had taken every single picture down - Lily hadn't liked the way they spoke to her. He wondered if his Professor had taken them down, by the way Eileen spoke of them perhaps he had.

There was a sitting room with a fire connected to the floo, which was done in black and white. A huge dining room, enough to fit twenty people around, a very nice kitchen with House elves pottering around. Harry hadn't seen one before; Lily had freed them all upon entering the house. Many things had changed to suit Lily Potter not all good either. There was a study, and of course the huge potions lab that put everywhere else to shame. It didn't surprise Harry at all Severus Snape sure did love his potions. Eileen was pretty much the same but didn't or rather couldn't hover around potions all day she was too old and frail for that. What Harry didn't know was it was the fact she had been abused by her husband for years that had caused it.

The up stairs mostly had rooms but Harry didn't venture inside of them. He didn't want to take the chance of going somewhere he

shouldn't. He wasn't up for long before Severus joined him. He had just finished writing a letter to Luna and used the journal to write to Krum.

"Did you sleep well?" asked Severus as he took a seat in the study. He was already dressed black dress trousers and a black long sleeved t-shirt. He hardly ever bared his arms, mostly because of the shame at having the Dark Mark on his left arm.

"I did thank you very much...it's a beautiful place," smiled Harry softly.

The bitterness Severus had seen when Harry first woke up in his mothers flat was gone. Having gotten the anger out of his system and revenge on those who hurt him seemed to have done wonders. It was a rather strange to Severus who could hold a grudge worthy of Salazar Slytherin. He knew he wouldn't have gotten over anyone leaving him to die never mind so soon. It wasn't good holding on to grudges but damn it was very hard to let go of them. He was glad though that Harry was mature enough to get over it, to not let it rule his life. That path was a long and lonely road to take; he should know he had taken it. All you needed to do was look at his left arm to realize that.

"This is your schedule" said Severus handing it over.

Harry looked it over and nodded his acceptance, in the morning from 7 to 9 he would be reading, then from 9-10 he would be quizzed on what he had learned. Then from 10-12 he would be brewing before having an hour for lunch. After that, for an hour he would continue potions. From two o'clock he would practice defence, until five o'clock then he would get to spend the rest of his day doing whatever he wished. He noticed his Sundays were half days and mostly potions but he didn't mind at all. Sunday's he was allowed to do whatever he wished as long as he informed Severus where he was going.

"I assume that nod meant that it was acceptable?" asked Severus arching an eyebrow enquiringly.

"Yes sir" said Harry nodding his head almost eagerly.

"Very well, its six thirty just now let's have breakfast and then get started." said Severus smoothly.

"Great!" beamed Harry; he well and truly loved potions. They were his favourite thing in the world; it helped his brother sucked at it despite what his grades said.

They were half way through breakfast when the owls came, delivering letters, newspapers, requests and such. Surprisingly or not so surprisingly given the circumstances Harry had two from the Ministry. Draining the last of his orange juice (Severus hated pumpkin juice and refused to buy it) he opened the letters Severus doing the same with his own after wiping his mouth with a napkin.

"I've got four seats on the Wizengamont, for the three Peverell brothers and the Potter one." said Harry surprise entering his voice, which made Severus think Harry hadn't truly understood what he was doing by disowning himself and taking up the mantle of the Peverell name.

"Did you not research everything before you did this?" asked Severus frowning.

"I did...but I didn't realize how important the Peverell's were I just thought they were my top ancestors. I also knew it would make me the head of my family, it helped that I was getting one over James" shrugged Harry indifferently. Severus smothered a smirk at hearing one of James Potters' own children referring to him by his given name.

"It means you can disown the Potter's, it means you have a say on the education board, it also means you have indeed got four seats and votes on the Wizengamont. It's more glamorous than it looks being the head of the family, especially when making money is concerned" lectured Severus quietly.

"I understand, I don't think I will have to worry about money. I want a job one day, hopefully with Potions. I've wanted this since I was eleven, which was why I got a job when you left and it was becoming apparent Reese hated me" said Harry softly.

"Indeed" said Severus, he had been eight when he had decided he wanted to brew potions. His mother had shown him everything she

had learned, mostly in Defence against the dark arts and the actual dark arts as well as Potions. He had only ever brewed two potions before he entered Hogwarts but knew all the potion theory and ingredients back to front.

Not many eleven year olds knew what they wanted to do, hell not even thirteen year olds knew. Which was why he didn't like the choices for classes being made then. He had always told Dumbledore that he felt it was too soon. The electives should be held when the children were fourteen, and they should also be given help in deciding what they liked. Instead most children just picked the easiest ones - Divination for one. Which in Severus' opinion was a lot of crap, she might be able to make a prophecy but her classes were a lot of cow dung. It didn't give them any help in the future or anyone to think kindly when they saw their electives. He himself would never take on anyone stupid enough to use divination as one of their electives.

"This one's telling me the trials are from one till three...an hour each is that enough time for a trial?" asked Harry taken aback; he had always obviously wrongfully assumed it would take days.

"They have the evidence, they will be using Veritaserum they will be lucky if it takes an hour. Most of the time consists of the Wizengamont trying to decide what to do with them." explained Severus.

"Oh I suppose so...I guess I do still have lots to learn." sighed Harry.

"You are smart for your age Mr. Peverell never forget that. Another thing there is always something more to learn. Even Albus Dumbledore learns something new every day and he is one hundred and fifty years old." said Severus seriously.

"Thank you" whispered Harry softly, his smile back.

"When is the trial date?" questioned Severus.

"Hum...tomorrow!" Harry almost exclaimed in disbelief - that wasn't giving anyone any time at all. How inconsiderate of the Ministry to do that, he just hoped his teacher didn't blame him for his second day being interrupted.

"That's about right, I shall be accompanying you and we shall be retrieving the prophecy so we will be going an hour early." said Severus curtly. Just then another owl flew through the open window and landed on Harry's chair. It couldn't be Luna; he had just replied to her letter, it wasn't Fleur's or Cedric's owl either. Fleur had decided to stay with Cedric this summer, they were after all both finished school now. Taking the letter confusion on his face, Severus stopped him opening it, and performed a series of tests. When they all came up clear he nodded curtly, he had seen the confusion on Harry's face and knew it wasn't something he was expecting. Better safe than sorry even though howlers and dangerous post wasn't supposed to be able to get through the wards of Prince Manor. He liked to call it Snape Manor it was after all his name as much as he detested his father. Plus it gave him a sense of smug satisfaction that the Prince's would be rolling around in their grave. Severus Snape loved his mother more than anyone in the world, and how his grandparents treated her made him furious. It mattered little to him that if it wasn't for them he wouldn't even be here. It was them that made Eileen run for the hills as fast and hard as she could. It was them that had made her marry a Muggle just to piss them off. Although she was always adamant she didn't regret it, she just regretted not leaving quicker. She regretted Severus' bad childhood; she blamed herself for her son taking the mark also.

"It's from Black" rasped Harry his voice hoarse with disbelief.

"Are you alright?" asked Severus softly, wondering if Black was writing harsh things to Harry or if he was begging for forgiveness.

"He has the gall to actually think I'm going to forgive him for all he's done." he said shaking his head as if he was attempting to clear away cobwebs from his mind.

"I see," said Severus a small part of him glad the boy wasn't going to forgive Black. He hated the man more than James Potter, maybe now he hated them equally but back then he had hated Black the most. It was Black's fault that he was bullied so much, because the idiot was bored. Then there was the Shrieking Shack incident of course witch just cemented it.

He put the letter down and didn't even glance at it as he finished his breakfast. Re filling his glass with orange juice uncaring about Black's words.

Dear Harry,

This is a difficult letter for me to sit here and write, I saw the Daily Prophet and I have to admit I didn't believe it. That was until I went over to Hogwarts and spoke to Nick, I asked him a few questions and he admitted everything to be true. I couldn't believe it; I never realized what kind of godfather does that make me? Not a very good one I must say.

I am so sorry Harry, for not being there and not seeing what you were going through. I was negligent in my duties as a godfather, I can only hope you forgive me and come stay with me. I am still your godfather after all, even if you are emancipated.

Were things as bad as they say in the newspaper? Did they really deny you a chance of a proper education? If it's true how did you know how to read and write? Some things just don't add up, I'm currently staying at Grimmauld Place where I grew up. Please write to me I need to know, as soon as possible.

Sirius Black

Your godfather

Severus was able to read the letter; he had been unable to help himself. He grimaced at the state of the writing and the writing itself; it seemed more for Black's piece of mind rather than Harry's. He simply wanted to know, wanted to know just how badly he had failed in his duties. Either that or someone had put him up to it, Lupin no doubt.

"You should reply to that letter, even if it is to say you do not want to keep in touch. I'd rather not have Black writing to you every day until you respond." said Severus smoothly.

Harry grimaced in disgust at the task he was no doubt going to perform just because he asked. Severus wasn't used to that type of obedience and found it rather refreshing. Not all children were dunderheads after all, although Harry couldn't exactly be classified as a child. He was soon to be a fifteen year old teenager.

"Are you ready?" asked Severus smoothly. Yesterday had flown in; Harry had indeed sent a letter to Black. Telling him rather er, bluntly that he was under no circumstances his godfather, and that he didn't want Black in his life. To do him the favour of leaving him alone or he would go to the Ministry and get a magically binding restraining order. After that they had kept to the schedule Severus had created. Indeed Harry had started off with a simple potion to cure boils. He had expected Harry to complain, he knew he had and he had been nearly eighteen years old. Which he hadn't he seemed quite content to be able to brew anything. After the potion was done, Severus had handed him a bag with his name on it Harry Peverell - Mastery Potions. Basically what that meant was Harry should put at least one vial he brewed into it and put a preservation spell on it. Severus had done the same thing; he still had his small bag with the potions he had brewed during his years as an apprentice. They were there for novelty really; he had never used any of them and never planned on doing so. He had also added a vial of the potions he had created over the years. Most people would have thought it stupid and a waste of time, surprisingly Harry wasn't one of them. He seemed delighted with his new gift and his potion to cure boils was added in the small pocket.

Then defence, Harry had surprised him with his knowledge, he shouldn't have been surprised. Ravenclaw's loved knowledge and books above nearly everything else. Harry was very powerful; he had skill in defence as well, which was a good thing really. Severus was glad for it, it meant teaching him everything he was going to would be so much easier. Harry had been extremely exhausted by the time Severus was through with him. So much so he was almost falling asleep in his pudding, after smothering his amusement Severus had sent the tired teen to bed.

"Yes." said Harry, he would be testifying today, soon his revenge on his captors would be complete. Plus he would know the full contents of the prophecy and know what he was truly up against.

"Good, then we shall depart." said Severus smoothly, they apparated to Muggle world. Went inside the telephone booth and dialled the appropriate numbers and were whooshing though the underground before they knew it. Their badges slipped through the coin bit, they put them on reluctantly on Severus' part. Harry Peverell - attending a trial. Severus Snape - escorting Harry Peverell.

They went and got their wands seen to, before quickly slipping off. Severus grabbed Harry back around the corner cursing quietly. There was an order member guarding the door. Severus cast a notice me not spell on them, and sent a quick spell at the Order member. Confounding them briefly as they slipped passed him and entered the room.

"Harry, over here" said Severus quietly, the authority still in his tone. He didn't want to alert the guard to anything; once he was sure Harry was coming he sent a silencing spell up.

The prophecy was there and they had been right his name was on it.

S.P.T to A.P.W.B.D

The Dark Lord

And

Harry Peverell

"Why is my new..." asked Harry bewildered.

"Perhaps it changed when you were emancipated." suggested Severus.

Harry picked up the sphere.

"You have to break it" said Severus failing to stop the sarcasm leaking out.

Harry just rolled his eyes obviously not upset with being spoken to in such a way. Taking a deep breath he glanced at the door before letting the prophecy drop. It made an almighty crash for such a small glass sphere, and a voice began shouting around the room. It was a good thing Severus had put a silencing spell up.

"The one with the power to vanquish the dark lord....approaches..." said the voice of Trelawney. Harry didn't realize having never had her class that it was very different from this cold harsh breathless voice that was speaking right now.

"Born to those who have thrice defied him..." rasped Trelawney.

Severus' heart was going a mile a minute, after the next line he didn't know what it said. The unknown scared and thrilled him, he felt as if he had just invented the Wolfsbane potion all over again. He couldn't have calmed down even if he had been forced to consume a calming draught.

"Born as the seventh month dies..."

Nothing could be heard apart from the voice which surprised both the man and teen. Their hearts were pounding so fast that surely it could be heard were their thoughts.

"And the Dark Lord shall mark him his equal..."

Severus' eyes went straight to Harry's lightening bolt as Harry's hand rubbed it. They had obviously both come to the right conclusion it was rather fascinating. Voldemort had put the prophecy into motion, by misinterpreting it. Severus wondered if he would have gone after the boy if he had known the entire thing.

"But he will have the power the dark lord knows not..."

Harry frowned his forehead wrinkled in confusion.

"And either must die at the hand of the other...for neither can live while the other survives..."

Harry shivered as if he was cold, Goosebumps spreading over him as dread settled in. Apprehensive green eyes met concerned black ones, Severus had suspected this but to hear it was another thing altogether. Perhaps it hadn't been the best thing to do letting the teen hear it. However, he shook off those thoughts. It was best if he knew, and also knew what to expect and what was coming. He knew destiny couldn't be cheated; Harry would either have to kill or be killed. Harry had already killed actually, he had killed Nagini and Pettigrew but this was different. He hadn't set out to kill Nagini and Pettigrew; he had done it in self defence. This could be considered self defence as well; no wonder Dumbledore was training Nick Potter if that's what he knew.

To bad he was training the wrong one, Severus was suddenly glad that he knew what he did. More determined than ever to ensure that

Harry knew what he needed. Harry would kill Voldemort, and Severus would be by his side all the way through. Make sure the teenager didn't falter, ensure that the boy knew he was doing the right thing. Make him confident enough to ensure he knew that he could kill Voldemort. Suddenly defence did seem more important than potions. Perhaps he would put another hour onto his schedule, he could learn a lot more, all those extra hours would add up.

"Let's get out of here," suggested Severus carefully guiding the stunned teenager down to the door. Taking down the silencing spell, he looked back and saw the sphere melting into the floor nobody would ever hear it again. Voldemort wouldn't be getting his hands on it, smug satisfaction settled on him he had foiled yet another plan of the Dark Lord's. Using another notice me not and confounding the Order member they both left the prophecy room, passed the room of brains, planets, time (hour glasses) and the Death Chamber.

They got back just in time to see everyone entering the courtroom. Severus noticed that Dumbledore was there; Severus once again pulled Harry aside and explained something to him.

"Do not look Dumbledore in the eye, he can read your thoughts. I shall teach you Occlumency as well as everything else planned. Just for an hour in the evening, starting with meditation before bed" explained Severus, mentally adding yet another thing to teach Harry.

Harry nodded grimly in understanding both they both entered courtroom number ten. A place where the worst trials took place, Harry saw a lone chair with shackles attached to it. Seats ten feet from it, and a huge area for no doubt the Wizengamont to sit at. Dumbledore was sitting next to Madam Bones, talking to her as Harry stood unsurely in the doorway.

"Mr. Peverell please, have a seat over there" said Mr. Fudge, pointing to the seat near Dumbledore and Madam Bones. Harry nodded curtly, and both Severus and Harry sat down. Severus ensured he was sitting nearest to Dumbledore.

Avery was dragged in first, looking pale frightened and worried. As he should be - he had expected his lord to help him. None had come his way; he knew Malfoy and Macnair were in similar situations. Avery was seriously worried he would be sent to Azkaban, he had gotten off before as soon as he saw Harry he paled even more. He

knew without a doubt that he was caught this time - for sure. He was secured to the chair with the shackles before the Aurors let him go.

It was time.

What did you think? will the power the dark lord knows not be love? or will i give Harry some powers? what will he be? will i have Harry's magic bound and severus release it? will Harry come to his majority a year early? gaining his new magic on his fifteenth birthday rather than sixteenth? will Avery, Macnair and Malfoy all end up in Azkaban? do you want to see them all out again in a years time? the break out bit? or will they stay in Azkaban and Voldie down three loyal followers? will draco malfoy become a death eater? or will having his father arrested be good for him? will eileen eventually come to the manor? will Harry attend hogwarts for some classes? such as transfiguration, charms, ancient runes, Arithmancy, astronomy and herbology? then going back for defence and potions to ensure he does well on his owls? make it where he has to attend hogwarts to even be allowed to graduate and receive his owl and newts results? Read and REVIEW PLEASE!

Chapter 19

Annajewel - This one is for you Hunni Happy Birthday! Hope you have a good one.

Sitriel - Thank you very much for the picture of Harry in this story! It's fantastic!

If you all want to see the picture you will find it on my profile page right at the very top! Go on have a peek I know you want to :) imagine him without the glasses though because he doesn't have any! But it's so fantastic though isn't it? First time anyone's done a thing like that for me and its sooo great! So this chapter is also dedicated to you :) hope you enjoy it once more THANK YOU! Ahh its sooo cute I wonder if one could be did with Prince/Snape manor in the background! Ooo that I'd love to see and I'm getting carried away I best stop now...before I write ten pages of gushing! : P bye for now!

The Trials of Avery, Macnair and Malfoy - Guilty Or Not Guilty? Imperious or not Under Imperious?

There were around fifty plum coloured wearing Wizards and Witches, ironically enough with the letter W stitched on their robes. It was gold and didn't go at all with the plum coloured robes. Harry didn't comment on that though, Fudge was in the middle, with Madam Bones next to him and another witch on his other side. He didn't have a clue who she was and to be honest he didn't really care. Harry had gotten a great deal amount of pleasure seeing the shackles shaking ominously before wrapping around the terrified wizard. Harry sneered at the old fool finding him very pathetic now, he wasn't so tough without his wand or two other wizards to back him up now was he? Avery tried to sneer at Harry causing the nearly fifteen years old to smirk.

"Very well," said Fudge standing up importantly "The accused being present let us begin. Are you ready?"

Harry heard a voice reply and turned to it, red hair, freckles and robes that weren't very good. It was a Weasley for sure, even if he did look like he had a banana stuck up his arse. Or was that supposed to be a superior look he supported? Harry wasn't sure but turned away from him and focused on more important things than

Weasley. Professor Snape was sitting next to him very stiff and resolved. He noticed that Dumbledore was trying to meet both their eyes and Harry looked away his teachers warning ringing in his ears. Do not look Dumbledore in the eye; well he was definitely going to follow Severus' advice. He shuddered at the thought of Dumbledore being able to read his thoughts.

"The trial for Archibald Brian Avery on the tenth of July," said Fudge in a ringing voice. Harry nearly snorted no wonder the guy preferred being called Avery. He was irritatingly put off by the scratching of the quill Weasley was writing with. He missed the rest of it, not that he had missed much just the offences he had committed and where.

"Interrogators: Cornelius Oswald Fudge, Minister for Magic; Amelia Susan Bones, Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement; Delores Jane Umbridge, Senior Undersecretary to the Minister. Court Scribe Percy Ignatius Weasley and Archibald Damien Avery as witness to the defence." said Fudge clearly.

"So the charges!" Said Fudge unrolling a piece of parchment.

"That he did knowingly accept the Dark Mark and become a traitor within the eyes of the Ministry."

"That he did knowingly cast Unforgivables, on a minor, in front of two other Wizards at Malfoy Manor."

"That he did knowingly follow You-Know-Who and committed atrocious crimes to and in front of Muggles."

"Did knowingly lie during his trial thirteen years ago claiming to be under the imperious curse."

"Did so knowingly cast the Dark Arts, buy the Dark Arts and use them."

Harry couldn't help but blink that that one...was that even a different crime than using the unforgivable on him? He didn't think so but hey he didn't care. It would just mean the bastard that hurt him would remain imprisoned for longer. Although what could be longer than fifteen years life imprisonment? Especially with nothing but the Dementors for company really.

Alastor Moody had been busy indeed was all Madam Bones could think as the charges were read. Moody was one that she would never piss off, if there wasn't a law the man didn't know she'd eat her monocle. He proved that by the amount of crimes he had been arrested with, he wondered how Avery was going to get his son out of this one this time.

Avery Senior was sixty years old; he had gone to school with Tom Riddle. He was one of Voldemort's Death Eaters and had raised his son to follow him as well. When Voldemort had 'died' he had managed to get his son off thirteen years ago, by claiming his son was under the imperious curse. Unfortunately Avery senior wasn't much use to Voldemort now, he was an old man. Unlike Voldemort he hadn't preserved himself in a diary or made himself immortal. The only way he could help his 'Lord' now was to get his son off again.

Fortunately for some and unfortunately for most back then the potion Veritaserum hadn't been created. It was a brilliant potion and Bones bowed down to Snape in respect for making it. It was a potion that was going to save everyone a lot of time and heartache. As much as she herself would have liked to have seen everyone sentenced to Azkaban who bore the Dark Mark. They couldn't do that just in case there was someone there who had been placed under the imperious curse and forced. This time it wasn't going to happen, although there were laws regarding the potion much to her distaste. There was enough evidence to actually use it on Avery without suffering ramifications.

"You are Archibald Brian Avery of number twenty five Newbattle Manor Newbattle road, New Newbattle are you not?" asked Fudge glaring at the man over his parchment.

"Yes," admitted the bound man none of his worry showing unless you knew what to look for.

"You did put Harry James Peverell under the Cruciatus curse?" said Fudge.

"Wha...no!" cried Avery adamantly.

"He think's he's still a Potter he's obviously not been reading the paper." snorted Severus in disgusted amusement.

Fudge decided to overlook that Snape was using Legillemency in his courtroom. Either that or he was just very good at reading people; he wasn't sure which one comforted him the most. Snape was very intimidating; he knew the man had been a spy for Dumbledore. Dumbledore had proved it, though pensive memories after being Snape being sentenced to Azkaban. There wasn't any doubt that the man had been Dumbledore's spy, unfortunately the trial had been too public for him to return to You-Know-Who.

"Harry James Peverell is better known as Harry James Potter...do you deny these charges?" asked Fudge.

"I do," said Avery his voice a little weak and croaking.

"Do you consent to using Veritaserum to prove this once and for all?" demanded Fudge.

"Request denied, despite the fact my son has nothing to hide the affects of that potion isn't widely known." said Avery Senior stepping in.

"Then it's a good thing we have Harry James Peverell's memories then isn't it?" asked Fudge his voice oily and extremely buttery as if he was enjoying himself.

Both Avery's paled drastically, Pensieve memories had been around for a very long time. It was fortunate that you need permission to extract memories, and that they hadn't left anyone behind who could consent to it back in the day. Unfortunate for them Harry had a thirst for survival that made him look unbeatable. It was just a shame no one else could see it, there would come a time when they did though. To Dumbledore and everyone else it looked as if it was only his second brush with Death. The Chamber of Secrets and being kidnapped by Lord Voldemort.

"Surely there's no need for that?" asked Avery senior looking quite weak and defeated.

That had the Wizengamot muttering darkly, staring at Avery Senior as if they hadn't seen him before. The pensieve memories were only played for the Wizengamot. The others in the room did not get to see, which included Mr. Fudge, Weasley, Umbridge, and all the other Wizards and Witches who were watching it from the sidelines.

Which happened to include quite a few reporters. The Wizengamot were away for forty five minutes immersed in the small stone bowl which everyone waited and spoke quietly.

Madam Bones was the only other person that would ever see them, as she had watched them before getting warrants to have them arrested. Alastor Moody had read her report and written the charges up. Not only in what she had wrote but what he had noticed in Avery's manor with that eye of his.

When they came out they were looking sick, furious, adamant and resolved. Most Wizengamot members were actually old, around about forty to well Dumbledore's age really. Harry was actually rather glad they weren't going to have to use the pensieve again (they didn't have to they had seen all the memories). It had well and truly been what felt like the longest hour of his life. Having everyone sitting there staring at him, sizing him up comparing him with their beedy eyes. He felt as if he was on display and he wished he could just disappear. In the end he had decided to cover himself with his cloak and put his hood up making his face disappear from view. Now that the Wizengamot members were out he could relax once more and remove his hood.

Once everyone was seated Fudge stood up once more, his voice high and demanding he asked "All those in favour of clearing the accused raise your hand!" the silence was very overwhelming to say the least, Avery was looking around the room desperately. When not even one person raised their hands he looked at his father pleadingly. His father in turn just shrugged helplessly at his son, despite the fact he was an evil man he did love his son. Love or not there was nothing Avery Senior could do to help his son right now.

"All those in favour of conviction?" said Fudge his voice a little lower than before after seeing not even one person raise their hand to free Archibald Avery.

This time the movements were instantaneous every single member raised their hand. Avery could only stare in horror his numb mind counting every hand that was up.

"Very well, Archibald Avery you are hereby charged with the crimes you were accused off. Each one deserving of a life sentence of

fifteen years, summing it up to seventy five years in Azkaban prison." shouted Fudge.

"No! I didn't do it! I was forced to! I was under the imperious curse! He made me do it I swear! Help please! Dad! Tell them! Tell them!" shrieked Avery as he was led away with two Aurors, Moody and Shacklebolt both men were trying hard not to smirk or grin. It wouldn't be very professional after all, to do such a thing. Moody and Shacklebolt took him to the Portkey, to the drop of zone, where he was man handled by more Aurors who took him across a boat and into the warded prison that would be his new home till he died.

"Are you alright?" asked Severus after a few minutes of silence. Indeed the trial had taken longer than anticipated an hour and a half to be exact, Malfoy and Macnair's wont take as long since the memories had been reviewed. It was just protocol now really; Malfoy and Macnair had a right to defence and to defend themselves...even if they were guilty.

"I'm fine." said Harry a sigh leaving his lips as soon as he said it. Before he could blink a potions book was shoved into his hands. Blinking again he looked up but Snape was speaking to Dumbledore.

"Can we speak later my boy?" asked Dumbledore. Who by the way had been in the pensieve, he was after all the chief warlock of the Wizengamot. To say he was let down would be an understatement, he had hoped by some miracle that Nick wasn't as close to Harry as everyone made out. That hope had gone sailing out the pensieve ten minutes ago. Three feet he had been from his brother, Nick had looked back looked at Harry then Voldemort before grabbing the Portkey and he was gone. Watching the torture Harry had gone through had stricken him to the bone. The warning Severus had given him had rang in his ears as he watched in utter disbelief. He would never have done that to his own brother, despite the fact they had been at odds with one another the past one hundred and thirty odd years.

"I am very busy Albus I haven't changed my mind in regards to what we spoke about the last time." said Severus abruptly.

"Very well," sighed Dumbledore feeling wretched. If only Nick wasn't so damn important he wouldn't be losing the man he thought of as

a son. Before long Macnair was dragged in and his trial was on, Dumbledore started at the bastard in disgust.

"All those in favour of conviction?" shouted Fudge.

If anything the hands raised a lot faster than they had for Avery and that was saying something. Avery might have been bad but Macnair was the worst, they had proof of his crimes against Wizards and witches who died in the last war. The knife was very distinctive and had the same magic as Harry's wounds did. Not only was he charged with Harry's torture but over twenty Wizards and Witches and over a hundred Muggles. There was dark magic imbued in the knife he used on Harry hence why he was scarred. There had been similar marks on the others and they had the pictures to prove it. They had been in the unsolved murder drawers in the Auror department. Needless to say they were no longer unsolved murders; those that had died by his hands were finally getting justice.

"Very well Walden Macnair you are hereby charged with the crimes set before you today. We have decided with the severity of your crimes Azkaban just doesn't do it justice you are hereby sentenced to the Dementors kiss. Which will be administered on the fifteenth of July 1995 may Merlin have mercy on your soul" said Fudge grimly. It wasn't very often the Dementors kiss was administered.

Moody would have gone a jig around the room if he hadn't been so composed. So would Madam Bones but neither did, they just sat there in silence with the rest of the courtroom. Harry though just smirked in supreme satisfaction having got his revenge on the arsehole that had hurt him and promised to do worse. Walden Macnair just snarled viciously at him still bound by the chair.

"The world truly will be a safer place without him." sneered Severus his lip curled in disgust. If anyone knew what that man was capable of it was of course Severus. He had seen the man at work, and it was no wonder Voldemort liked him. Walden snarled and hissed like an animal that his 'Lord' would get him and they would all pay promising revenge and death on Harry Potter as he was dragged away.

Harry just raised a bored eyebrow at him as if to say 'what the hell are you talking about'. Before he went back to reading the book his teacher had given him. Really if Voldemort had planned on getting

the idiots out he would have already done it. Voldemort had lost Pettigrew though and Crouch, as well as Nagini...now he had lost at least two other followers. Maybe even three but he wasn't holding his breath Malfoy was a sneaky bastard.

Turned out his fears were for naught, Lucius' lawyer was good Harry had to give him that. Insisted that it was someone Polyjuice potioned as him, to get him into trouble. That it hadn't been Malfoy Manor he had been in, but unfortunately poor Lucius Malfoy didn't know about his unfaithful house elf. The lawyer had insisted Lucius had been with him, when it had been brought about.

The lawyer couldn't take back his word and ended up arrested for lying. Then the trial consisted of Lucius trying and failing to get them to believe he hadn't had a part in it. The fact Lucius Malfoy said no to Veritaserum was telling enough for the Wizengamot.

Moody was rubbing his hands gleefully every time Lucius Malfoy tried to explain himself. Each and every time it was countered with something else, Harry's memories proved everything really. As it was though Lucius Malfoy was entitled to a defence. Draco looked pale and solemn as he watched his father, knowing the outcome wouldn't be good. His father had been in the Ministry holding cells for days, yet the Dark Lord, who was supposed to be really powerful and think of his father as an equal (or so he told his son) hadn't saved him? Why and was it the same for everyone? Was this what he would be faced with if he joined Voldemort? Was that what his mother had been trying to subtly telling him? He couldn't help but think so. Narcissa sat beside her son, looking tortured and dismayed. She knew her husband wasn't going to get out of it this time. She told him not to do it but what did he do go ahead and did it. She wondered silently which house elf it was and how to kill it.

"Those in favour of clearing the suspect?" asked Fudge.

A surprising amount of hands went up, to the disbelief of many. Severus knew those that had were being bribed; he was thankful however the amount wasn't more than half. Unless a few decide to abstain from voting Lucius Malfoy was going down.

"Those in favour of conviction?" asked Fudge.

More than half the hands went up and Fudge despite himself felt a whoosh of relief. It was obvious Lucius Malfoy had been a Death Eater; he didn't care if it soiled his career. The safety of the wizards and witches in the wizarding world was more important than him being Minister. He wasn't sure he wanted to be the Minister doing those tough times. Voldemort was back and he wasn't sure what to do first! And they were all looking at him to do something.

"Lucius Malfoy you have been found guilty of the crimes you have been accused of. You are hereby sentenced to fifteen years in Azkaban" said Fudge grimly; he had associated himself with this man. He had believed Lucius was a good man, he had seemed so. He would be lucky if his name survived the backlash. Lucius Malfoy just kept his face steady, not showing any emotion as he was taken away. He was his lord's favourite, he would be rescued he had to believe that. He didn't even look in his wife or sons direction as he left with Shackbolt and Moody.

Dumbledore sat in his office contemplating everything he had learned and seen that night. He hadn't seen hide or hair of the Potter's and for that he was grateful. Harry Peverell had been awarded generous sums from the accused vaults. Enough for him to live comfortably anyway, in fact he had gotten all of Macnair's money. Where he was going he had no need of it, curious enough Harry had asked for a house elf when Madam Bones asked if there was anything else they could do for him.

Narcissa had been forced to summon Dobby and free him, or lose every penny of the Malfoy money. Which would have left her son penniless and no house elf was worth that. He knew why of course, Dobby had helped Harry during his capture. Dobby had attached himself to Harry slobbering and blubbering his thanks. Harry in turn had been firm and fair and told the elf wait for his call. He was obviously smart enough not to tell everyone where he lived which in his case was a very good thing. If Voldemort had wanted him dead before it would be ten times worse now. That was five Death Eaters he had lost thanks to Harry Potter in the matter of weeks.

Once again Albus popped a sweet into his mouth, the twins were so different. Nick's hair was remarkably like his fathers, whereas Harry's was well like Lily's long past his shoulders and tameable. The only likeness they had were their faces, height. Even the scars on their foreheads were different, yet Harry acted more like how he

had wanted Nick raised - a hero. Harry had got them out of the bindings, it was Harry who hadn't been scared, and it was Harry that had held onto his wand. It was Harry who could defeat the imperious curse; it was Harry who saved the school from a Basilisk. Could the prophecy have meant both of them? Twins could be counted as one, he knew he was grasping at straws but Lily had been adamant that it had been Nick. She would have known she was there...Nick had been marked yet Harry was also marked could he have gotten the prophecy wrong? Harry hadn't spectacular magic but neither had he seen Nick do so. The troll incident was far from his mind right now or he would have realized the lie in that statement.

Popping yet another sour lemon drop into his mouth his withered face sagged some more. If only it was easy to know for sure just what the prophecy meant. Did it truly mean both of them? Or did it truly only mean Nick? It had said mark HIM his equal not THEM his EQUALS. He had to face facts Nick was the boy who lived, he was just anxious because Harry seemed more ... heroic. Nick was under intense pressure whereas Harry wasn't really. Nick was trying to live up to everyone's expectations of him, much like he himself had done after defeating Grindelwald. Perhaps with some training from the light champion himself would make Nick more...confident. The boy had been scared it was very understandable, when faced with death the boy was only fourteen. He hadn't had a long life like he himself had done was how Dumbledore thought of it. Perhaps a conversation about how death was but the next great adventure would be good for Nick. He had his suspicions after what happened in the chamber of secrets just what Nick was going to have to do to win the war. He had spent the past two years trying to get more information. It was coming along very slowly and he wasn't sure how much use the information he had was. The diary had been very revealing indeed, he just needed to figure it out and perhaps let Nick help and let him think he was getting in on the adult things.

An idea hit him light a freight train from hell, of course it was simple really. Slughorn had been a teacher when Tom Riddle had been in school, he was the Potions teacher. Tom had been a member of his Slug club in Albus remembered correctly. He had been the Transfiguration teacher at the time. Slughorn had also been the Slytherin head of house, if anything it would be Slughorn Tom would have gone to. Perhaps it was Professor Colin Reese to quit and Slughorn to replace him. He needed all the help he could get, to find

out just what Riddle had done to himself. It had all started while he was at school that much he knew.

What better way to get the old man drawn back but to dangle Nick Potter in his face. Another famous face to appear in his Slug club, just like his mother before him.

He didn't stop to think about the fact Reese had been grading him unfairly. Or to even think about the warning Snape had given him that his O.W.L results were going to be adequate.

One way or another Nick Potter wasn't going to get into the slug club.

well what do you think? will we have dumbledore finding out about the horcrux's earlier? will he be stupid enough to lift the stone/ring up in this story? will nick potter pass any of his classes? will he get Troll in all of them? or will he pass them all barely? will he be better than severus thought he was? or will nick have to leave hogwarts in disgrace not having the grades to remain? would that seem too impossible? or will he only pass two classes? tranfiguration and defence or defence in charms? will slug go back? or will dumbledore have to wait a year and have it going like it normally would have? will voldemort ever take over hogwarts like he did in the book without snape? will snape amputate dumbledores arm to save his life after stopping the curse? and have a special made potiom make the offending limb grow back? will umbridge even go to hogwarts this year or will remus be back or sirius? why would umbridge be there? will fudge want to keep an eye on the 'chosen one?' or the Peverell heir? R&R PLEASE!

Chapter 20

The Prophecy was the main thought on Harry Peverell and Severus Snape's mind that night and first thing in the morning. Severus couldn't believe it, he had been right all along. Harry was going to have to defeat the monster known as Lord Voldemort, even if Severus insisted on calling him the Dark Lord. If a Death Eater was brave enough to do it they would be killed the next meeting that was for sure. Voldemort knew whenever someone was brave enough to save the name not just Death Eaters but those around them too. The contents of the Prophecy circled his mind, Dumbledore knew all this - that was the reason he was insisting on training Nick Potter. No wonder he kept trying to get Severus to help, Severus wasn't by any means a modest man - he knew Dark arts that would put Dumbledore to shame. That said he hadn't been around for one hundred and fifty years either.

Harry woke up at six AM and got dressed for the day ahead of him, in his brand new clothes. It was one thing he hadn't been deprived off by the Potter's but they hadn't exactly been to his liking. They got him whatever Nick liked and left it at that, almost as if they had bought too much for Nick and gave him some of it. He loved being here, he wasn't invisible, he was wanted not an inconvenience. Plus he was getting to learn magic, that was one thing he was going to have to ask Severus. He quickly made his way down to the study room and found his teacher already there.

"Severus how is it that I'm able to use magic? Won't the tracer activate?" asked Harry sitting down curiously.

"All pureblood homes have shielding charms embedded in the wards. How else do you think the purebloods know so much before coming to Hogwarts?" asked Severus sarcastically.

"Then why weren't...I mean why didn't they teach Nick anything?" asked Harry cautiously.

"I have no idea, what did your parents do with your brother all year?" asked Severus watching the teenager. How did the child remain calm? When it was apparent he was responsible for them all - the entire wizarding world. Harry was going to have to defeat Voldemort for them all, or rather it was predicted he would. He wondered silently if he would have done it having the life Harry had. Being

ignored in favour of his brother...would he truly have wanted to save the lives of those who had basically abandoned him? It wasn't something he could truthfully answer because it hadn't happened to him. The news of the prophecy didn't seem to have affected him at all, he knew it had affected him.

"Nothing, he didn't even get a wand until he was eleven, James always took him flying or just played with him. He didn't learn any magic, he didn't even read the books Potter Manor had to offer...I did when I could." stated Harry matter of factually.

"His education?" asked Severus, he couldn't say your education, Harry hadn't truly had one after all. That was something else he wanted to ask the child, how had he been able to read and write if he wasn't educated.

"He did what he needed to nothing more," said Harry honestly.

"I see...might I ask how you managed to learn to read and write?" asked Severus a bit cautiously. He knew he might be treading on a hard subject but he was truly curious to know.

Harry looked down, a sigh left his lips before he began to answer his teachers question. "I used to sneak in, listen to the lessons when I could. I also copied the books so I could learn on my own."

"Copy? I'm assuming you didn't do it the normal way? But with magic?" asked Severus an eyebrow raised in curiosity.

"With magic, when Nick didn't get his way his magic exploded...but mine didn't because I was using it to learn what I could. Some of the books I've got are the copied ones. I have a few I copied from Potter Manor, the rest are from my book lists over the years. I sold the Lockhart books which had been signed and bought different ones mostly on Potions and defence." explained Harry.

"I understand," nodded Severus, they started getting taught at four years old, which meant Harry had been using controlled magic at that age. It didn't surprise him, after all the prophecy indicated that Harry was the Dark Lord's equal. Yes, had been the Dark Lord's equal from the age of one and three months. The Potters probably already knew the prophecy weren't they curious that neither of their children seemed to do magic worthy of being Voldemort's equal.

Severus had no doubt the Potter's hadn't seen Harry using his magic or there would have been questions raised. Controlled magic at four or five years of age to copy books just so he could learn. He knew every Pureblood parent and Grandparent out there was probably furious. Nothing was more important to them than their offspring having a decent education. Even if it was just the basic education they received. Mathematics, English, history of Magic and Latin and the such. It was the education they had at magic that mattered the most but still. The thought of having an uneducated children was considered an embarrassment. A pureblood would rather send their child to a Muggle school than see them without a tutor. Most pureblood's would rather die than send their child to a Muggle school so yes, it was vital to them indeed.

"You do realize what you did is impossible for the average four year old?" asked Severus smoothly.

"I had no choice!" said Harry defensively.

"I am not criticizing you Harry...I am commending you on your magical abilities." said Severus softly his eyes soft and understanding.

"Oh," said Harry looking stunned a little awkward and unsure, he had never seen himself as special. Not even knowing that he had been the one to defeat Voldemort at a young age, Harry personally thought it was a fluke. "If the situations were reversed maybe Nick would have done the same."

"Do you truly believe that?" asked Severus fighting the urge to snort, he did not snort.

"I don't know," sighed Harry his shoulders sagging as if an invisible weight was suddenly bearing down on him.

"What do you wish to do now that you know the contents of the Prophecy?" asked Severus.

A house elf blinked into existence, putting a huge platter of food and drink down before disappearing. Severus reached over and grabbed both plates and filled them up, and made himself a coffee. Giving Harry a gesture to ask if he wanted some, he was somewhat surprised when he nodded. Normal fourteen year olds did not drink

coffee, perhaps it was because of his mother. Severus knew his mother's fondness for coffee's and offering it to nearly everyone that stepped through her shop for any more than a minute.

Harry gratefully took the coffee and looked at Severus for a few minutes deep in thought. He had never dreamed a five or six years ago he would have someone to confide in, something other than his diary. Harry had thought he was destined to always be alone, going to Hogwarts hadn't changed that assumption either. Now he had Eileen, Severus, Luna, Viktor, Cedric and Fleur. Of course some he trusted more than others, Eileen, Severus and Luna were his truly trusted. One's he would confide in about the prophecy and him being the real boy who lived. Two already knew he just had to tell Luna, if she didn't already know. Luna had the bloody uncanny ability to see things others didn't, it was as if she could see things others didn't.

"I'm not sure...I don't see why I should help them on one hand...on the other...there have been people who have been really good to me and don't deserve to suffer because of their actions." admitted Harry sadly.

"I can understand where you are coming from," said Severus honestly. There had been people willing to help him despite the fact he had been a Death Eater. Albus had been very good to him, even if he was being very annoying at the moment. Albus felt as if it was his duty to save the world just because of what happened to Gellert Grindelwald. He knew Albus was under a lot of pressure from the wizarding world too, which was why he was asking him to help. He really shouldn't be so annoyed with Albus but he couldn't help it. He hated the Potter's and that wasn't going to change any, and Albus knew how much he hated them and was insisting on him teaching the brat one on one.

"Somehow...I know you do unlike others who'd insist they know but not truly." stated Harry eating his breakfast slowly.

"There's also something else we have to discuss...your education at Hogwarts and whether you want to stay and learn or not." said Severus. "You have the entire summer to decide so no rush."

"Do you know Ancient Runes?" asked Harry curiously.

"I only took it for two years, third and fourth year when I was there. I pretty much like yourself had decided what I wanted to do. I concentrated mostly on Defence Against the Dark Arts and Potions." stated Severus "I do not remember much of what I was taught it was quite a while ago."

"I rather like it would I be able to just attend certain classes that I'm not going to be taught here?" asked Harry before continuing "Like Charms, Transfiguration, Ancient Runes, Arithmancy and Care of Magical Creatures?"

"Hum...I shouldn't have a problem getting Albus to agree to those terms," said Severus nodding thoughtfully. It would give him time to himself, to brew his potions and such while he was safely at school. He was after all only teaching Harry Defence against the Dark Arts and Potions. They did come first, and if he could he would ask them all to be on the same day so he could have the entire day away. Then have the rest of the week with him gaining his Mastery in Defence and Potions.

Harry let out a breath of relief, as much as he loved the thought of being here all the time. Learning nothing but Potions and Defence he knew it would get boring sooner or later. At least once a week he could get out learn something different and perhaps even see Luna for a while. He couldn't imagine not being able to see her, she and Eileen had kept him sane especially through this past year.

"Thank you." he said eventually, devouring his breakfast.

"No problem, now as we agreed there is a few books over there for you to read. Then I will give you the quiz, and just because you have been quizzed doesn't mean you should forget it. I shall spring questions on you unexpectedly to see if you have retained the information." said Severus.

"Yes sir!" said Harry eagerly. There was nothing more Harry liked than a challenge and a chance to prove himself.

"Good." said Severus smoothly.

Just then a owl came through the window, with Hermes hot on its tail with a letter from Luna. The other was from the Ministry and it was

quite heavy, blinking in appreciation he opened it. Surprise showed on his face, he couldn't believe it he had forgotten about that.

"Is anything the matter?" asked Severus frowning wondering why the Ministry was getting in touch with his apprentice yet again.

"No, they have given me half the Twi-Wizard winging, five hundred galleons." said Harry putting the Galleons down on the table. It was a lot of money, but considering Harry had gotten a mass fortune from three Death Eaters...why this was pocket change now.

"And so they should, I wonder why it took them so long to deal with that," said Severus curiously.

"Might have something to do with him being back" shrugged Harry.

"Perhaps." said Severus drinking his coffee he needed it this early in the morning.

Almost as if the house elf knew they were finished and had been watching them. She popped back in and took the tray away with her, without a word to either of them. It was the way he preferred his house elves obviously, quiet and busy doing what they were told.

"Read to chapter five, if there is time perhaps two or three more chapters if possible. I shall be back in two hours. If you need me I shall be in my lab, just knock once and I shall appear as soon as possible. Understood?" asked Severus curtly.

"Yes sir" said Harry obediently, knowing Severus was now in teacher mode and not at all confused.

"Good," said Severus, smirking slightly he nodded his head and left the room.

Severus had of course brewed for two hours straight, giving Harry enough time to read the chapters he had requested. The quizzes he had already decided on were already written out for the entire book. So he would be fine for at least a week, then he would need to think up questions for the next quizzes. Thankfully he wasn't going to have to read the books as he knew them all very well, from back to front. He rather hoped Harry didn't let him down, he had added very sneaky questions in there in hopes he could answer them.

Spelling the potion into a stasis he stalked from the lab to the sitting room where he knew Harry was. He found the teenager engrossed in the book, he walked over unheard and looked over his shoulder. Harry had gotten up to chapter eleven, that was actually really good considering the book was all text and no pictures or lists. The question was though had he retained the information from those eleven chapters.

"Read the rest of the chapter then put the book down." said Severus making Harry jump in fright. Breathing heavily he cursed himself for not being more aware of his surroundings. He nodded his head regardless not blaming or glaring at Severus for his oversight. Severus nodded in approval at all of Harry's actions, he had seen the self disgruntlement on the child's face. He wasn't blaming Severus for sneaking up no, he blamed himself for not being more aware. This boy didn't act like normal fourteen year olds just what had the Potters' done to this child. He was far too mature, perhaps he had done the wrong thing in taking him on as his apprentice. He deserved a childhood or what he could get of one. Being stuck here with him wasn't exactly what he deserved, but perhaps it was already too late. Perhaps Harry truly didn't know or understand the meaning of the word fun.

Harry only took five more minutes to read the rest of the chapter, marking the page with a page marker he put it down on the table. He turned to face his teacher a curious look on his face, those potions sounded interesting indeed.

"How did you find the book?" asked Severus sitting down across from his apprentice.

"Brilliant! I can't wait to do the potions they mentioned! They sound so fascinating I've never done those ones before!" said Harry enthusiastically almost looking...hyper. Maybe Harry did know the meaning of the word fun and being happy. If this was what made Harry happy and hyper then maybe it hadn't been a mistake after all.

"It will be a while before you do that you understand don't you? You have twenty one potions to brew before you reach that stage...once you have re-done all potions that you have done before." said Severus calmly.

"I know and I understand why." said Harry his green eyes gazing at Severus' solemnly he had his hair tied back today in a loose ponytail. Severus was once again struck by the fact Harry had missed out on all the typical Potter looks. The only thing he had gotten from his parents he's say was his eyes and the hair colour.

So different from Nick Potter that it was easy to forget this child was biologically a Potter.

"Good, I'm very pleased that you do, now quiz time, just do the ones for the chapters you have read." said Severus handing it over. He took his potion journal from his desk and sat down while Harry began writing. The scratching of the quill was the only thing heard for the next hour.

Chapter 21

Writing Viktor, Eileen Visits and the Potter's Reactions

Harry woke up extremely early, it was five o'clock in the morning, and the sun wasn't even up yet. Harry sat outside on the balcony admiring the beautiful land over Prince Manor. He had yet to see the horses or truly explore the grounds. He decided that today he would, it was his day off, Sunday, and every Sunday was his to do as he wished. He had been here for almost a week now, the schedule was busy as anything and Harry loved it. A slight pinging noise had him going over to the bedside cabinet. He grinned slightly picking it up and a quill and made his way over to the balcony once more.

Morning Harry, I know it's early and you probably won't get this for a few more hours. We've just Portkey'd to Paris it's beautiful at this time of year. We are going to be playing against the Wimbleswasps. They are a good team but their keeper isn't the best. So what are you going to be doing today?

Harry shook his head in amusement; the majority of their conversations were centred on Quidditch. As fun as their relationship had been it would never have worked. Sure Harry liked Quidditch but he wasn't a fanatic like Viktor was. Plus Harry wanted a constant in his life, not someone who would be away the majority of the time. He had been abandoned by his parents so much that the thought of a relationship like that made him shudder. No Harry wanted someone who would be there for him, not taking off every week for Quidditch - especially not Quidditch. Harry knew he would rather be alone than put up with such a relationship. It had been hard for Harry, to remember that Viktor would leave, because most of that year had been almost perfect. Apart from being added into the goddamned tournament then left for dead by his brother.

Hey, Paris? Wow is it sunny? I hope so nothing worse than attending a Quidditch game in the pouring rain! It's Sunday so I've got the day to myself, I think I'll go see the horses in the Prince stable. Good luck with the game!

Yes it is very hot! Be careful horses are very temperamental creatures and can sense any fear. How are you though Harry? Honestly! Just because we cannot be with one another it doesn't

mean you cannot talk to me. I'll always be here for you just remember that how's the Apprenticeship coming along?

Harry stared at the page deep in thought before replying three minutes later.

I'm alright all things considered; I've just realized what I've taken on being the main head of house. Plus with how the Potter's treated me coming out...my godfather - Sirius Black got in touch with me and I've only just sent a reply. I wanted to tell him what I thought but I decided just to send him a polite reply. At least someone regrets it my parents though probably care about the loss of money more than anything else! I got my half of the Tri-Wizard winnings so that's probably made Nick even angrier. It feels good to finally get one over them you know?

Yes I can understand how you would feel good getting one over them. As I've said before Harry they deserve everything they get. What they did to you was wrong, you know that especially considering how they even treated your own sister better. You are different from them all and that I consider a very good thing! You don't really have to worry about the head of house until you are seventeen. Even if you truly were the last head of the family it would be the same. If you need help I will do so, I am now the head of my family but I have given over the duties to my father until he dies or I finish my Quidditch career. I've had three years of lessons for what was expected off me, it took three years mostly because of my Quidditch lessons. I have to go my manager is here time to train talk soon.

Sighing softly Harry closed the book; he knew the Bulgarians did things differently. Getting written lessons about their government wouldn't help him any, but it was nice of him to offer. He wasn't about to ask Severus for any more lessons, the man was sacrificing his entire week for him as it was. Perhaps he could just read some books, on proper wizarding customs. That decided he put the two way diary back in the drawer and got dressed. The house was silent as he walked towards the library; then again it was always quiet really. When he opened the door the fire on the far side of the library away from the books and beside a selection of high back armchairs and tables flared to life. Instantly warming the room and making the room glow a soft amber colour.

He spent the next ten minutes browsing the books, finding the section he needed he read the backs of them to find the one most suited for him. He didn't plan on reading it yet; just make sure it was there for when he did read it. He wasn't going to spend his free days reading that book each and every one of them was quite thick in size. It would take him about a week he reckoned to read it. Finally he found the one most suited to him, he went over to the table and wrote down the book he was taking. It hadn't been used in years by the look of it, but Harry was a guest here and he would do things properly. That done he took himself and the book back to his bedroom, placing it on his table beside a long line of others.

"Breakfast is ready Mister Peverell," said a house elf popping into Harry's room.

Harry looked at the clock in surprise "I'll be down in a minute, thank you." said Harry smiling softly at the house elf.

"Dobby?" shouted Harry for the first time since the trial.

"Yes Master Peverell?" squeaked Dobby his eyes wide and full of adoration.

"What have you been up to?" asked Harry curiously.

"Awaiting your call Master Peverell!" said Dobby adamantly.

"Have you been eating?" asked Harry alarmed.

"Yes sir," said Dobby his huge head bobbing up and down quickly.

"This is where I will be staying Dobby; if none of the other house elves mind would you stay here? Just until I have a home of my own that you can live in?" asked Harry. He wondered really if he should be telling Severus. It was his house after all...but he somehow doubted Severus cared about house elves as long as they kept his home clean. At least he didn't treat them like Malfoy did; he still had that disgusting soiled pillow case on as well. Yes, he would need to speak to Severus, as soon as possible.

"I shall ask the head of the Prince elves," said Dobby bowing low before leaving.

Harry nodded grimly to himself before he went in search of Severus and breakfast.

"Good morning," said Severus arching an eyebrow questioningly, Harry had never been late to breakfast before. Then again it was Sunday and the boy might have preferred sleeping in. Severus doubted it; Harry was always awake before he was supposed to be something he had noticed two days into the apprenticeship.

"Severus...is it ok if Dobby stays here?" asked Harry curiously sitting down.

"Of course as long as he knows not to speak of anything" said Severus waving his hand dismissively. He knew who Dobby was, he had been at the trial, and Lucius Malfoy would have gotten off if it hadn't been for the little thing. Insisting it was someone under Poly juice had been a good idea, having a disobedient house elf wasn't. No Lucius Malfoy's luck and run out and he was in Azkaban for that.

"Thank you," said Harry that was one less thing to worry about. He felt he owed the House elf a great deal. Not just by appearing and helping him, well it was mostly for that but also for ensuring Lucius Malfoy went down. He would have gotten off if Dobby hadn't chosen to help him that day he was sure of it.

"No problem," said Severus smoothly.

"I heard from Dumbledore about a potion you created for the second task?" questioned Severus curiously, ever since he had remembered he had been curious. It was only right now they hadn't been too busy that he had remembered and decided to say something.

"Oh that yeah I did," said Harry smothering a smirk remembering the look Nick Potter supported. He had looked back briefly when people had began laughing, to see his ...brother standing there looking like a spare end. He had school uniform on as well; he wondered briefly what Lily and James had thought then. Then again nothing was ever Nick's fault; they'd rather blame someone else. Like him for showing Nick up, anything but be embarrassed for or about Nick. It had always been that way; thankfully they hadn't seen half the things he had done over the years. He hadn't realized just how...odd it was to be able to copy books especially at the age of four years of age. Not

until Severus had said anything, he was most thankful that neither James nor Lily had ever discovered that.

"May I?" asked Severus, requesting permission to see Harry's work or hear it from his lips.

"Sure," shrugged Harry "Accio Potions Journal."

Harry caught it as it flew through the air and passed it over to Severus - all his potions ideas and nobody other than his 'Master' had seen them and who better really?

"We should go to a conference and you really should publish this potion," suggested Severus smoothly. To create a potion at fifteen it was a good accomplishment, then again he had created spells at that age. He had perfected potions he had worked on at school but never created one from scratch at that point. He only ever attempted his own after gaining his mastery at twenty years of age. It had taken him two and a half years to gain it, he was the youngest Potions Master but that title was definitely going to be taken by Harry. He didn't grudge it, especially considering he was doing the teaching. He was just glad he had been the one to find him, or rather he had been found at all. He knew most Potions Masters would have taken a look at his Hogwarts scores and laughed at him. He would have done exactly the same thing, but that wouldn't happen now.

"Why?" Harry asked surprised, his eyes slightly wider than normal.

"Because this potion deserves to be known...there's only ever been one thing to help breathe under water. That was an herb, and it couldn't be used long term this can and it will also bring you a decent income." said Severus; he knew Harry didn't want to touch the Potter money despite the fact that a third of it was meant to be his. He had two different set of vaults, the Potter vaults and his own personal ones that nobody could get into. The ones he had spent years filling, from the paper jobs he had taken on and now the money from Macnair. He was genuinely surprised the Potters' hadn't tried to take any money out yet...and wondered if they even could.

"Why would anyone want to buy it?" asked Harry utterly bewildered at the thought of someone actually wanting to buy such a simple potion.

"Swimmers, people with a fear of drowning that want to take up lessons, you would be surprised at how many people will want the potion." explained Severus patiently.

"Why a conference?" asked Harry uneasily knowing a lot of people attend those kind of things.

"To advertise the potion, get recognition for it, it would be put into potion weekly and monthly. Apothecary's will stock up on them and people will buy them, Potions Masters will also want to brew them for themselves." said Severus. "It's the best way to go about it, I did the same with the Veritaserum and Wolfsbane potion." he didn't attend them when he wasn't advertising a potion but read all the magazines.

"If you think people will want it then I guess so," said Harry still surprised and baffled.

"I don't think, I know." said Severus with great certainty.

"Alright," said Harry nodding amicably in agreement.

"Good," said Severus finishing his breakfast.

Sirius was currently in Grimmauld Place, it was deserted and very dirty - Sirius had never lived there he hated it. The house elf didn't do anything unless it was told, and usually muttered under its breath the entire time. So Sirius hated the thing being anywhere near him, he didn't speak to it unless he absolutely had to. He was currently there looking for letters and pictures. He had to know if what the papers were saying was true, so he was currently on the hunt for old letters and things.

Finally he found a chest full of old things after half an hour of hunting. He found it in his room, the one he always stayed in when he was there. He didn't trust any of the other one not to be cursed or the bedding and curtains full of Doxy's or whatnot. Horrid creatures, their venom was dangerous if it stayed in the bloodstream long enough. They usually lived in abandoned dirty homes and that was certainly what Grimmauld Place was. He began pulling out old things; the room was a mess by the time the chest was emptied. He

finally 'haha'd!' in triumph when he found the red and gold bound album.

The laughter died on his lips as he flipped through the pages, his movements becoming harsher every page that was turned. He was fanatically looking for even one picture of Harry, but found not a single picture in the hundred pictures he flipped through. He found baby pictures of Nick and Roxy but not a single one of Harry after her reached one year and three months old. There were even pictures of James, Lily, Roxy and Nick together, still none of Harry.

Sirius fell to his knees the album falling from his numb fingers, shock spread through him like wild fire. He refused to give in, he began reading through the letters, spending hours just reading through letters he had received from Lily and James. His blue eyes filled with sadness and tears that refused to fall. All the letters mentioned Nick and how he was doing, his accidental magic, his school work - nothing of Harry at all. He stopped reading once he got to a letter on how Roxy was doing, according to the date Roxy was five in that one. He scrunched it up and with a scream of fury he chucked it across the room so utterly devastated.

He had asked Nick a few questions, but even at that he had refused to believe it despite the letter he had written to Harry. He assumed it had all been exaggerated, like the Prophet was so prone to doing. It wasn't, they had forgotten about Harry completely, not even educated him like he deserved. It wasn't like the Potter's had been strapped for cash, for goodness sake they had more money than they could spend in one lifetime. I mean how did you forget to bloody educate one of your children? Why hadn't he noticed before.

"Oh Harry," whispered Sirius in devastation.

"James is what the Prophet saying true?" asked Remus coming up beside his best friend. It was two days until the full moon; he could smell his friend anywhere in the castle. He was standing outside the lake, and he quickly joined him wanting answers. He was asked to Hogwarts to help train Nick - more than they had done last year. Despite all they had done Nick hadn't competed in the tournament very well according to Dumbledore and James anyway. Which contradicted what Lily had been telling him, so he was deadly confused.

"Which part?" asked James dully.

"Everything," said Remus his amber eyes solemn.

"Yes Harry has taken over the head of house, he's officially in control of the vaults, the seats and votes." said James bitterness almost crawling up his throat almost making him sick.

"I meant about his education and the allegations James..." Remus trailed off.

"Everything's bloody exaggerated," hissed James angrily.

Remus was about to buy the explanation when he smelt the lie practically dripping from James. He was very good at detecting liars, very near to the full moon that was his sense of smell heightened very much. Remus' eyes widened when he realized the implications dawned on him.

"You didn't get someone to educate your own son! Do you know what people are saying about you?" asked Remus weakly.

James scowled darkly "It was an honest mistake!" he cried after a few seconds.

"Two or three days then finding someone is an honest mistake...not finding a tutor at all it a disgrace...and that's what you are in all pureblood circles!" said Remus shaking his head as if trying to dislodge cobwebs.

"Like I care about what they think," said James hotly.

"It's a good thing Harry took over the vaults...I head talk about them buying out your shares forcefully." replied Remus his voice flat. If someone had the majority shares they could buy the rest of it, from the other shareholders. The Potter's had a lot of fingers in many pies; it could have all gone to hell if not for Harry taking over the Peverell name. The things he had been hearing about James, about his best friend defending him against the words they spoke - he only wanted to swallow his own words. His friend had changed...what other lies had he been told.

"Remus! You're here good I was worried you wouldn't make it. Will you be alright to start on Thursday?" Lily shouted loud enough for both Remus and James to hear, she also knew the full moon was soon so he would be ill for a few days.

"Know I'm doing this for Nick not you either of you," said Remus his amber eyes full of anger and misery.

"What's going on?" asked Lily looking and feeling bewildered had James and Remus had an argument? That was strange itself they had never had an argument never mind a falling out.

"The worst of it is...I'm as much to blame as you both...I never bloody asked him how he was!" snarled Remus angrily, "If this is how I feel I best go and see to Sirius...I've not seen him since the news got out to the Daily Prophet."

"He came to see Nick a few days ago...he left before I could catch up and tell him." said James numbly. He was losing his best friend, it hadn't dawned on him that Remus would be angry or that anyone else would be. If Remus was how was Sirius going to act? James felt numb everything was going to hell. He was losing his friends, he had lost his money his status as head of the Potter family and he dreaded how people were going to react. The public was very fickle; this was going to reflect badly on Nick...and all over some silly Latin lessons.

Remus hissed angrily before stomping off without saying anything to either of his so called friends. As angry as he was, he felt guilt simmering under the surface, trying to think about the last time he had truly spoken to Harry. The fact he had spent the entire last year with Nick not spending a minute with Harry made everything worse. He felt like punching something so badly, but he had to find Sirius before he did something he regretted.

Remus entered Grimmauld Place; it was the only other place he could think to look for Sirius. He had been to his old flat, the Leaky Cauldron and Hogshead to see if he was drinking. He was nowhere to be seen, as soon as he entered Grimmauld Place, he caught the smell of Sirius' fresh scent. He was here or at least he had been here very recently, he followed it up to his old room. He found Sirius surrounded by robes, letters crunched, folded and ripped up and an

open album lying spread eagle on the floor. There was one scrunched in his hand a look of devastation on his face.

"Sirius?" asked Remus quietly slipping over to his friend worry shining through his amber eyes.

"He hates me Remy." whimpered Sirius.

"I'm sure that's not true," said Remus lying through his teeth. He wouldn't blame Harry if he did hate them, but he could only hope the fifteen year old would forgive them.

"I went to see Nick a few days ago, he basically admitted everything the paper already told us." said Sirius his voice hoarse and thick with emotion.

"I know I've just been to see James..." Remus trailed off unable to say anything else.

"I wrote to Harry...I just got his reply." whispered Sirius his posture was one of defeat.

"What did he say?" asked Remus dread filled his voice.

Sirius handed the note over.

Mr. Black,

My name is not Harry James Potter - its Harry Peverell please use it.

Difficult for you to write? Well this is even more difficult for me to reply to. I care little about what you believe or disbelieve, I'm sorry but you are nothing to me. I've received nothing from you since I was a little boy, three or four years old. I have to admit you lasted longer than my own parents that something I suppose. In the end you did forget, if this hadn't gotten out you would never have known or cared still.

Regardless of my personal feelings towards you or lack of them I shall answer your questions; they weren't as bad they were worse than described in the papers. Yes, they did indeed deny me the chance of an education, I had to sneak into the lessons Nick had or I would have gone to Hogwarts completely uneducated. Add up?

They don't add up? Well I hope they add up for you now. I wish you the best in your life Mr. Black my life is finally worth living for. I am currently serving under Severus Snape to gain my Mastery and that's where I shall remain. Even if I didn't have a place to stay I wouldn't be coming with you to help ease your own guilty conscience. My advice to you is move on with your life I've never been part of it you cannot miss something you haven't had.

Mr. Harry Peverell.

Remus winced reading it, yes, Sirius was right Harry truly hated them the guilt seemed to expand even further. He remembered the last thing he had ever bought Harry, the journal, a small diary he had gotten the same thing for Nick. The next year he hadn't been able to afford it he had asked Sirius to buy something for them both. The year after that he had bought Nick a book on Latin and the correct phraseology's and Roxy a child's toy.

"We must honour Harry's wish Sirius..." said Remus helping his best friend up, he guided him towards the kitchen and poured them both a fire whiskey.

"How can we give up?" Sirius practically squawked.

"Because we brought this on ourselves, we didn't care, we forgot and we have to live with that. We are as much to blame as Lily and James, and Harry has basically expressed his wishes to be left alone." said Remus sadly, "He's getting on with his life, he's fifteen years old soon and it's up to him."

"I have to do something," whined Sirius.

"Harry doesn't want you to Sirius, just do the one thing he wants...maybe if we do that he will come around some day." said Remus more hopeful than anything.

"Fine." said Sirius letting out a huge sigh in defeat.

"Do you want to help train Nick? I've told Lily and James I want nothing to do with them. That I'm only going to help Nick, I'm not losing them both I just can't they are my cubs." said Remus sadly.

"I don't want to be anywhere near any of them right now," said Sirius angrily, gulping back the drink as if it was water before filling it again. He had just realized he had lost one of his godchildren, one of his godsons. The worst of it was that he knew damn well he had brought it on himself. He had the gall to think badly of James for not educating Harry when he hadn't sent his own godson a present for years.

They had all failed him.

"Hello? Severus? Harry?" cried the voice of a woman, whom they both knew to be Eileen Snape.

"Mother what are you doing here?" asked Severus surprised indeed coming into the room.

"I've just come to see how you both are doing!" smiled Eileen although it was dimmer than usual both Severus and Harry noticed. She truly hated being here, the place where she had been brought up in.

"It's good to see you!" beamed Harry happily giving the woman he thought of as a mother - more than his own one for sure.

"You as well...how's it going?" asked Eileen spelling away the soot from her clothes. She was a Prince by blood so she was accepted into the house even without the passwords.

"I have to leave for half an hour; I'm going to Hogwarts I must speak with Dumbledore regarding Harry's education." said Severus "Why don't you keep Harry Company until I come back? Or better yet have dinner with us?"

"I'd love to Severus," said Eileen.

Severus was surprised; she must really miss them to accept dinner here at Prince Manor. A small twitch of his lips showed how pleased Severus was, he nodded his head before stepping into the floo. He shouted out the Headmaster's office before he disappeared from view.

"Severus it's good to see you!" exclaimed Albus Dumbledore in surprised delight.

"Albus, I'm here on official reason." said Severus still not happy with the Headmaster.

"What is it?" asked Albus looking worried now, he had hoped Severus had reconsidered and wanted to teach Nick. The teachers were being...rather cool towards Nick, James and Lily. Not that the family seemed to notice, no they were stuck in their own world. Although James and Lily had been quieter than normal today, for reasons unknown to him as of yet.

He didn't realize it was only going to get worse.

"You know Harry is my apprentice, but he also wants to continue with his normal education. As you know I do not care for magic other than defence, some charms and Potions. I do not remember enough about Ancient Runes to teach It." said Severus.

"He wants to do both?" asked Dumbledore his eyes wide with wonder.

"Indeed he does, he wants to continue with his Ancient Runes, Care Of Magical Creatures, Charms, Transfiguration and Arithmancy. If you can ensure they are perhaps all on the same day I'd appreciate it. I'm asking this for everything I've done for you Albus." said Severus.

"Three or four of those subjects are doubled each week Severus...it would require a day and a half at least..." Albus trailed off not even considering denying Severus.

"Hm...true enough." said Severus he knew Ancient Runes, Charms, Arithmancy and sometimes Transfiguration was double periods because they could be hard.

"I need to wait and see what they are doing this year...before I can tell you for certain how long he would come to Hogwarts. I shall do my best to get them all in the same day, I know Care of Magical creatures has been settled and its only an hour so if any other one of them is a single period then I can squeeze them into the one day." said Dumbledore, dipping a elegant golden quill into an golden inkpot. He wrote subjects in big swirly letters so he didn't forget.

Hopefully now Severus would at least be on his way to forgiving him for being such a fool.

"Thank you Albus." said Severus.

"How is Harry?" asked Dumbledore attentively.

"He's doing very well all things considered," said Severus, Harry's education had turned out to be quite important who would have thought. It was more important than anyone else's, now that Voldemort was back once more. He unfortunately knew that all too well, considering he felt the mark burning every now and again. Thankfully a new numbing potion he had created stopped it hurting or even itching. Harry didn't want people knowing and Severus really understood why now. He didn't want to be used, Dumbledore would do everything in his power to get Harry to Hogwarts and get him 'properly educated and trained' just like they were doing with Nick. Harry being emancipated made that practically impossible, and they had yet to find out anyhow.

Sure he knew Dumbledore was doing what he thought best, or rather, er, the greater good best. Dumbledore was a man just like every other, and he too had expectations heaped upon him. It didn't excuse him for what he was doing to Nick Potter or what he would do to Harry Potter if he found out.

"Yes...yes I do suppose you are correct." nodded Dumbledore.

"I must be going, my mother isn't too fond of Prince Manor and I don't want to leave her and Harry too long." said Severus using the first excuse that came to mind. Not wanting Dumbledore to begin speaking about Nick. For once though Severus was wrong, because Dumbledore himself was busy.

"Of course, please give my best to both of them!" cried Dumbledore cheerfully.

"Thank you," said Severus smoothly arching an eyebrow before leaving through the floo wondering at Dumbledore's cheerful attitude.

"Ah, Roxy, how are you?" said Dumbledore beaming happily down at the eleven year old.

"Bored," she said truthfully.

"Well there is a library up stairs just begging to be read!" encouraged Dumbledore.

"I know there's only so much reading one can do," sighed Roxy, her parents had been spending so much time with Nick they didn't have much time for her. She wasn't used to that and she felt hurt, her mother had always favoured her. She didn't like being here; if they were at the manor her mother would not have acted like that she was sure.

"You most certainly won't be in Ravenclaw with a comment like that," replied Dumbledore cheerfully.

"I'll be in Gryffindor like mum!" said the eleven year old adamantly, she had to be perhaps then her mother would notice her for longer than a few minutes.

"I have no doubt." said Dumbledore mock solemnly.

"Thanks sir!" the eleven year old finally beamed.

"No problem, now can you tell me where I could find your mother?" asked Dumbledore.

"She will be in the Great Hall, after lunch we are going to Diagon Alley!" Roxy said happily.

"Good," smiled Dumbledore, finally the Great Hall came into view, entering they sat down at their appropriate seats.

"Ah, Lily, may I borrow Nick for a few hours later tonight?" asked Dumbledore.

"Why?" frowned Lily confused.

"I'm hoping Horace Slughorn would come to teach, and I want him to meet Nick he is after all one of the best potions students!" said Dumbledore cheerfully. He knew that wasn't true he believed Severus over Reese any day. However, if it got him what he wanted with a bit of flattery then so be it.

"Oh, that's fine! No problem at all!" beamed Lily happily.

The rest of the teachers just muttered under their breaths.

"Good," declared Dumbledore ignoring the rest of the teachers mutterings, by the looks of it - it was something he was going to have to get use to.

"So what else have you been doing?" asked Eileen, who had been given every detail over the past week or so. Harry's birthday was fast approaching, and Eileen was going to ask Severus what he had planned. Even if it was a special dinner with some cake afterwards it would be better than nothing.

"That's it, oh yeah, my potion! The potion I made for the second task Severus wants us to publish it!" said Harry his face alight with passion.

"You to publish it not us, you created it after all." said Severus stepping through the floo and catching the sentence.

"Oh...well ok then, and we are going to a conference! All about potions it's going to be fascinating but I'm not sure about everyone there staring!" said Harry confiding in Eileen.

"You should have told me of such worries; the conference is in America, which means the majority of the people there will be American. Of course there are others who come, they are there for the potions in the end not to stare at an apprentice." said Severus honestly sitting down and joining them for coffee.

"America?" gasped Harry wide eyed.

"Indeed, we shall be travelling a lot over the next few years to conferences and potions gathering." said Severus.

"Wow, I've never been anywhere," said Harry wide eyed.

"That will change," said Severus smoothly.

"So when is this conference?" asked Eileen sounding interesting.

"It's in two days time I believe, I shall have to check the magazine again." said Severus.

"I think I shall accompany you both," said Eileen, she had never been to one. She had never created a potion or attended a gathering. Of course not, she had fled the Wizarding world soon after graduating. Married Tobias had Severus then things went downhill, it was only after the man died that things had looked up once more. Now though she couldn't stand for hours on end brewing potions like she would have loved to. She didn't have stable hands to stir for hours and with precision.

"We would like that!" grinned Harry his face just about splitting in two. "How did it go at Hogwarts?" his smile faded and he looked worried now.

"He's doing it; it's just a question on how many days you will be at Hogwarts. Albus is going to try and see if they can fit into one day," said Severus smoothly.

"Brilliant! I was so worried he wouldn't ... I'm not important enough for him to make exceptions for." he said a little bitterly but brightened up; he had gotten his way screw what Dumbledore thought or did.

So far this Sunday had turned out to be the best day he had in a long time. Eileen was here, Severus was here, he was returning to Hogwarts and he was gaining a Mastery slowly but surely. Luna was going to be happy that was one thing anyway, she hadn't been keen on him not being at Hogwarts. Not that it mattered really, because she was going to be alone for her seventh year. He was a year older than her unfortunately, wouldn't stop him hexing someone to hell and back if they dared hurt her.

"You are important to us!" said Eileen adamantly patting him on the knee comfortingly.

"Thank you...thank you both" said Harry from the bottom of his heart.

Viktor, Luna, Eileen, and Severus - he'd die for all of them and if the prophecy was any indication he just might end up dying for them all. Right now he was no match for a man with thirty years magical experience. From what he got from Voldemort was that he had been abandoned at an Orphanage, the wizarding world didn't have one.

So he was abandoned in the Muggle world and probably found out when he was eleven. He had spent the last thirteen years as a spirit so yeah, thirty years or maybe less or more he didn't know everything nor did he claim to.

Was that better? did you like that chapter? will Sirius give up or try and win Harry's affection? sending potions texts and important expensive pieces? buy his affection not realizing it was making things worse? or will remus and sirius take Harry's warning to heart and let Harry warm up at his own time? or is there already no hope what so ever? will harry and severus create a potion together? will i make luna's mother insane at St. Mungos instead of the potion accident since the longbottoms arent and make it that way? anti crucatus potion? created? a potion to supress vela traits so they can live normal lives without attracting all the men everywhere they go? or will that wait a year? let harry get used to being an apprentice first? thank you for those of you who gave me ideas for confrences and potions gathering i appreciate all the help...i could still use some ideas on what they do every day so please continue giving me then when you get them! because i'd like to read them and write them up! :) take care R&R PLEASE!

Chp22